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PLAYING THE GAME



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“Rah-Rah, Rah-Rah, Rah-Rah—Foster! Foster! Foster!”

(See page 143)

PLAYING THE GAME

Stories of Sports and Sportsmanship

EDITED WITH TESTS AND EXERCISES BY

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THE CENTURY CO.

New York

London

324611.

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JUN 1928

NEW YORK

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

DEDICATED TO

JAMIE

and all other boys who
are inspired through
sports "to play the
game fairly and squarely"

PREFACE

The short story has become accepted as an integral part of the high school reading course of study, but there is often a wide variance between what the students desire and what the teacher can find in suitable textbooks. Often the material is too advanced in both the vocabulary and the psychological concepts; often the mood and plot are outside the usual experiences of the students. For that reason this collection has been made of stories which lie within the range of interest and comprehension of the average boy and girl between the ages of twelve and sixteen. The stories are simple, direct, and full of action. They present a basis for discussion of those ideals of good sportsmanship which make a vital appeal to youth. Their function is not, however, the development of literary appreciation except in so far as an enjoyment of reading may lead toward that end.

These twenty stories were selected from hundreds of stories which appeared in the *St. Nicholas* magazine, for the reason that each one presents a valuable and permanent ideal of conduct and attitude towards life, and in addition, each portrays so real a situation that the boys live through the experiences with the characters of the story. The result is a modification of their ideas and ideals, through a literary experience.

The variety in sports represented makes the collection adaptable to all regions, to all seasons, and to all types of students. Inasmuch as girls at the adolescent period are no less interested than boys in sports, and likewise in the same sports, the collection is not limited to boy readers. The situations presented in the stories are those of common occurrence in the field of sports. Interest in such stories is not limited to athletes alone, for sports make an almost universal appeal. Further-

more, technical knowledge of the different sports is not required for sympathetic use of this material.

Great care has been taken in the selection of the vocabulary. Almost all the words used are within the range of eighth-grade students, according to the standards established by E. L. Thorndike in his *Teachers' Word Book*. Word studies are provided for the purpose of increasing vocabulary. There are also Reading Comprehension Tests to measure personal progress and improvement. The general method employed is that of Pre-testing, Teaching, and Re-testing as advocated by Henry C. Morrison.

During the past few years there has arisen in the minds of leading educators the conviction of the need for more accurately directed character education. Among the foremost of these leaders, Susan M. Dorsey, Superintendent of the Los Angeles City Schools, has continually made a special plea for conscious effort on the part of the schools toward this end and has urged that character education not be left as incidental instruction.

Miss Ethel Percy Andrus, the principal of Lincoln High School, acting in harmony with these ideals, has been studying intensively for years the problem of character education. She has built up in this large metropolitan high school a spirit among both the students and teachers which, in addition to carrying out an effective regular program, makes possible the functioning of the school as a laboratory for experiments in character education. As a result, valuable contributions are being made along the lines of student government, student leadership, and student responsibility. The English Department is working on the selection of materials and the development of methods of presentation to meet the demands made by an actively friendly and co-operative student body. In this atmosphere, this collection of Sport Stories has grown. The editors feel confident that these stories provide an opportunity for student participation in applying ethical and moral lessons gained by reading to the problems of their personal experience; and feel no less that this type of treatment meets, not only a local de-

mand, but a need that prevails throughout the United States.

The editors wish to express their appreciation to Miss Andrus whose sympathy and assistance have helped to make this book possible and to the authors and publishers of *St. Nicholas* for the copyright material.

FOREWORD

To Teachers.

It is almost universally agreed that in order to get the most from a book one should take something to it, and in the reading of these stories, which are such simple narratives, there is no less need of careful approach. Each story is of particular significance because of certain boyhood problems which it works out. The answers to these problems involve fundamental character qualities; consequently, as a preparation for reading there has been provided, preliminary to each story, a general discussion of the problems involved. It is important that each member of the class expresses his own attitude on these problems and brings his own experiences into the foreground of his thought. Further, it is helpful for him to know the thoughts of his classmates and compare them with his own. In this way each student brings to the reading of the story his own ideas and the understanding of the attitudes and experiences of the group.

Each story is planned as a separate unit, but the order is so arranged as to provide for progress in understanding of character. It would be better, therefore, not to skip about, but, if necessary, omit a story and the attendant discussion. At first, it would be better to take two days for a story: one for preparatory discussion and word study, the second for recitation on the assigned reading as suggested in following discussion and exercises.

A variety of methods for word study and objective exercises in comprehension have been provided. Answers to these may be either written or oral, according to the wish of the teacher. It has been learned through practical experience that a friendly, informal spirit during the discussion is most profitable. The test in comprehension, however, is sufficiently

objective to permit its being used as a definite requirement to measure individual accomplishment and progress.

To Students.

As far back as the time of the ancient Greeks, sports were recognized as valuable, not only for physical development, but for character training as well. Games were not looked upon as entertainment; they were taken seriously as a necessary part of every boy's training, for the Greeks believed in a healthy mind in a healthy body. This ideal has persisted to the present time, and now more than ever the world is aware of the beneficial effects of sports upon both the mind and the body. America leads the world in athletics largely because of the opportunities offered to boys and girls in physical training as a regular part of school life. Thoughtful boys and girls realize the value of sports as a mental and moral training, for the ideals that come through a love for fair play and good sportsmanship are a real part of our lives. The same qualities which make a boy a good athlete make him a good man.

When we view a game we see, not only the actual physical contest, but we feel behind the play, the courage, the persistence, the will power of the athletes—the spirit that animates the action and gives it meaning. As you read this book, you will undoubtedly enjoy the stories themselves. You will find much more to interest you, however, if you will think of the character qualities of the various boys presented, for each story has its problem which a boy has to answer, a difficulty which he has to meet, a mental and moral contest as well as a physical one. For this reason, there are given for discussion questions that bear upon the problem of each story. You should try to answer these questions clearly and definitely, after you have thought carefully about them. You should listen generously to the opinions of your classmates, and thus be prepared to judge more wisely. The more you enter into the discussion, the more you will get out of the stories.

In order to assist you in expressing your thoughts and to help you and your classmates to think together in discussions, a list of character qualities is given in the appendix to this book. As you become more familiar with these qualities, you will grow in understanding of people and you will appreciate the motives and feelings behind their actions.

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PLAYING THE GAME

PLAYING THE GAME

THE SUBSTITUTE PITCHER

By MERRITT PARMELEE ALLEN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Name five personal traits or qualities developed by athletics that carry over into other activities. Consult the list in the appendix.
2. What lessons are learned by good team players that should make them good citizens?
3. What character qualities are most essential in pioneers? Select ten from the list given in the appendix.
4. Explain in your own words the meaning of the following quotation from Fielding: "Success is the fruit of slow growth."

Find a synonym for each of the following words:

genius	control
dependability	grit
will	perseverance
discipline	strength
trait	pioneer

What is the meaning of the following technical terms in baseball?

strike	home run
ball	fly
grounder	strike out
inning	run
two-base hit	two-bagger

You are now ready to read the story. Keep in mind the class discussion and your own answers to the first four questions.

"Never mind your arms. Keep your eye on the place where you want the ball to go. Now try it again."

The young pitcher, rather tall for a high-school boy, wound up and hurled the ball—all of six feet wide of the plate.

The coach, standing just outside the pitcher's box, gestured impatiently. "You didn't do as I told you. You glanced at your hand as the ball left it."

"But my hand has to be in a certain position," the boy defended.

"Yes; but you don't need to look at it. That spoils your aim. When you begin to wind up, fix your eye on the spot where you want the ball to pass the batsman, and keep it there until the ball has left your hand. You know how to allow for curves. All you need now is control."

It was the same advice the pitcher, Luke Bartlett, had received a hundred times, and concentrating on it, he made an almost perfect delivery the next time.

"There you have it!" the coach cried encouragingly.

But Luke knew he did not have it securely. He might send the ball over five times in succession as in a groove, but the sixth time it would go up or down, in or out, according to its own sweet will. Standing that way, five to one was not a hopeless average, but there were times, plenty of them, when the five represented poor pitches. Luke was not deluded; he knew that he had the speed, curves, endurance, and head of a good pitcher, everything except control. In spite of all that coaching and practice could do, he was wild—as wild, at times, as when he first stepped on the field at Rockingham High three years before. They told him then that it would wear off and that he would be a credit to the school; but now he was a senior and only a substitute pitcher.

It was a bitter pill for him to swallow when Graves, a sophomore, nosed him out as first-string pitcher that spring. Graves was slow and his curves were next to nothing, but he was steady. If he did not have much to deliver, he could be depended upon to deliver it all when it was needed. It is dependability that makes a man valuable; brilliancy, even genius, is of little worth if it cannot be directed by the will. Luke knew this, and aided by the team and especially by Mr. Evans, the coach, who was also professor of mathematics, he

had struggled long and faithfully; but almost invariably in the crisis of a game he would lose control of the ball. He would not "blow up," for even in the most dismal failure his nerves were steady; but in his eagerness to put the ball where he wanted it, he would fall into the fatal error of keeping his mind, and often his eye, on it while it was still in his hand, instead of concentrating on the spot where he wanted it to go. This would seem to be an easy thing to overcome, but so firmly was the trait embedded in his mind and so suddenly would it possess him in a pinch that he would fall before he realized he was slipping.

As the season advanced, Luke saw that the coach's patience with him was waning and that the team was losing faith in him. It was increasingly hard to bear up under, until finally, at the end of that afternoon's practice, he was ready to admit defeat.

"There's no use," he said to Mr. Evans, as they walked up-street from the diamond; "you can't make a pitcher out of me."

"Perfectly true," the coach agreed gravely. "You are the only one who can do that, Luke."

"I have tried."

"I know you have. But you must try more. You need mental discipline. No man, no matter what his business, ever amounted to a hill of beans without it. You must master your mind, dominate it by your will, be able to hurl the full force of it here or there as you wish. Until you get control of that, you can never get control of the ball."

"But how am I to do it?" the boy asked.

"I have told you all I know," the coach answered. "The rest must come from within yourself. I don't know how you will do it, for every one has a different method. Think it out; that is the only way to solve any problem. And think fast, for the team needs you."

Mr. Evans turned down a side street and Luke walked on alone. "Think it out"—well and good; but how? He had already thought about his pitching until he was sick of it. You must control your mind before you can control the ball

—that sounded like something Cicero might have said, if the Romans had played baseball. Luke dug his hands into his pockets. The coach's advice was beyond his comprehension. There was nothing for it but to resign himself to his fate, be a second-rater, let Graves pitch the best he could and, in all probability, lose the commencement game with Anchorville. Luke's face burned. Was he going to sit idly by while that happened? The coach's plea rang in his ears, "Think fast, for the team needs you." Would he fail them?

At home he found the confusion of house-cleaning, even his own room being littered with boxes and trunks from an adjoining storeroom under the eaves. One of the trunks was small and odd-shaped, covered with heavy black leather, and on the cover were the letters "L. B." in brass tacks. He knew them to be the initials of Luke Bartlett, his great-great-great-grandfather, who at the close of the French and Indian War had come from Connecticut up into the Champlain valley and settled in what is now Vermont.

The little trunk was nearly full of this ancestor's papers, mostly diaries covering nearly all of the last half of the eighteenth century. Those old books, written so painstakingly, many of them before our nation was born, had always fascinated Luke by their nonchalant descriptions of what we call adventure, but what to the pioneers was only a part of the day's work. Killing a bear or beating off a pack of wolves with a club was given no more space than an account of going to mill or shearing sheep. Luke picked up one of the diaries and glanced idly at the quaint writing. "A fellow could live in those days," he said to himself. "He was his own boss. There was nobody to preach brain control and such stuff to him."

He looked at another one, for the year 1768, and read under date of April 16th: To-day bought 10 Acres of Pine Land of neighbor J. Cummings for 60 Shillings. Wife said to me I have enough work already and will never get it cleared, but I will. If a man sets his Mind to a Task he can Accomplish it."

"That sounds modern," Luke commented with a half smile. "I wonder if he did get it cleared."

He skimmed through the pages, pausing wherever a reference to the pine-land caught his eye, and that was frequently, for evidently the old pioneer had practised what he preached. In spite of his other labors, he was always finding time for an hour's or a day's work on his ten acres. "The Clearing is exceedingly small," he wrote at the end of a year. "To progress so Slow would be Discouraging did I not recall the wonderous things done by Perseverance." And again, in 1770: "The man who despairs of his Task is he who is Lazy or a Coward."

Luke returned to the diaries after supper and sat up late, following the history of that pine-land, for it interested him greatly. It was, in a way, akin to his own problem: one man against odds. Year followed year, the trees were felled, one by one the stumps were pulled and burned or set up for fences, the land was plowed and harrowed, the wheat was sown, until in 1774, after six years, came the triumphant entry: "The Pine Land wheat is Thrashed. 300 bushels of good Grain. Nothing is Won without a Will."

Luke said nothing about the diaries, but for two days he thought of little else. The third morning, after breakfast, he took his glove, three old baseballs, a piece of black cloth about a foot square, a hammer, and some tacks and went out behind the barn. The Bartlett place was one of those comfortable village properties that cover an acre of ground; so there was rather a large field in the rear. A former owner, who kept a horse, had used this field for a paddock and surrounded it by a high, tight, board fence that still stood. Any one within that fence was concealed from the eyes of his neighbors. At a spot on the fence directly in the rear of the barn Luke tacked the cloth, a little more than waist-high; then, facing about, he paced off the distance from home plate to pitcher's box. "Here goes!" he said to himself, and putting on his glove, he wound up and hurled one of the balls at the cloth. When he had thrown the other two he gathered them up, brought them back to the "box," and threw them again. This continued for half an hour. At noon he found time for fifteen minutes' practice and at night for another half-hour.

Day after day the boy worked at it alone, and unencouraged except by his own thoughts and the example of the old pioneer ancestor. It became monotonous, but he drove himself to it without mercy. He threw those balls hundreds and thousands of times, and each time, from the moment he gripped the ball until it left his hand, he fought to keep his mind on that piece of black cloth. The cloth was worn to tatters and a dusty path now led from the "box" to the "plate."

Week followed week. Luke kept up his practice with the team, but so firmly established was the belief in his weakness as a pitcher that he spent the most of his time in the outfield. Graves pitched three games and lost two, the other being won on an error and a lucky double. Graves knew, as did the others, that he stood a slim chance against the Anchorville team; but, being a good soldier, he must go in regardless of odds.

Luke played his new position so well that people congratulated him on having abandoned pitching. But he had not abandoned it; to paraphrase the words of John Paul Jones, he had just begun to pitch. Alone there in the old paddock, he was getting control. By sheer grit and endless concentration, he had reached the point where when his arms went up his eyes involuntarily found and held the spot where he wanted the ball to go. He felt sure of himself, but he hesitated about telling the coach, realizing that throwing at a fence was far different from pitching before a commencement crowd. If he begged for a chance, and then, when the pinch came, showed his old weakness, he would be doubly responsible for losing the game. Yet if he was strong enough, but said nothing about his new strength, he would also be guilty; for, without a sense of boasting, he knew that, given control, he was a better pitcher than Graves. There was only one question: Was he sure of his control?

It seemed to him he was sure of it when, two days before the game, he sent ball after ball against the fence. Ins, outs, drops, and fast ones shot past the imaginary batsman in a way no one need be ashamed of.

"Strike three—out!" Mr. Evans's well-known voice cut the afternoon stillness of the old paddock, and Luke spun around to find the coach watching him from the corner of the barn.

"I was just practising a little," the boy half apologized.

"So I see." The coach squatted on the grass. "Sit down here, Luke, and tell me what you are up to."

Luke gave him the whole story, concluding with, "It may seem foolish to you, Mr. Evans, but I figured out that what I needed was that old pioneer spirit of my great-great-great-grandfather. A ball game is a lot different from ten acres of pine woods, but it seemed to me that if I was to win the one as he won the other, I must go at it as he did—work and never say die. That's what I've been trying to do."

Mr. Evans looked at the boy, then down the dusty path to where a tattered square of black cloth clung to the fence. He thought many things, but all he said was, "Of course you will be in the box against Anchorville."

Luke gave an eager start. "Thank you," he said, and added, "Please don't say anything to the fellows about this."

"But what you have done is nothing to be ashamed of, Luke."

"I know it; still, it is nobody's business except ours."

"All right. We'll shake on that, boy."

The day came, as all days do, and the crowd came, as crowds sometimes do not, for it was huge. Townspeople, students, three generations of alumni filled the stands and overflowed upon the grass. Bands played, flags waved, and no man on either team, however hard he might try to appear calm, but knew that perhaps the greatest moment of his life was near at hand. To win this game—what glory! To lose it—unthinkable!

Yet, as it turned out, defeat held no shame that day, for so evenly were the teams matched and so gallantly did they fight that either one might have lost proudly. The scoring started in the third inning when Mack, the Anchorville right-fielder, drove a twisting grounder between short and second,

stole second by a hair's-breadth, reached third on a fielder's choice,—it was a grounder that Luke scooped up almost down to first,—and raced home on a long fly to center. The next man struck out.

Luke was first up for Rockingham, and, after two dismal strikes, knocked a neat two-bagger. He was followed by Bailey, who headed the batting order and proceeded to justify the honor by putting one over the left-field fence. But a two-base hit and a home run seemed to be what Anchorville needed, and in short order they disposed of Parsons, Blake, and Hagan.

In spite of the supplications of Anchorville, her team could not take the lead and keep it. She tied it in the fifth, led for a few minutes in the seventh, and then saw her opponents, who had two men on bases, enter, as it were, a magic cloud of dust wherein were executed a hit, a double steal, and an almost unbelievable slide home, and from which they emerged with two perfectly good runs.

A scoreless eighth, and they entered the ninth 4 to 3, Rockingham leading. It seemed to Luke that the game was won, and perhaps he relaxed a little at the thought. More than one battle has been foolishly lost in that way. At any rate, Anchorville scored once on hits and tied the score again before she could be stopped. But stopped she was and held, in turn to hold her opponents, so that through the ninth and tenth the teams swayed back and forth like locked wrestlers. How they fought only those who saw that game may know.

The first of the eleventh inning: Anchorville 4, Rockingham 4. Luke drew a long breath, almost a sigh, as he faced the first man up, who was also at the top of the batting order. The boy was tired, for it had been a hard game fought stubbornly play by play, and since the seventh, when the score was tied, it had been one long crisis. All the afternoon Luke Bartlett, whom people of late had ceased to regard as a pitcher, had taken his turn in the box and done superb work. It was a revelation to every one and they had cheered him wildly, as they were doing now; but the question was being heard: "Can he last? Anchorville has put in a fresh pitcher.

Will Evans do the same?" But Mr. Evans's every look and gesture answered that he would not do the same. People might criticize, but he knew, as they did not, what Luke was fighting for.

Luke wiped the sweat from his face and sent the ball over. Crack! It was an ominous sound, as though the deadlock had broken audibly. The left fielder raced in, two seconds too late to get the fly, but in time to hold the runner on first. A single at such a time might mean nothing—or everything.

Beneath the roar of the Anchorville crowd Luke heard the chatter of his team and it encouraged him, for there was in it a note of confidence. They had regained their faith in him that day and he would rather die than cause them to lose it again. His arms went up slowly, for a minute he stood poised, then hurled himself into the throw. The batsman swung, there was a puff of dust between short and second, the ball bounced high into the air and came down twenty feet behind the baseline. The center fielder, who had started with the hit, scooped it up without stopping and snapped it to second, but the runner slid safe. Two men on bases and no one out.

Luke turned toward the coach, expecting the signal to retire; but Mr. Evans sat calmly on the bench beside Graves. The pitcher was going to be left to finish his own game. Was it confidence in him, he wondered, or knowledge that all was already lost? The coach was no quitter; it must be confidence. Once more the boy hurled the ball, and in horror saw that it was another hit, a sharp grounder between first and second. Heartsick, he watched the right fielder throw to first, too late. The bases were full. They had made three safe hits on three pitched balls.

Luke stood in the box in an agony of impending defeat. After all he had done, was it coming to this? The catcher had the ball and was walking toward him, grinning valiantly. "Tough luck, old man," he whispered, when they met half-way to the plate; "but we'll get this one. He's a reacher. Put 'em over fast and just outside and he'll try for 'em."

Luke nodded and was turning back when he saw Mr. Evans running toward him, his eyes burning like blue fire. "Luke,

old boy, you can do it yet," he said, through the roar of the Anchorville crowd. "Remember the pine-land."

The pine-land! His ancestor's struggle, as recorded in the old diaries, swept over him. How that pioneer had fought those trees, how he had triumphed, how he had written from certain knowledge, "Nothing is Won without a Will." Would a man like that quit while he could stand? No. And neither would the boy who bore his name and in whose veins his blood flowed.

When Luke reached the box again he was experiencing that blessed "second wind" that comes at the moment when all effort of the body and mind and spirit seems about to end. This was the crisis he had feared, but he was no longer afraid. Though it was more intense than anything he had imagined, he felt that within him was a strength equal to it, a strength, a spirit, akin to that which had carried the old pioneer through.

This was the supreme test of his hard-won control. He faced the fourth man steadily, remembering the catcher's advice about putting them over fast and wide. Strike! One strike sounded so pitifully small. Ball! That sounded so fearfully large. Ball two! As many more, and the game would be lost. Strike two! He hurled the ball again quickly, as though afraid to hold it in his hands. Strike three!

The fifth man up was a little fellow, and the first ball went level with his chin, yet he struck at it. "Try it again in the same place," the catcher signaled. It was almost exactly in the same place, and the man swung overhanded, a slashing downward blow. It seemed to rebound from the bat as from a solid wall. The short-stop and the runner on third raced in abreast and the fielder, to his everlasting glory, scooped up the ball without stopping and shot it home, where the runner was out by a good yard.

Luke still had a chance. The bases were still full, but there were two out. Luke rolled the ball in his hands and stared ahead, but he saw no crowd, no players, only a pine forest that was slowly shrinking before the ax blows of one man. The trees seemed innumerable,—what odds!—but the man

kept doggedly at work; and as Luke watched, the forest vanished, and in its place was a field of golden wheat. With a peculiar smile that people spoke of afterward, the boy gave his attention to the man at the plate.

Strike one!

Strike two!

Strike three!

With such a tremendous inspiration could the team do otherwise than score in their half of the inning? They could not. In the mood they were in, they would have scored against the Pirates themselves. So the game ended: Rockingham 5, Anchorville 4. They are still talking about it.

"Luke," Mr. Evans said the next day, "you won a great game—your last for us; but I see a long string of college victories for you. Some day, though, you will look back and understand that you won your greatest game out behind the barn where there was no crowd to cheer. But," he smiled whimsically, "the pioneer spirit never depends on applause; it simply goes out and wins."

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. What qualities were developed by Luke in baseball that he could apply to other activities?
2. Select from the story five maxims or sayings that concern character.
3. What character trait of Luke's ancestor was it necessary for the boy to develop for his own success?
4. What did the coach mean when he said, "You won your greatest game out behind the barn where there was no crowd to hear?"

Some of the following statements are true; others are not. Be prepared to state which are true and which are false:

1. When Luke watched his hand, he could pitch better.
2. Luke's wildness in pitching had not worn off during his three years at high school.
3. Graves, his competitor, was a fast pitcher.

4. Graves could be depended upon.
5. Genius is of little worth if it cannot be directed at will.
6. Luke's eye had not been trained to look at the right spot.
7. Mr. Evans fired Luke from the team.
8. The team did not need him.
9. Luke discovered an old diary of his great-great-great grandfather.
10. It contained many statements about will-power and perseverance.
11. Luke constructed a practise court.
12. He practised only after school.
13. He usually had a crowd watching him.
14. Mr. Evans found him practising and saw that he was ready for real playing.
15. The Anchorville team was a strong one.
16. The two teams had to play eleven innings.
17. Luke struck out the first three men at bat in the eleventh inning.
18. The other members of Luke's team played good ball, also.
19. There was only a small crowd at the game.
20. Mr. Evans predicted many more baseball victories for Luke.

THE HIPPO AND THE HUMMING-BIRD

By BREWER CORCORAN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. In nearly every nation's history there are stories of great friendship between two men, such as Damon and Pythias of the Greeks and David and Jonathan of the Hebrews. Look up one of these stories and be able to tell it well.
2. Why do boys like having a chum? What does each one get out of it? Show how such a relationship is not always good for both sides.
3. What is the difference between firmness and stubbornness? Why do boys hate to "back down" or apologize? Why is it not a sign of weakness to admit one is wrong?
4. Which is greater, loyalty to one's friend or loyalty to one's school? What reasons have you for your opinion?

Some words try to imitate the sound they name. In this story you will find the following: knock, yelled, howl, crash, roar, slosh, thud, groan, gasped, tap, tattoo, din, swish.

Tell what each means to you. Name ten others like these. Keep these words in mind and note how they add clearness and force to the story.

What is meant by the expressions: Sent to Coventry; a Phillipic?

"Hang the winter term!" grumbled Tom Jackson; "never anything to do in it."

"We've cups," suggested Williams, his equally idle roommate; "borrow some chocolate."

"Who's got the most?"

"Young Bigelow. But he's bought a padlock. Try the Hippo and the Humming-bird."

"I don't monkey with that combination."

"But Hip's still at the rink."

"Then we eat." Tom bolted across the hall to knock and open the opposite door at the same time.

On the window-seat, a wiry figure snapped upright. "Shut that door from the outside!" ordered the Humming-bird, in a cold tone; "this is no soup kitchen."

"Can't a fellow ask about his geometry without your thinking he wants to borrow something?" asked Tom, deeply injured.

"You can't," declared the Bird, grimly.

"But I want—"

"You'll get it," promised the Bird.

He was quick, but Tom was quicker. A minute's tussle, and, with feet tightly bound, he was tossed back to the window-seat. "I hated to do it to you," panted Tom, "but I need that chocolate."

Again the Bird stole a glance at the clock. Outside, he heard what he had been hoping for. "Look under the bed," he advised.

"I'll return it next month," promised his conqueror, and went down on his knees.

The Bird began to choke. It was too easy! The next second the door opened. "Jump him, Hip!" he yelled.

The big fellow on the threshold blinked, then dived headlong. He did not know on whom he landed; it was sufficient that his room-mate had ordered him to do something. There was a howl, the crash of beating feet, then Tom was rolled over on his back. "What'll I do now?" queried the Hippo, mildly.

"I'll attend to his case. All he wanted was to steal our chocolate."

The Hippo emitted an outraged roar. But even before Tom could beg for mercy, the Humming-bird came hopping across the room. "Hold him till I get the pitcher."

"Don't drown me!" begged Tom; "this is my best suit."

"It won't be," prophesied the Bird, and the next moment was back, a can of chocolate in one hand, the water-pitcher

in the other. "Hang on while I frost him," he ordered.

Jackson begged in vain. Half a pitcher of water was sloshed over his head, then the powdered chocolate sprinkled into his wet hair. The Bird's expert knuckles completed the disaster. "Throw him out!" he ordered. "Oh, Williams! Come get your birthday cake. And say, Tom, pick on some easy combination next time. Shut the door, Hip."

Again the Hippo obeyed. "He nearly got you that time," he observed as he sat down.

"Sure did! Thought you were about due, though. Sometime that crowd will learn to leave us alone. Did Cam waste all his temper on me, or did the rest of you suffer after I was fired?"

The Hippo snorted. "He fairly roasted me."

"Means well," owned the Bird; "full of school spirit and all that sort of stuff you read about."

"Gave you a raw deal."

For an instant his room-mate's face clouded, then the old grin returned. "Used to it," he said. "Never made a school team yet; shouldn't have got my hopes up now. It was you or I, anyway. So long as one of us gets the place, what's the dif?"

"You've more speed," grumbled the Hippo. "I don't want to play, anyway. Say!" he exclaimed, suddenly experiencing an inspiration, "we'll fool Cam. I'll quit playing, then he'll have to put you in my place."

"What do you think I am?"

"But I'm sick of the whole thing, Birdie. I've trained and trained and trained ever since I've been here at St. Jo's. First it's football, then hockey, and, as soon as this Norton game's over, I've got to go into the tank with the crew. All I do is work. Maybe I'll quit the crew, too," he added.

The Bird looked at him and a queer smile twisted his lean face. "I'd look nice making a team that way, wouldn't I?"

But the Hippo, having had an idea, was not one to surrender a novelty. "You're too fussy!" he exclaimed.

"It's like you to think of such a thing, Hip, but you know

it's impossible. You've always been the athlete of the combination."

"You play good hockey, Cam's never given you a show. All he has time to do is to pick on me." Again the Hippo's wrongs came uppermost. "I'm sick of the whole thing."

"You've gone stale, that's all."

Here was a new idea. The Hippo stared at his room-mate. "I have," he solemnly agreed, "I can feel it in the pit of my stomach. I need food, not the coarse stuff at the training-table. Did you waste all the chocolate on Tom?"

"There's another can, but you don't get it."

The Hippo rose in all his might. "Don't I?"

"But you can't break training."

"Watch me."

"I won't stand for it. It might spoil the school's chances for the Norton game. Put down that chocolate!"

"Make me," dared the Hippo.

The Bird, frightened, did not hesitate to try. But the Hippo promptly sat on him, "For that," he ruled, "you'll be the cook and the waiter."

"I won't."

For three minutes the Bird struggled, then was forced to give in. "The banquet will be served at my desk," ordered Hip. "Get busy!"

"Hope you choke. You ought to, for doing such a thing."

"It's up to me, isn't it? Then why worry?"

The Bird, still protesting, got to work. What he ultimately placed before the rebel would have made any one less hungry throw the cup at him. But Hip sipped joyously. "This is great!" he declared. "Oh, come in."

He expected Williams. Instead, Mr. Campbell was staring at him in frank disgust. "Why are you breaking training?" snapped the coach.

The Humming-bird catapulted into the foreground. "'Cause he needed it," he announced; "he's gone stale."

"Ah! has he?" Mr. Campbell looked from one to the other slowly. "I've made a good athlete of you, Payton, the best we've had in five years. Now I'm going to make a better

example. You're off the hockey team for breaking training."

"That's not fair," protested the Humming-bird wildly. "It's all my fault; I made the chocolate."

"I don't doubt that. You always have supplied the initiative. But even had he no loyalty to his school, I did give him credit for having sense enough not to be tricked into such a trap."

The Bird felt suddenly cold all over. "What do you mean?" he asked quietly.

"That with Payton off the seven, you're perfectly aware I'll have to use you in his place." He whirled on his heel and slammed the door.

For a moment the room-mates were dumb. Then the Bird walked to his friend. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"Naturally not."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"That's up to you." Whatever the Bird did would be right.

"I'm going to square you first."

"You can't. He caught me with the goods. He had to fire me." Hip could be just, as well as loyal.

"That's true."

"What really matters is what he said about you."

"I wouldn't play now," declared the Bird, "if he made me captain."

"Just because I've been a chump's no reason for you to be one. You've always wanted to make a school team; now's your chance. Grab it."

"Not in a thousand years!"

Nor, try as he would, could Hip budge him. The idea of winning his coveted school letters at such a price was not to be considered, even between themselves.

Inside of an hour the story had spread throughout the school. Had the Hippo been less popular, he would have been sent to Coventry at once. But it was when Mr. Campbell's charge of treachery against the Humming-bird was whispered that indignation really blazed. They had had too many

practical expositions of the loyalty which existed between the room-mates to believe anything in the world could make one false to the other.

"Look what I got this afternoon," raged Tom Jackson. "The Bird would never go back on Hip. Cam ought to be made to apologize."

"Cam's never gone back on anything, either," Williams reminded him.

"He's wrecked the seven," mourned Blaine. "We've lost that Norton game already."

"The Bird's not so bad at wing," suggested Williams, hopefully.

"He won't play," declared Tom. "He's said that and he means it."

"We've got to do something," argued Miller. "We can't take a licking from Norton. What's left of the seven's gone ballooning; we've got to get them back to earth."

"How?"

But Miller could not answer. An informal meeting of the sixth form only resulted in a Phillipic from the furious Humming-bird. Therefore Nailor was put in Hip's position the next afternoon, and there was about as much fighting spirit shown in the practice as at a pink tea.

Dickson, the captain, broken-hearted, took his troubles to Mr. Campbell and came away without comfort. He tried to argue with the Humming-bird and came away with sincere regrets. Thereupon he took his life in his hands and cornered the Hippo. "You're responsible for this," he said. "How are you going to get us out of it?"

"Didn't know I was."

"But can't you see that you and the Bird have wrecked our chances of winning?"

"Oh, I'm sorry enough for my part, but I don't blame the Bird; he got a raw deal."

"But he's giving you a rawer one by not filling your place. Thought you two stuck together; thought you always protected each other."

"We aren't fighting any over this," drawled Hip.

"No, you bet you're not! The Bird's as big a quitter as you are."

"Say, you leave the Bird alone!"

"I will. I've no use for a chap who'll go back on his friend. Think that over."

The Hippo did think it over, so much so that he finally unburdened himself to the Bird. "If any one's got the idea I'm trying to get you in worse by not taking your place," snapped the Bird, "here's where we fool 'em again. I don't care about what Cam said to me, but no one's going to be able to say you've wrecked the seven. We play the game together. I'm going to play the Norton game for both of us.

The Hippo tried to prove it unnecessary for the Bird to swallow his pride, but his friend would not listen. "I'm going to take your place," was all he would say.

He found Dickson cool and unenthusiastic when he reported for practice the next afternoon, nor did any of the other six question him as to his change of mind. As for the coach, he confined himself strictly to the work in hand.

The result was that a disorganized seven went into the Norton game on Saturday afternoon. The visitors were quick to sense the situation. Their own play speeded up, their attack became sparkling in its team-work, and the left side of the rink was cheering madly within three minutes, for the score was already 1 to 0.

St. Jo's took the blow dumbly. They had not counted on being overwhelmed. And that was what they saw ahead. Again that machine-like attack began. Again and again only whirlwind skating by Dickson and Sackett prevented another score. When St. Jo's recovered the puck, it was only to shoot wildly. Her individual runs started well, but broke down time after time, because there was no well-formed line to drive home the attack.

Williams tried to organize the cheering. "Get into it, fellows!" he begged. "Show 'em the whole school isn't yellow."

The Humming-bird, following a flying Norton forward, heard the taunt. One of his best friends was calling some one yellow. He had no time to analyze the charge; he ac-

cepted it as a reflection on the Hippo. He forgot everything except that he was filling old Hip's place.

He saw the Norton player check his speed to shoot for the goal. With all his power, he lunged. There was a thud as the shot was blocked, a yell of delight as the Bird wheeled and started back up the ice, dribbling the puck ahead of him.

He was back of the first line of defense now. He caromed past the attacking center. One more man, and then only the crouching goal-keeper was between him and a tied score. He heard a sharp-called signal from across the rink, knew Dickson had ordered him to pass, but thought only of the goal and Hip.

The heavier Hippo might have made the play. But the Norton back charged. There was a sharp check, a swirl of powdered ice, a groan from St. Jo's, and the puck was on its way back up the rink again.

"Obey signals!" shouted Dickson; "I'll put in another sub if you won't play the game."

The Bird's jaw set. Calling him a sub did not hurt. That was what he was. But to tell him that he was not playing the game after such a run made him furious. St. Jo's had not come so near scoring before, and now they found fault with him. They had graver reason a moment later. The speedy Norton back shot the puck to a wing; it was relayed to their captain; he caught it, dodged, and, with a short, sharp lift, sent it hurling through for a second score.

"Fine business!" exploded Mutt. "That settles this game. If the Bird had made that pass, the score'd been tied now."

But the score was not tied at the end of the half. It was still 2 to 0. The Norton crowd was jubilant. The rest of the game would be a slaughter. Mr. Campbell came up to his team. They hung their heads before he could speak.

"You're doing better than I had hoped," he said cheerfully. "You can win. You've shown you had the speed, but your passing's poor."

The Bird's face went white. "I know you're criticizing me," he flared; "but just remember, I'm only trying to fill a better player's place."

"Exactly," retorted the coach, instantly. "You're playing the same game Hip did. You're thinking only of yourself. What you want to remember is that you're filling no one's place but your own; that you're not playing for anything but your school. You've the chance you've always wanted; you're wearing your letters; you're to remember one thing and one thing only—you're a forward for St. Jo's." His hand suddenly fell on the boy's shoulder. "There hasn't been good team-work between us two, old fellow," he said. "That's been entirely my fault. Will you pull with me now for the old school?"

The Bird was not the only one who gasped at this public acknowledgment of wrong done. Had Cam spoken of "forgiving and forgetting," they would have all thought the less of him. But the Humming-bird could understand straight talk as well as he could recognize a man. "You bet I will!" he promised blindly.

"Then go, beat 'em, fellows! And change signals; call 'St. Jo's for a pass.' " He smiled as he waved them on the ice, and the Bird was not the only one who felt better as the referee's whistle blew.

But if St. Jo's went into the closing half with new spirit, Norton matched it with her confidence of victory already in hand. Those first five minutes of whirlwind play had both sides of the rink shouting like Indians. Each seven refused to go on the defensive. It was fight, fight, fight, skating at top speed and rushing until the breath came in short, sharp gasps.

It was Dickson who finally gave them a moment's rest and sent St. Jo's wild. His shot was a desperate one, but the puck flew true and the score was 2 to 1 at last.

The Norton captain whispered to his forwards as they lined up. As soon as play began, Dickson understood. They were going to play safe. "Faster now!" Dick called to his line. But they had driven almost to their last ounce. The game became football, and Norton was well content to have the puck hang in the scrimmages. Yet, slowly, St. Jo's edged her way down the ice. Again and again a Norton forward

sent the puck out of danger, but a St. Jo's back shot it down once more and the slow attack commenced again. And at last came reward. Some one in the scrimmage gave the tap which sent the puck between the Norton posts and tied the score.

"Isn't more than a minute left," gulped Dickson; "don't let it go overtime. We can't last."

"What'll we do?" puffed Sackett.

"Open up the game. No more football."

"We'll feed the puck to you." The Humming-bird's feet were like lead. "You do the shooting; we'll get it to you somehow."

The whistle blew. The puck shot off to one side. A Norton wing was on it in a flash. But Sackett was there, too. "Pass!" he yelled, and shot it through the very heart of the line to the Bird on the opposite wall.

He caught the slithering puck and looked ahead. The sideline was clear. He started down at full speed. Across the ice came a clear-called "St. Jo's!" It was the new signal Cam had given them. Without waiting to place the unseen danger, he sent the puck flashing across the ice.

Dickson caught it cleverly, but the Norton back was on him before he could shoot. He knew the Bird should have wheeled in to back the play. If he hadn't—"St. Jo's!" he cried, and tapped the puck gently into the open ice before the Norton goal.

There was a yell as the crowd saw the free puck; another as the Bird and the Norton goal-keeper charged. Would it be crash or score? Rescue or victory?

"Faster!" High above the roar the Hippo's voice urged his room-mate on.

The Bird's skates rang out a tattoo on the ice. His eyes were on the puck, but the Norton boy was beating him. It would be close, but that would be all. He had done his best to fill Hip's place, but that was not enough.

"St. Jo's!"

Cam's clear voice rang above the din. There was no signal there; it could mean but one thing. The man was calling to the boy to rise to the crisis, to give more than his tired muscles

had; calling on him in the name of the school, calling on him to show the unconquerable spirit of St. Jo's.

The Norton player swooped forward. Even as his stick swept out to take the puck, it all became clear in the Bird's quick brain. The chance was there, had he the speed to take it. And now he was skating for St. Jo's!

In such a close play the puck must be dribbled to his left. His right skate dug deep. It was he who dodged. But before the sharp-cut arc was half completed, the left skate bit and the Humming-bird whirled in like a flash of light. There was a swish of his stick, a thud, silence, then a mounting roar as the puck shot through the Norton goal.

It was a howling, triumphant, half-crazy Hip who grabbed him. "Great!" he yelled. "Huroo! You surely made good for us both!"

But he saw only the eyes of the coach above the Hippo's broad shoulders, and in them was a queer twinkle. And then the Humming-bird, who had sneered at that intangible something called "school spirit," gulped. "Yes!" he agreed. "But St. Jo's won!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Name five different points from the story that prove the great friendship between the Hippo and the Humming-bird.
2. Show in what ways the intimate friendship between the two boys was good for them and how it was bad for them.
3. a. Do you admire the Bird more or less for swallowing his pride and changing his mind about playing? Why?
b. How do you feel toward the coach for admitting that he was wrong?
4. In what way did the Humming-bird prove his worth when he found out that he could not fill the Hippo's place?

Each of the following illustrations from the story shows either loyalty to the friendship between the two boys or loyalty to the school. Study them carefully and determine which each illustrates. Be prepared to give reasons for your opinion:

1. When the Hippo came to the Humming-bird's rescue after Tom had tied the Bird's feet, loyalty was shown to ———.
2. When the Hippo accused the coach of having given the Bird a "raw deal" by firing his chum from the team, loyalty was shown to ———.
3. When the Bird felt that the Hippo had gone stale but refused to give him the chocolate, loyalty was shown to ———.
4. When the Bird took the blame for making the chocolate upon the entry of the coach, loyalty was shown to ———.
5. After the accusation of the coach, when the Hippo first suggested that the Bird should grab his chance to make the team, loyalty was shown to ———.
6. When the Bird finally decided to play after the captain's visit, loyalty was shown to ———.
7. When the Bird heard a sharp-called signal from Dickson to pass but tried to make a goal, loyalty was shown to ———.
8. When the Bird answered the coach by saying, "You bet, I will," loyalty was shown to ———.
9. When the call "St. Jo's" aroused in the Bird a spirit to play on even when his feet were like lead, loyalty was shown to ———.
10. At the end of the story when the Bird knew that he had helped win the victory, the feeling deepest in the Bird's heart was loyalty to ———.

BILLY COOPER'S MOOSE HUNT

By WILLIAM MacMILLAN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever been in a wilderness? Tell your experience.
2. Describe the appearance of a moose. Why do sportsmen want to hunt such an animal?
3. What is a naturalist? Of what does his work consist? Describe the kind of man you think would be best adapted to this work. Consult the list of character qualities in the appendix. List five of these characteristics.
4. Why have certain famous sportsmen taken up the hunting of animals with a camera?
- Find in the dictionary the definitions of the words listed below:

gigantic	formidable
naturalist	deterioration
invariably	propitious
impenetrable	strenuous
plaintive	advantageous

Make up ten sentences of your own in which you use each of these words, one word in each sentence.

At sixteen Billy Cooper quite fancied himself a hunter. Perhaps he had a right to do so, because having lived practically all his life in the small country town of Chicoutimi, where the woods overlapped the line fences and fought desperately against the advance of settlers, he could more than hold up his end when it came to hunting deer, ground-hogs, and rabbits.

But having been endowed with a venturesome disposition, these woods had paled on Billy as he grew older, so he gradually developed an intense longing to travel the trails of a real

wilderness and try his hand at hunting moose. There were no such animals as moose in the Chicoutimi woods, of course; but the knowledge that far up in the Canadian wilderness, where moose, bear, and wolves were reported to be thick, lived an uncle, a naturalist, who carried on his work in the very haunts of these creatures, led Billy Cooper to angle for an invitation to visit his relative.

As the moment for the long-expected visit drew near, Billy could hardly restrain his impatience. The day seemed fairly to crawl, and he worried lest winter should overtake him before he started. Not only did he take his rifle down from its rack once, but a dozen times, cleaning out the speckless barrel, oiling the lock, and polishing the gleaming stock. The eventful day came at last, and bidding his family good-by, he boarded the train for the Canadian woods.

Eight hundred miles lay between Billy Cooper and his uncle's wilderness cabin, and as the swift train thundered over the rails, the lad had plenty of time to indulge in all sorts of extravagant day-dreams. And in each he invariably pictured himself bringing down a mighty moose with a single shot from his rifle.

When the flier finally came to a grinding halt at Duck Lake Crossing, somewhere in the wilderness of the northland, and Billy Cooper clambered down the car steps, judging by the pieces of artillery he carried, one might have imagined he intended leading a punitive expedition into the forest.

"Well, Billy!" gasped his amazed uncle, shaking hands with his nephew and helping him to disentangle himself from his accoutrements, "what do you expect to do with that arsenal?"

"Seeing that I own it all," grinned the boy, a bit sheepishly, "I figured that I might as well bring it along with me."

The shack that his scientific relative had erected by the edge of a lake, filled Billy Cooper's soul with keen delight, and he lost no time in familiarizing himself with all the inviting trails and paths that bisected the forest on every side. More than willing to shoulder his share of duties at night,

while his uncle worked on a formidable government report of his work in the field, Billy helped to typewrite close-written sheets, bristling with technical terms and expressions that fairly made his hair stand on end.

As the autumn days rolled on and he waited impatiently for his uncle to give the word to start, his faith in his own ability as a hunter, suffered no deterioration. And often, when deep in the woods and certain of not being seen, he would snap his rifle to his shoulder, draw a hasty but sure bead on an imaginary moose, and bring him crashing to the ground with a single well-directed shot.

It was a red-letter day in Billy Cooper's life when a settler came in with the news that the moose were "calling" in the vicinity of Water Lily Lake, and that the time was propitious for a hunt. And the boy's heart fairly jumped when the stolid farmer described—with an impressive wave of the arms that took in a vast amount of atmosphere—the proportions of a giant moose he had met on the trail.

"Well, I guess we'd better go before you burst, Billy," chuckled Mr. Cooper, "so suppose we strike out this evening?"

Late that afternoon they closed the door of the cabin—locks were unknown in that country—and took the trail for Water Lily Lake, Mr. Cooper in the lead, Billy following close behind. Though his uncle had warned him a long stiff climb lay ahead, the excited boy walked cautiously, glancing sharply from right to left, and carrying under his arm a brand new Savage—guaranteed, at least so the advertisements said, to kill even a grizzly bear at a long range. Needless to say, Billy Cooper was intensely proud of that gun, and as his fingers unconsciously curled about the trigger guard in a soft caress, he longed for an opportunity to use it.

Mr. Cooper's warning of a stiff climb was more than justified, and a good two hours later, panting from the strenuous exertion, the hunters were glad to throw themselves upon their blankets in a little clutter of bracken and windfalls, and take a rest. But Mr. Cooper didn't remain idle for very long.

Anxious to make the spot as comfortable as possible before dark, he began clearing a space in the litter, piling the brush around them like the walls of a little fort.

It was an advantageous spot, that tiny clearing in the bracken and shrubbery, and Billy paid mental tribute to his uncle's astuteness in selecting it. Above them, twice the height of an average man, loomed an almost perpendicular rock, while between them and the silvered waters of the great lake, stretched a vast brown carpet of dry berry bushes, flanked on both sides by the dense forest.

The smell of the spruce and balsam, the light of the fading sun on the water, the faint rustling of the wind through the trees, were quite as Billy Cooper had imagined them to be. Vastly excited at the prospect of at last meeting a moose, he plied his uncle with whispered questions. The naturalist knew he was intensely interested in these huge creatures they had come to hunt, so told him many interesting things: how the large horns, reaching the enormous spread,—sometimes, of six feet,—dropped off in a few weeks' time only to grow again within the year, more complete and grander than ever; how the moose, belonging to the herb- or leaf-eating animals, loved best of all to tear up and eat the bulbs and roots of water-lilies, wading out into the lake for this purpose. Though the boy caught his breath a bit when his uncle described a giant moose he had once seen, as weighing not less than 1300 pounds, he realized the naturalist was just giving him some unvarnished facts, drawn from his own keen observation.

For a long hour Billy drank in every word that fell from his uncle's lips, and only when the sun dipped below the hill-tops, splashing the heavens with a crimson glow and glazing the waters of the lake like a gigantic mirror, did the majesty and tranquillity of the autumn night quiet him.

For a long time the hunters crouched silently in their little fort, straining their ears for some sound from the impenetrable gloom. By midnight Billy could hardly keep awake, and the tide of wild life ebbed and flowed about them as if they never existed.



“A mighty moose stalked toward them”

"Quiet," finally warned Mr. Cooper, squeezing his nephew's arm, "we'll try a call or two."

Prodded into wakefulness at this announcement, Billy rubbed his eyes and reached eagerly for his rifle. The night—or rather the early morning, since it was past midnight—was darker than ever, seemingly too dark for even a moose to find its way.

Picking his steps carefully through the tangle of brush, the naturalist mounted a great spruce stump, and placing a long birch-bark trumpet to his lips, sent out over the silences, the long-drawn, plaintive call of a cow-moose. Billy couldn't help shivering a bit as that lonely haunting call rippled through the ghostly stillness, and he unconsciously tightened his grip on the rifle.

The naturalist proved himself a finished performer on the long bark-horn, and for a full half hour, almost made the thing speak. Up and down the scale of moose-emotions he played it, coaxing and wheedling with a soft pleading voice that held the listening boy entranced. Then at last—when Billy was beginning to despair of seeing a moose—from the depths of the black forest, came the answer.

It wasn't much of a sound, that deep-throated grunt, compared to the music of the birch-bark horn, but it caused cold chills to ripple up and down Billy's spine. Stepping quietly down from the stump, Mr. Cooper slipped beside his nephew and laid a warning hand on his arm.

"We'll lie low for awhile and let him hunt us out."

Then in order to further bewilder the moose, he covered the big end of the horn with his hand and emitted another evasive, heart-earnest and throbbing promise it seemed no red-blooded moose could possibly resist.

Realizing that the ambition of his life was about to be gratified, Billy Cooper held his breath, and tucking his rifle into the crook of his left arm, wondered if his uncle could hear the mad pounding of his heart. Then the moose came, crashing through the forest like a runaway locomotive, his monstrous hoofs fairly shaking the ground.

Straining his eyes to pierce the dense blackness about him,

Billy brought the rifle to his shoulder and waited. A last tremendous crash, a deep-throated grunt, and a mighty moose, a colossal bull, broke out of the woods and stalked stiff-legged toward them through the berry bushes, staring suspiciously from side to side, searching, evidently for the owner of that wheedling voice.

He was plainly visible now, black as coal, with high-reaching antlers, a long slab-sided body thinning down to slim, graceful flanks. As he drew nearer and nearer, the bushes rattling against his legs, his great head rising and falling with his queer hitching gait, the moon burst out from a flimsy wreath of clouds and shone full upon him.

The watching boy was thrilled to his toes; his hands trembled, and he shivered in sheer ecstasy. Coming to a halt not twenty yards from them, the moose threw back his antlers and almost grunted in their faces. Now was the time for Billy to shoot the unsuspecting creature. He was a splendid target, standing there, knee-deep in the brown berry bushes, his trumpet-like ears pitched forward in an intensive effort to catch the slightest sound, his bulging black eyes gleaming in the moonlight.

Doing his best to shake off the spell that gripped him, Billy Cooper tucked the polished stock of the gun into his shoulder, laid his cheek against the cool wood, and drew a bead on the colossal head. Unaware of his terrible danger, the bull moose stood stock still for a moment or two, affording the boy a perfect target. Squinting along the barrel, Billy brought his sights in perfect alignment with a bulging eye. The slightest pressure on the hair-spring trigger, and a swift death would belch out of that barrel and bring the lordly bull crashing to earth.

Though it was Billy Cooper's hour of triumph, the moment he had dreamed of for a long, long time, he could no more have pulled that trigger than he could have jumped over the moon. And gradually, expressive of the marksman's chaotic state of mind, the rifle began to waver, finally dropping to the boy's knees with a thud.

"Thanks, Billy," whispered his uncle just as the moose,

moving soundlessly as a ghost from another world, drifted into the gloom of the woods, not even the cracking of a twig marking his going.

That was the end of the moose hunt, of course, but it is interesting to note that Billy Cooper never regretted his action on that eventful night, and while he has yet to shoot his first moose, he is, nevertheless, recognized as a scientist and naturalist of international renown.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Describe the country in which Billy Cooper's uncle lived. What did Billy do while waiting for the moose hunt?
2. a. Give five facts that Mr. Cooper told Billy about the moose.
b. Tell what steps Billy's uncle took to prepare for the coming of the moose and what he finally did to attract the animal.
What is your opinion of the fairness of this method of hunting?
3. Tell what kind of man Billy's uncle was. Was he like your idea of a naturalist?
4. Why couldn't Billy shoot the moose? How did Billy feel about it afterward?

Choose the word or phrase in parenthesis which best completes the meaning of the statement, according to your understanding of the story:

1. Billy longed to visit his uncle, because he longed for (a vacation, his uncle's companionship, a real wilderness).
2. He started out in the (summer, autumn, spring).
3. He traveled by (train, canoe, wagon, automobile).
4. Billy took with him (a camping outfit, a camera, guns).
5. Mr. Cooper was a (scientist, a prospector, a hunter).
6. Mr. Cooper had seen a giant moose that weighed (800 pounds, 1,300 pounds, 1,700 pounds).
7. The beauty of the night made Billy feel (excited, quiet, frightened).

8. Before giving the call Mr. Cooper waited until (past midnight, sunset, sunrise).
9. He imitated the call of a moose with (a trumpet, his lips, a whistle).
10. At first the answer came from (close at hand, the other side of the lake, the depths of the forest).
11. The bull moose answered with (a longer call, a bellow, a grunt).
12. The moose came (slowly and suspiciously, quickly and quietly, crashing through the forest).
13. Billy was able to see the great beast clearly by the light of (the moon, a camp fire, a torch).
14. When the moose was close to them he (ran away, attacked them, stood still).
15. Billy didn't shoot the moose, because (he was cowardly, the gun wouldn't shoot, the moose appeared fearless and noble).

JIMMY DODD PLAYS MIXED DOUBLES

By CORNELIUS BRETT BOOCOCK

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Describe the conditions which make a good tennis match.
2. How does tennis offer opportunities for good sportsmanship?
3. Name some desirable effects that a tennis tournament might have on
 - a. The players.
 - b. The communities or schools represented.
 - c. The spectators.
4. a. Select from the list in the appendix five character qualities which cause a person to be disliked.
 - b. What are some of the ways in which an unpopular boy or girl may become well-liked?

Look up in the dictionary definitions of the following words:

embarrassed	reticence
insurmountable	majestically
formidable	exasperating
pathetic	crucial
domineering	deliberate

What is the meaning of the following tennis terms?

ace	rally
backhand	netted
lob	deuce
service	seven all
smash	serve doubles

You are now ready to read the story. Keep in mind the class discussion and your own answers to the first four questions. Compare your definition of each word with its particular use in the story.

"Well," said the chairman, as he glanced around the table where the tennis committee was seated, "we are short a man. In my many years at Westfall I have never known such a scarcity of men. Here we are, a day before the tournament, and we have more girls than we need."

The committee had assembled to make the drawings for the annual mixed-doubles tournament. This feature of the club, following the championship tournaments for both men and women, had always been popular at Westfall. Contrary to custom, partners were chosen by lot, which did not permit the best players to pair off together, but tended to equalize the difference in ability by having the better players play with those who were not so good. This naturally added interest. But it did not always follow that good teams were not made, as they often were, but it eliminated any foregone conclusions as to who the victors would be.

This year the committee was embarrassed because they could not supply a partner for every woman who had entered, and it began to appear that some one would be denied the chance to compete.

That afternoon, Harvey Faulks, an active member of the summer colony, who sported the tennis insignia of one of our eastern universities, had just finished a set of doubles, and as he hurdled the rail of the club-house veranda on his way to the ice-cooler, remarked, "One more set, and I'll feel like a swim."

No one appeared to provide the set for him, and he was on his way to his roadster when Jimmy Dodd, a boy of thirteen, approached him. "I'll play with you, Harvey," he said bashfully; "but I'm not much good."

Faulks was about to thank him and decline, when he noticed an eager look in his young friend's eye; and although he knew that a set with the boy would not prove too exciting, he hated to disappoint the youngster, so he said, "That's good of you, Jimmy, but you must promise not to beat me too badly."

Now this was the opportunity that Jimmy Dodd had long

awaited. He was a great admirer of Faulks, who had always taken an interest in the younger boys, and he had always wanted to play Harvey. Not that he thought he could win, but he realized that his own game might profit by strong opposition. For a boy of his years, Jimmy was an exceptionally good player. His father had played with him and coached him ever since he had been old enough to hold a racket. His father knew a lot about tennis, too, and in his younger days had ranked with the best. "Never miss," he had told his son time and again. "When you put the ball in the other fellow's court you give him a chance to miss; and the person who misses the least usually wins." But Jim's training had not stopped there, but had gone on. Jimmy played in beautiful form, and his game, although not possessing the speed of an older person, showed no weakness.

Faulks gave his youthful opponent choice of both court and service. Jimmy served. The first ball he hit in the left corner of the court on Faulks' backhand. This Harvey returned with an easy stroke, only to have it smashed to the other side of the court by Jimmy, who had followed his serve to the net. "Good shot!" Faulks called, as he prepared to receive in the other court.

Again the ball came on his backhand; and as he saw that Jim was again coming to the net, he stroked it sharply, but not accurately, and it went out. The next point resulted in a long rally from the base-line, and was finally concluded when Faulks dashed to the net, only to have a well-placed lob float over his head. A bit flustered, he netted the next shot, and the first game went to Jimmy.

Starting to serve, Faulks put all his speed into it; but Jimmy had played with his father many times, and speed alone presented no insurmountable difficulty and he met each ball with his beautifully executed shots. Faulks came to the net to kill the returns, only to have the ball whiz by him or pass over his head. He gained but two points in this game. Now, completely rattled, he lost the third.

Harvey Faulks was an experienced player. He had com-

peted in many tournaments and was considered among the best in college circles. The loss of the third game somewhat cleared his head, and he realized that nothing but A-1 tennis could beat this youngster who never missed a ball. So he settled down, and, by playing for all that he was worth, finally won the set, losing only one more game. When he left the court he was perspiring freely and felt truly ready for a swim.

"Jimmy," he said, as he was putting his racket away, "you had me running. I didn't know that you played such a good game. How would you like to play in the tournament tomorrow? We are short a man and I'd be glad to enter you."

"That would be great," the boy answered smilingly; "but do you think I'm old enough?"

That evening the committee assembled again to make the drawings. As soon as they had been called to order, Faulks, addressing the chairman, said, "Mr. Cramer, I have the extra man for you."

"That's fine, Harvey," was the pleased answer. "Who is it?"

Smiling a little, Faulks said, "Jimmy Dodd."

"Jimmy Dodd!" Cramer replied disappointedly, "why, he's already entered."

"But I mean young Jimmy," Faulks returned.

"Well now, that's too bad!" said Mr. Cramer. "I'm afraid he can't play; he's nothing but a kid."

"That's what I thought until this afternoon," Faulks said; "but I've changed my mind. You know, gentlemen," he said, speaking to the others in the room, "we don't pay enough attention to the kids. We often look upon them as a nuisance, and rarely notice them unless it is to put them off the courts."

He then related his experience of the afternoon, and Jimmy was duly entered.

Among the summer residents of Westfall was a lady by the name of Miss Jackson, who for several years had won the ladies' championship. For some reason or other she was not liked, and so could hardly be termed a popular champion. She felt this and was constantly on her guard lest she be

denied some of the privileges that were her due. All of the men knew that to draw her for a partner would, in all probability, insure the tournament for them, but all hoped that they would not have such good luck.

So when Mr. Cramer drew her name from the hat, the others waited interestedly to learn who would be paired with her. Putting his hand into another hat, he solemnly drew forth a slip of paper. Unfolding it, he announced, "James Dodd, Junior."

Faulks was on his feet. "Mr. Chairman, I protest. It isn't fair to make that boy play with Miss Jackson. She wouldn't see the humor in it, and it would only make it disagreeable for him."

"That may be so," replied the chairman, "but the principle of this tournament is a choice of partners by lot, and we can't make any exceptions. I'm sorry."

The next morning the crowd gathered early, and as soon as the list was posted, all sought to find their names.

"Can you beat it? I drew Agnes Domly," said one, cheerfully, "I was just hoping for that."

"You're in luck, all right," replied his companion, "and I'm not. I have to play with that old war-ship." Such were the remarks that flew about.

They were all interested in their own affairs, so Jimmy, as he quietly looked over the board, was not noticed. When he read that he would have to play with the formidable Miss Jackson, his heart fell and he wandered off by himself to an unfrequented corner.

"I wish I hadn't entered the old tournament!" he said half aloud.

Jimmy was a little shy, and perhaps this accounted for his reticence. Nevertheless, the thought of quitting never occurred to him.

As Miss Jackson approached the club-house it was noticed that she had drawn Jimmy as a partner. The thought of that team caused a lot of amusement; but as Miss Jackson walked up to the board, most of the people withdrew to a respectful distance, because they foresaw fireworks.

She strode majestically up to the board and found her name.

"James Dodd," she was heard to say; "that could be worse."

While this was going on, Faulks had taken Jimmy from his secluded corner and had been coaching him how to approach Miss Jackson. When he thought the psychological moment had arrived he sent Jimmy up to her.

"Good morning, Miss Jackson," he began, as instructed; "I believe I am so fortunate as to have drawn you as a partner. Our opponents are ready, and, if you care to, we might start."

Now Harvey Faulks had learned at college that "A soft answer turneth away wrath." And it often does. But the circumstances were not right for it this time, and the fireworks that were expected were not long in coming.

She turned on the boy. "Well! Of all things! Do they expect me to play with the kindergarten? I have never heard the equal of this! Where's the committee?"

She caught sight of Harvey and stormed up to him. "What is this—a practical joke, or something? Am I to be nurse-maid while I play?"

To this, Harvey replied as politely as his rising anger would permit that she would have to play with Jimmy, and congratulated her on having "the best little sport in the community" as her partner.

All this was, of course, very unpleasant to Jimmy, who, not wishing to hear more; started to leave. He walked slowly with his head bent and really made a very pathetic sight. It made the other people who were there even more bitter against Miss Jackson than they had been before.

She saw in this a deliberate attempt to embarrass her. And perhaps she was justified, for it was not the custom at Westfall to have the younger boys take part in the senior tournaments. She was disappointed, as she had hoped to have one of the better players as her partner. But she was a fighter by instinct, else she would not have won many of her matches; so she took her racket out of the case and deter-

mined to win even if she were handicapped by a juvenile partner.

She had never seen Jimmy play, so far as she could remember, and thought, of course, that he knew little or nothing about the game. "Now, young man," she said, in a domineering way, when they were ready to play, "when you are not actually serving or receiving, stand here," indicating a far corner of the court.

Play started, and spurred on by the imagined insult to herself, Miss Jackson played a fine game, surprising her opponents and perhaps herself with the excellence of her shots. Jimmy, as commanded, didn't stir, but he didn't miss any of the chances that he was required by the laws of doubles to take. Miss Jackson noticed this, and attributed it to luck rather than to skill.

After winning the first set, Miss Jackson began to tire, and, do what she could, the other pair won the second set. All this was torture to Jimmy. He saw easy shots missed, that he could have handled, and he saw his partner wearing herself out trying to cover his side of the court as well as her own. At the beginning of the third set he had decided that the captaincy of the Jackson-Dodd pair should change hands before defeat was upon them.

"Now, Miss Jackson," said he, as fiercely as a boy of thirteen could say it, "*I'm* going to play!"

"Don't you move from that corner," was her reply. She was really angry, by now, and tired too.

On the very next shot he did move from his corner, and was just in the act of hitting the ball when his partner dashed in front of him and literally took the shot from his racket. But he had started his swing, and, either by accident or intent, completed it and hit, not the ball, as you may guess, but his charming partner.

An explosion resulted, as he expected, but he held his ground, remarking that the same thing might happen again. The result was that the Jackson-Dodd team began to play good mixed doubles and handily won the third set. Jimmy, once he got in the game, played as though his life depended

upon it. At the net he was sure and crafty, while his strokes possessed the necessary punch to win points.

When the match was completed, Miss Jackson went off by herself and analyzed the events of the preceding hours. Her first conclusion was that she had made a fool of herself; secondly, her actions would undoubtedly add to her unpopularity; and lastly, that her partner, young though he was, could certainly play tennis and possessed a swift stroke, as a bruise on her shoulder constantly reminded her.

In the next match of the tournament the following day, Miss Jackson recognized her partner as an equal force on the team, and consequently they did well enough to win. But their opposition was not of the strongest. During the two sets that were required, Jimmy came to realize that his partner played beautiful tennis and admired her for it. The day before, he had hated her; but he was quick to recognize merit and soon forgot the unpleasantness that had come up. Miss Jackson experienced a change of heart also. She had thought that he was a "very fresh kid," but it was not long before she saw that in this she had been mistaken. It would be very hard to dislike Jimmy for any length of time, for he possessed a certain quality that drew people to him. Dressed in his white knickerbockers, with his light hair kept from his face by a handkerchief, and playing as an equal with people twice and even thrice his age, he was nothing short of inspiring. Then, too, his smile was irresistible.

In the semi-finals, they ran up against Mr. Dodd and his partner, Mrs. Ferris. It was interesting to have father and son playing against each other, and both seemed to enjoy the encounter. In the many times that Jimmy and Mr. Dodd had played together, the son had discovered that his father could not handle well low balls on his backhand, and consequently the boy placed there all the balls that he could. Miss Jackson did not know this, but the first set had hardly started when he whispered to her, "Soak 'em on Dad's backhand and make 'em low." This flaw in the elder Dodd's game proved the deciding factor in the match, which finally was won in three hard sets by Miss Jackson and Jimmy.

During this match, a real feeling of team play had come to them. Constantly encouraging each other, everything showed good friendship between them. At one time in the third set, when Miss Jackson was serving, the game had gone to deuce several times. Jimmy was at the net, and just before she served he turned around and said, "An ace now, Miss Jackson, old girl!" This had delighted the gallery, and Jimmy beamed when she shot the ball out of his father's reach for a perfect ace.

On the other side of the tournament, Harvey Faulks and Miss Mason were winning. They made a very good team, and as one of the ladies, who knitted as she looked on, remarked, "and a very good-looking couple, too!" But that is another story altogether.

On the morning of the finals, a good crowd surrounded the court. There were some, of course, who were partial, but for the most part they had come to witness tennis for the game's sake. If Jimmy had been paired with any one but Miss Jackson, he would have been the favorite; but he really didn't give it a thought.

Harvey Faulks had a sincere feeling of affection for Jimmy, and for some reasons wanted him to win; but he had to consider his partner. He also wanted to make an impression on her, as a cup with their names on it would make a memorable keepsake.

From the very first, play was even. Miss Mason was not so good as Miss Jackson, and Jimmy, good and clever as he was, was not the equal of Harvey, so they were very well balanced. The first set ran along evenly until seven-all was reached. Faulks served the fifteenth game, and, sending one terrific serve after another, won the game. On Miss Jackson's serve, he drove the ball back with all his force, and, covering more court than was his, managed to win the game and set 9-7.

The first set had tired Miss Jackson and Jimmy fell into a slump, so almost before they knew it, the score was five to one against them. At the beginning of the next game, which many thought would be the last, Jimmy called Miss Jackson

over to a corner of the court, where they talked earnestly for a minute or two. What they said no one knew, but Jimmy was seen to pound his fist against the strings of his racket, and, before they resumed play, they shook hands.

Jimmy served with the uncanniness of a veteran. First in one corner and then in the other, he would send his shots, mixing fast balls with slow ones and completely bewildering his opponents. Faulks was anxious to finish it off; but when he went to the net the balls went to his partner, and when he stayed back they had an exasperating way of just dropping over.

On Miss Mason's serve, Jimmy and Miss Jackson would return the balls to her deep in the court; and when she returned them, Jimmy would be at the net to finish the point. The score now stood 5-3, with Faulks serving. This was the crucial game. He had won all his serves, and it did begin to look as if the match were over; but on the first point, he unaccountably served doubles. On the next, Jimmy hooked a shot over Miss Mason's head as she played net, and the ball hit the ground for the second time before Harvey reached it. He then served a clean ace on Miss Jackson, but failed to repeat it against Jimmy, who returned his second serve with a low drive down the side-line. This Harvey returned as he dashed to the net; but his return was a weak lob, which Jimmy smashed. The last point of the game was won after a spirited rally when Miss Jackson neatly passed Harvey.

Nothing seemed to stop Jimmy and his partner. They won the second set 7-5 and had a lead in the third, when their opponents staged a rally. Faulks, by his speed and power, won point after point, and soon had two games tucked away. But with the score 3-2 against them, Jimmy and Miss Jackson braced and brought the score to three-all. The set then became a battle. First one side would forge ahead, and then the other. With the score six-all, Jimmy lost his serve, which almost broke that boy's heart, and when Faulks served, nothing could touch him. The balls would come sizzling over the net, and if a return was possible, it was weak and Harvey was there to smash it.

As he bounced the last ball far out of the court and won the match and tournament, the gallery rose and cheered, not so much for the victors, but for the real tennis treat they had been permitted to see.

While walking to the club-house, Harvey put his hand on Jimmy's shoulder and encouraged him. But this was unnecessary, for Jim, down in his heart, knew that the better team had won. He had done his best and he was satisfied.

Miss Jackson, however, was quite disheartened, and quietly took a chair beside Miss Mason. "I'd have given anything to have won that match to-day," she said; "not that I care about it for myself, but for Jimmy. He played as hard as he could, and if only I could have won it, I might have atoned for the way I treated him on the first day."

Just then, Jimmy approached with a glass of water. He was hot and flushed, but his smile showed no disappointment.

"Miss Jackson," he said, "there's a mixed-doubles tournament next week at Shore Road. Will you be my partner?"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Name the conditions which you now think make a good tennis match. What have you added to those you had in mind before reading the story?
2. How does the game of tennis offer opportunities for a player to show good sportsmanship? What have you added to your first idea?
3. What desirable effects of a tennis tournament can you now add to those you named in the preliminary discussion?
4. How might an unpopular boy or girl become well-liked? What have you added to your first answer?

Complete the following sentences by placing in each blank one of the first group of ten words listed in the preliminary discussion:

1. Miss Jackson felt uncomfortable playing with such a small boy. She was very much —.
2. She did not believe that Jimmy was her partner by chance, but felt that it was a — plan.
3. At the beginning of the game she gave Jimmy unreasonable orders, which showed her — disposition.

4. Jimmy played so well that he was a —— opponent.
5. Because Miss Jackson was so unfriendly, Jimmy was a —— figure at the beginning of the game.
6. Jimmy did not find the difficulties ——.
7. He played brilliantly at a —— moment.
8. Jimmy was shy and spoke with ——.
9. The balls bounced just over the net in an —— way.
10. Miss Jackson moved in a very dignified manner. In fact she walked —— to the bulletin board.

Name the words of which you have a clearer understanding from a study of their use in the story of "Jimmy Dodd."

POMPEY PLAYS THE GAME

By G. MAY HOLADAY

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Who was Pompey the Great? What would you think such a nickname would imply as to the appearance or personal qualities of the one so called?
2. We often hear the expressions, "Play the game," and "Be a good sport." What do these expressions mean to you?
3. What is meant by school spirit or college spirit? Show how it depends upon loyalty and "team-work."
4. In addition to regular class-room work, what opportunities are offered in the modern high school to develop one's health, personality, and character?

In previous lessons there have been given lists of technical words and expressions, used in connection with tennis and baseball. Make a list of ten or more such expressions connected with track and field events, and explain their meanings. Note in reading the story that a clear idea of the meaning of these words is necessary to understand the story satisfactorily.

Ferdinand Van Tyne had never wasted much time in cultivating friendships. Fortunately, he didn't know he was missing anything. Books were his friends—tried and true; and he lived with them happily in a little world apart, where rough games and close companionships were not allowed to intrude.

Praised and urged ahead by private tutors, the boy at sixteen passed with ease the entrance examinations to Stanford, where his proud mother felt confident he would still be regarded as an "individual." She was right. He was!

Perhaps it was his striking appearance on registration day that created the wrong impression—the combination of knee

pants, spats, Windsor tie, and huge, horn-rimmed "wind-shields." Added to this was the youngster's precise, pompous manner of speaking that prompted the remark: "Gee-whillikens, fellows, look who's here! Pompey the Great! How he must hate himself!" Once given, the name stuck, and from that first day the campus knew him only as "Pompey."

Because his sensitive nature shrank from open ridicule, Pompey crept ever deeper into his shell of reserve, forming but one genuine friendship during his entire first year of homesickness and painful readjustment. And it would have been difficult to find two who were, apparently, more unlike than Pompey and Lester Manning.

"Les" was a likable, jolly chap, a junior, and a cripple since his accident of the previous summer. But instead of making him bitter and envious, the unexpected blow had brought into his heart a deeper, finer understanding of the feelings of others, and thus drew him close to the lonely boy whom chance had brought him as a room-mate. To him, Pompey was always "Van." And had it not been for the younger boy's untiring efforts, Les would have been put on probation that term, for the pain in his twisted leg often made study impossible.

It was not until the second year that Les was able to pay his debt of friendship. One evening, Pompey sat musing in the darkness of his room at Encina. His cash and spirits were both low, for, instead of a check, had come a command,—an ultimatum,—and the suddenness of it bewildered him. Then, at the sound of his room-mate's crutch, *tap, tapping* in the hall, there came a surge of relief. Good old Les always knew what to do.

Pompey held out his letter, and Les chuckled inwardly as he read it. How often had he longed to say these very words! "Seems plain enough, Van. Your guardian says that good grades are not enough to show for all the money that's been spent on you."

"But—I've always been taught to regard mental training as the most important thing in the world!"

Les nodded understandingly. "But there's so much besides

the grades. You're missing the college life entirely, Van. If you'd only show the fellows your human side, as you show me! They think you have no college spirit. Here's your chance, Van! Won't you try for the block 'S'? *One* point in the Stanford-California meet will do it!" Lester glanced down at his own twisted leg. What wouldn't he give for such a chance—the feel of the cinder-track beneath his feet once more, the wind cutting his face at the final desperate sprint on the Cardinal Oval!

Pompey caught the wistful expression, and it touched him. "I—I—can't, Les," he faltered. "Uncle Ed is my guardian and his word is final; but I know nothing of athletics, so how can he expect me to win the block 'S,' even with my last two years in Stanford at stake?"

"Surest thing in the world. I'll train you."

"Les, you're the best pal—but you'd be wasting your time."

While he could take no active part, Les was still devoted to athletics, his one hobby. Already he was looking Pompey over professionally.

"You've put on a lot of weight in the last year, son. It affects your breathing. Soft and muscle-bound, too. But there's hope in those long legs," he grinned encouragement.

"Do you know the Stanford fellows who will enter the meet?" Pompey was betraying an unwilling interest.

"Know 'em? Ask me if I know Encina Hall! Or the Cardinal Oval! Stan Bell has the 100-yard already won; and we're counting on Morrissey for the 220, with Bell second. Milton is the Card's best entry for the half-mile; and Pepper Grein promises to be our fastest distance-runner since the days of Skinny Murphy."

But Pompey's thoughts were returning to his own desperate need. If Les believed in him—maybe—

"Well, it seems to be a case of making a fool of myself or giving up my law course. I'll try it, *but don't tell anybody!* I won't have the whole campus teasing me."

So in the cold gray dawn of the following morning, Pompey entered upon his secret training with about as much en-

thusiasm as he would have taken to the dentist's chair. Lester's practised eye soon discovered that the novice would grade higher in a test of endurance than of speed. This was well, for Stanford was notably weak that year in distance-runners. So was California. And straightway Lester's own blasted hopes flared afresh into eager effort to train a winner for the mile and half-mile events. Les had won the mile himself in his sophomore year; and now he meant to win it again—through Pompey.

Changing the established habits of years is not easy. At first, Pompey's aching muscles awoke him in the night; and he was fearful lest some one should notice, and comment upon, the stiffness of his walk. Then, too, he could not openly join the training-table squad, but was forced to watch others enjoy their pastry and desserts, while he slipped his share to Les. But when he began to feel himself really gaining in speed, he commenced to regard his training as something more than a torturing grind. Uncle Ed and Les were right! And to Lester's delight, he grew eager for news of the track and the Cardinal runners and the coming intercollegiate track-meet. No one knew it yet, but he was a Card!

It was about a month before the track-meet that an unexpected blow crushed the Cardinals' hope of success. That morning the fatal blue slips had come to Bell, to Grein, and to Milton—the three cinder-path stars. Until there was a decided improvement in their class work, they were debarred by the scholarship committee from all athletics.

With gloomy foreboding, Lester Manning outlined the tragedy to Pompey. "They'll never be able to bring up their work before the Stanford-Cal meet!" he concluded hopelessly. "If they only had half your brains, Van—"

"Haven't we a chance without them?" Pompey inquired earnestly.

"Not a ghost of a show! We couldn't win a dozen points. And if the Cards don't win Stanford can't be represented in the big Eastern meet at Harvard!" To Les, this was almost akin to a personal disgrace.

For a moment Pompey's face lighted up. With Pepper

Grein removed from the mile and half-mile events, it would be a snap. Pompey had worked so hard—it meant so much to him to win a point—so much to Uncle Ed, and to Les—Then a sudden thought dimmed the eager longing in his eyes. What was the winning of one point if Stanford suffered defeat! Pompey was thrilled to realize what a Cardinal defeat would mean to him personally. He, too, was a Card, but until that moment he had never realized how desperately he had wanted his school to win. He could do nothing alone—but *Bell and Milton and Grein together could!* He made a swift decision.

“Don’t worry, Les,” he said lightly. “Find out to-night just where the fellows have failed, and I’ll see that their work is brought up to requirements. They’re going to have their chance to make Stanford a winner. I’d never make a runner, anyway.”

Lester stared at him in silent amazement—and admiration. He was not deceived, for he knew the careless tone covered the sharp pain of renunciation. Alone, the boy could win, possibly, a couple of points; but, if he should spend his training-time in coaching the three athletes back into the good graces of the scholarship committee, the three could be counted on for at least twenty-two points. But the irony of it was that Pompey gave up his chance in favor of the very trio who had been the most thoughtless in joking about his lack of interest in athletics!

“That’s real sportsmanship, Van,” Les said in a choked voice. “And when the fellows know that you can do the mile in less than—”

“You’ll tell them nothing, Les. Promise me!”

Lester’s eyes were a bit misty as he stumbled down the corridor toward Pepper Grein’s room. “Just let me hear one of ’em nagging Van again!” he muttered ominously.

The three athletes, who had already given up hope, were too greatly overjoyed at this fortunate turn of affairs to wonder what had brought it about. In their own careless way, they appreciated Pompey’s efforts in their behalf, without knowing anything of his sacrifice. To Pompey’s trained

mind, French and psychology had always seemed easy; but he soon found that learning a thing for himself was quite different from teaching it to others. Countless trips were made to the reference library, while his precious evening hours were devoted entirely to coaching these track stars, whose feet had been trained with so much more diligence than their brains. But Lester's encouragement and faith in the result helped amazingly.

Studying at his own table, Les followed these evening classes—often holding far into the night—with a watchful eye; but he heard none of the thoughtless jests he had anticipated until one night when Pompey had gone for a book to the floor above. The moment the door closed behind the youthful tutor, books were thrown aside.

"Holy smoke!" Pepper growled. "Two weeks of this has got on my nerves."

"Mine too," Stanley Bell chimed in. "Pompey's easy flow of six-cylinder words makes me wonder whether he's talking to me or reviewing Webster's Unabridged. That kid's a scream!"

"And whenever I see him, I want to," Milton confessed with a yawn.

"Good thing he's never gone in for athletics. He probably thinks a football coach runs on four wheels," gibed Stan.

Les Manning's fists clenched until the nails cut into the flesh.

"If you fellows could just stand off and see how small you really are, you'd take two cents for yourselves!" he blazed hotly. "Here's Van, years younger than any of you, able to coach you dubs where you've failed! Athletics? He can show you a thing or two there, too. He's trained secretly, and already he can run the mile in 4:40. Van's giving up his only chance for a block 'S'—giving up all his time to coaching you three so that *you* can win for Stanford. You fellows are good at *talking* 'college spirit,' but I'll say it takes Van to *live* it!"

The trio sat in shamed silence. They neither apologized nor

gave any promises. It wasn't their way. But with one accord they arose and hurried away.

On the following morning they waylaid Pompey in the hall. Pepper had been appointed spokesman. He began in a casual tone.

"Pompey, we've never seemed to see it before, but you're just built for a cinder-path star. The Cards are short on distance-runners, and if you've ever trained any—well, it wouldn't take long to come back. You've stepped in and made it possible for us to compete; now you've got to train and help us win the points."

"No excuses!" Milton put in hastily. "We'll drive you as hard on the track as you're driving us in psychology, and you'll see how you like that."

Like it! Pompey had never been so happy as he was at that moment. For months he had longed for friendships—the friendly slap on the shoulder—the sense of "belonging." And at last the boys wanted him—needed him!

"I've trained a little," he admitted modestly. "If you fellows will promise faithfully to go over your lessons every evening in my room so there will be no chance of your losing out—and if you really need me—"

"Of course!" Bell answered both questions. "See you at the track at 3:30; and if you're not there, we'll come after you." He shook a threatening fist.

There came the day of the big meet. The heavy odds against Stanford had greatly diminished with the reinstatement of the three delinquent track stars. And now the Cardinal was conceded at least an even chance with the Blue-and-Gold.

The name of "F. Van Tyne" in the entry lists caused little more than a ripple of amusement; for the Cardinal "fans" were seriously engaged in apportioning the sixty-six points, which the Cards must win, among their star track-men and those entered in the field events.

Pompey stood in the grip of silent awe at the enthusiastic cheers of the great crowd as event followed event in the

field and on the cinder-track. He dared hope that presently the crowd would be cheering *him*; yet how unimportant personal glory seemed now. The torture of his first training, the midnight hours of coaching, and the final two weeks of close companionship with the three athletes—all combined to give him a true conception of team-work, and of that vague, intangible something called "college spirit."

Pompey entered his first race, the mile, with a heart chugging madly. California had entered only two milers, and very shortly it was conceded—even by the Blue-and-Gold section, had they admitted it—that Pepper Grein of Stanford would win. And win he did, with Gilbert of California second, and, to every one's surprise, Van Tyne of Stanford third.

Thus did Pompey win his point for the coveted block "S"; but his heart was heavy. If only he could have won a *first*, giving *five* points to Stanford!

Milton and Bell had covered themselves with glory in the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes, and Pompey felt a surge of pride in their success, even though the score stood 64-62 in favor of California. The Cardinals' hope of success lay in the half-mile. They must win it!

"A-all o-out for the half-mile!"

Pepper Grein had drawn inside place, with Pompey next. And they must compete with Johnson of California, a "seasoned" runner, with many points and medals to his credit.

"Don't let him scare you," Pepper whispered. "We're going to beat him—easily!"

Pompey smiled. That "we" gave him courage.

The gun barked sharply. They tore around the oval, each fighting grimly for the lead. But Johnson was always a little ahead, until that last desperate drive on the home-stretch. Then something seemed to go wrong with California's star. His splendid strength and endurance began to fail; his stride grew shorter—and slower—until Pepper spurted past him, followed later by Pompey. The Cardinal rooters cheered madly.

Pepper heard the steady patter of feet behind, and rejoiced that it was Pompey, whom he was just beginning to under-

stand and to like. He, himself, would win first, and Pompey, second—the eight points assuring a Cardinal victory.

Then suddenly a great flood of understanding burst over Pepper Grein. All of Pompey's loyalty and sacrifice flashed through his mind. By all the laws of good sportmanship, Pompey had "played the game." With no thought of personal glory, he had really won every point of the meet credited to Bell and Milton and himself, though only four people knew it. Since Pompey had really won the meet, he should have credit for at least the five points that would save the day!

For a fraction of a second, Pepper slowed down, glancing back to be sure that Johnson was not too near. And amid the deafening cheers from the bleachers, Pompey flung himself across the line first, with Pepper a close second. The day was won!

Up in the grand stand a boy waved his crutch excitedly. Beside him, an elderly man murmured: "College spirit! That's what I wanted athletics to teach him."

Amid hoarse shouts of "Pompey! Pompey!" Lester Manning and Uncle Ed elbowed their way through the crowd to the winner. The boy was smiling happily. Strange how sweet the old hateful name sounded to his ears now! It all depended upon *how* a thing was said.

"Les, where can we get a thick tenderloin steak?" came his eager question. "I think I've a good square meal coming to me."

"There's something else coming to you for cheating Stanford out of a star runner all this time," Pepper warned darkly.

But Pompey wasn't worrying. He was one of them now. He "belonged."

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. How did Pompey's nickname tend to increase his fear of being laughed at? Where is this shown? How did he feel about the nickname at the end of the meet?

2. Find examples of Pompey's desire to "play the game."
3. Find examples of school spirit on the part of Les, Pepper, and Stanley Bell.
4. Was the guardian right in not being satisfied with only good grades as an evidence of Pompey's development? Why?

Complete the following expressions so that each will be a sentence which expresses the idea in the story:

1. Ferdinand Van Tyne had never wasted much time in ——.
2. His striking appearance on registration day ——.
3. Pompey formed —— friendship during his entire first year.
4. Les Manning's accident had brought into his heart ——.
5. Pompey received a command from his guardian that ——.
6. Van had been taught to regard mental training as ——.
7. To help him, —— undertook to train Van.
8. Pompey trained at ——.
9. Blue slips are notices of ——.
10. With three runners out Pompey could have ——.
11. Pompey decided to ——.
12. His reason was ——.
13. Les' promise to Van was ——.
14. The athletes took the coaching with a spirit of ——.
15. Les broke his promise because ——.
16. To show they were sorry the athletes asked Van ——.
17. In the mile run Pompey won ——.
18. Pepper was able to pass Johnson because ——.
19. —— won the half-mile.
20. College spirit caused Pepper to ——.

LORD JAMES, HALF-BACK

By HOWARD R. MARSH

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Suppose that you have met a new boy in your school. Tell what in his manner, speech, or action has caused you to like him. Choose from the list in the appendix *ten* likable qualities.
2. What are the causes of nicknames? What are the effects?
3. What would you think if one of the best players on your school's team should, without any explanation just before a game, announce that he could not play?
4. What do you understand by the expression "moral courage?"

Below are listed twelve descriptive words. After you have made sure of their meanings try to work out with your classmates very simple pantomimes to illustrate *five* of these words.

alert	redoubtable
resolutely	grimly
unrestrained	disdainful
agilely	listlessly
frustrated	nervy
grueling	deliriously

You are ready to read the story. Keep in mind the class discussion and your own answers to the first four questions.

"Thirty-two, thirty-two, thirty-two, rah! Fresh out! Fresh out! Look out, fresh!" With happy yelps of exultation, like those of hunters sighting game, a band of laughing, pushing sophomores of Hanover School surrounded the freshman who, unfortunately, happened to be making his way alone across the campus.

The latter, a well-built, alert, blue-eyed boy, resolutely

stood his ground, grinning good-natured defiance at the enemies of his class.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my! See what we have here, Tack!" called a stubby, red-haired youth to the leader of the band.

Tack searched the tree-tops, then the ground. "What is it—a worm? I don't see anything. Oh, that thing under the hat! Why hello, it looks human! But is it?"

The freshman's grin widened. "Yes," he said.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I am human."

"I'm glad to know that," Tack assumed a relieved air; "but do you not always say 'sir' to your superiors?"

"Yes," responded the freshman, "to my *superiors!*"

His emphasis of the last word brought hoots and jeers from the sophmores, but Tack persisted in his questioning. "What might your name be, my young hero?" he asked.

"James Lord Stevens, Junior."

"Pleased to meet your Honor, Lord James!" said Tack, in mock deference, making a sweeping bow which his comrades appreciated with unrestrained laughter. "And where does your domain lie, your Highness?"

"South Bedford," answered the freshman.

"Hail! All hail! Lord James of Bedford is with us!" and Tack swept the ground with another bow. Thenceforth it was as "Lord James" that the freshman was known at Hanover School.

"Hat! Hat! Hat!" suddenly roared his captors, in unison. Lord James decided to doff his hat, but there were no signs of surrender in his action. The uncovering of his head revealed a great shock of black hair. The sight was greeted with cries of joy by the sophomores.

"Shorty," said Tack, "will you please recite a poem for the young lord?"

The red-haired boy placed himself directly in front of the freshman.

"Clip 'em, cut 'em, that's our custom," he recited gravely. "And the second verse runs like this:

“‘Poor little freshman, have you any wool?’
‘Yes, sir, yes, sir, a flat head full.’
Hello, sophs, good-by hair;
The head of frosh will soon be bare.”

One of the boys brought forth a pair of barber’s clippers.

“Men,” he said, “we’ll be forced to seize this beast of the jungle.” He made a sudden dive for Lord James’s waist, which the freshman agilely side-stepped, at the same time pushing the oncoming head aside and down. So successfully had he used the football straight-arm that Tack, face down, slid along the ground. Frustrated and angry, the sophomore leaped to his feet and slowly circled the freshman. Suddenly he rushed, wisely keeping his feet this time. His arms encircled Lord James’s body and he strained mightily to throw the freshman, but the latter did not budge. Locked in each other’s arms, they stood red-faced and straining. By every trick he knew, Tack tried to down the freshman, each moment becoming more angry that he, the best athlete in Hanover, was being withstood by a stocky little freshman. Then the unexpected happened. There was a straining of muscles and suddenly the redoubtable sophomore went over backward, the freshman astride him.

The others of the band, while secretly admiring the freshman’s spirit and strength, decided that it was time to prevent the further humiliation of their leader, and they rushed into the fray. For a few moments sophomores came hurtling from the mêlée like sacks of grain from a wagon. But at last, numbers prevailed and Lord James was downed. Then Tack, still in bad humor, wielded the clippers. When he had completed the work to his satisfaction, the rueful, but still smiling, James was released, while the sophomores danced around with shouts of glee and derision. When at last the band started away to find another victim, Shorty hung back. “You’re all right, Lord James,” he said under his breath.

Lord James dusted off his clothes, ran a hand over his shorn head, and ruefully began a search for his hat.

"Here you are, boy," and the hat was pressed into his hand by a tall man whom James remembered having seen in the background during the struggle. "I saw you down Tack Read, our best football linesman. Now this afternoon I want you to report at the football field at three o'clock. Will you?"

"Yes, sir," said James.

Promptly at three o'clock the freshman was on the athletic field. The coach took him in hand immediately. "Ever played football?" he asked. Lord James admitted he had, a little, mostly on vacant lots at home.

He was led to the center of the field, where twelve men, six on a side, were crouching, facing each other. At a signal from the assistant coach they charged each other, trying to bowl over their opponents.

"Evans, there, drop out!" ordered the coach. "Stevens, go in there and charge for all you are worth!" James crouched as he saw the others crouching, one foot braced behind him, his weight largely balanced on his hands. Looking up, he saw the disdainful face of Tack less than a foot away. He heard the coach bark "Charge!" and a second later picked himself up several feet back, where Tack had knocked him. Tack was already back in position, and Lord James crouched and faced him. Again Tack bowled him over with a fierce charge. Coach Watson stopped the practice and took the freshman aside.

"Boy," he said, "Tack is knocking you all over the field. He is doing it by getting ahead of you a fraction of a second on the charge. Balance yourself—so," he demonstrated by James's side; "then when the signal comes, charge—low and hard."

Lord James tried to follow the coach's instructions, but again and again Tack knocked him over. He was surprised at the end of practice when the coach came over and patted him on the shoulder. "Nice work," he said; "you were stopping him toward the last. Now go in and take a hot shower and report again to-morrow."

It was a bruised and tired James who wrote his first letter home that night:

Dear Mother and Dad:

This is a wonderful institution. I am going to work hard, but I expect to have a good time too, because everything is so fine.

It is a custom here for freshmen to have their hair clipped, and so mine was cut to-day. I look quite different.

This afternoon I took part in football practice and liked it very much. But I am tired now, so I'll close.

Your loving son,
JAMES.

P.S. They have nicknamed me already—"Lord James."

The next morning, classes started, and as the day proceeded, James grew more and more certain that the school was just as good as his father had boasted it had been in his time.

In the freshman dining-hall at noon, he heard an excited buzz as he entered, and a spontaneous cheer rose. The story of his affair with the sophomores had preceded him; but in spite of the many questions, he refused to talk about it.

That afternoon found him again on the football field, and throughout the succeeding days he drove his tired and aching body to classes and then to the gridiron practice. Each night he forced his mind to his studies until he had mastered them, and then tumbled into bed to the sleep of thoroughly tired youth.

A week after school opened he wrote the following letter home:

Dear Mother and Dad:

Two important things happened to me to-day, and I want you to know about them right away. First, the freshmen elected me class president. I wanted to refuse, but then I decided that I could do my best and that is all that is expected.

Then this afternoon I was put on the scrub team and played against the first team. I am learning all I can about the game, and next year I hope to make the first eleven.

My marks in the weekly exams were well above passing, and I am feeling splendidly. I hope things are just as well at home.

With love,
JAMES.

Another week found James as first substitute back for the

first team and in the seventh heaven of bliss. In the Hanover-Anderson game he played two quarters and added twelve points to his team's large score.

"Stevens," said Coach Watson, after the game, "I am going to keep you on the first team from now on. It's up to you to vindicate my judgment."

Never did a youth try harder to fulfil his task. He played the game for all there was in him—running fast, tackling hard, but cleanly, sacrificing himself both in making and breaking interference. The reward came when he began to hear whisperings that Coach Watson had unearthed a star of the first magnitude—Lord James, of Bedford. Fearing lest this talk cause him to let down, he worked even harder, both at the game and at his lessons.

As a result of this came his showing in the Hanover-Westchester game, a fiercely fought fray in which Hanover emerged victor by two touchdowns, largely of Lord James's making.

Much as it disliked giving credit to a freshman, the school paper referred to James's work as "the most consistent exhibition of ground-gaining and good all-round play witnessed on Hanover field this year."

James clipped the item and sent it home to his mother, hoping she would be happy in her son's achievements. But the news was received with quite a different sentiment by Mrs. Stevens. Since James first reported for practice, she had lived in a state of suspense and fear. She had heard of boys being badly hurt playing football, but her love for her son had decided her not to interfere; he seemed so happy in "making" the team.

But alas, that clipping! At the end was this paragraph, which confirmed her fears:

Interest is now largely centered on the annual Hanover-Colton game of next Saturday, a contest which is always the climax of the season. The two teams appear to be well matched and the contest is sure to be a grueling affair with no mercy shown on either side. Both teams have suffered losses by injuries, but each school will present its best eleven in years. The outcome of the game will depend largely on the

ability of the Colton players in stopping young Stevens, the Hanoverian freshman half-back. The Colton coaches have been drilling their men to play "Lord James" every minute, and the colors of Hanover are likely to rise or fall by the success or failure of its star in frustrating these plans.

Here was language Mrs. Stevens could understand! It was to be a "grueling affair with no mercy shown," and her son was to bear the brunt of it! Already, the paper stated, each team had lost men by injuries, and James was sure to get hurt next Saturday, because he was to bear the brunt of the attack.

The next noon James found a telegram in his room. It read:

Your heart and mine are intensely loyal to our school, but we are even more loyal to your mother. She is nearly sick from worry over next Saturday's game. You and I cannot understand, my son, but we can act. My sympathy and love go with this message. FATHER.

The boy read and re-read words. There was not a doubt of what he would do, but Lord James came as near to crying as a member of the nobility well could. It wasn't so much his own feelings, or what the fellows might say, but the lowering of Hanover's colors was more than he could bear stoically.

On the way to his afternoon classes he stopped to send the following telegram:

Tell Mother not to worry. I will not play Saturday.

JAMES.

A few minutes before three o'clock he walked into the dressing-room, where a score of youths were donning their football togs for afternoon practice. Straight to Coach Watson he went. "I can't play Saturday," he blurted out, so loudly that every one in the room heard it.

The statement came like a bomb. For a few moments there was a stunned silence.

"Why not?" the coach asked shortly.

"I just can't—that's all," James answered.

There was another moment of silence. "All right, son; I'm sorry," the man said gravely. "It probably means we are beaten. But you know that. Your decision is final?"

"Yes," James answered, turning away to conceal the mist in his eyes.

That evening, as the disappointed boy sat at his desk and tried to concentrate his mind on his studies, Coach Watson entered. "Pretty poor practice this afternoon," he said. "The boys seem to have lost heart. But we'll do our best. I just dropped in this evening to see if there is anything I can do for you."

In the publicity of the dressing-room that afternoon James had felt it impossible to tell why he could not play. But now he felt he could explain. "Here," he said, handing to the coach the telegram from his father. "This is all there is to it."

Coach Watson studied the message. "Well," he said, "you're right not to play under such circumstances. We shall miss you Saturday, but I won't urge you to play. It hits us both pretty hard. But stick to your guns, lad; you'll never be sorry."

The next day was a long hard trial for Lord James. At three o'clock he found he could not keep away from the football field where the team was going through its final practice before the big game. With his hat pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up, he had hoped to escape notice; but all around him he heard subdued murmurs. "I wonder if he is a quitter?" one boy asked. "Not on your life!" he heard Shorty reply, and felt everlastingly grateful to the little red-headed sophomore.

Hanover was awake and bustling the next morning. Alumni were pouring in from all parts of the State. James heard the cheers of the Colton students as they marched past his room. It was a day of happiness, he thought, to every one but himself—and, maybe, Coach Watson.

He heard an automobile stop at the entrance of the house; but buried in dejection, he paid no attention, until there was a knock on the door. "Come in," he said listlessly. And then,

before he knew it, he found his hand in his father's grasp and his mother's arms about him.

"Had a time finding you," his father said, and James thought he actually seemed embarrassed. But his mother was bubbling over with joy.

Almost immediately a fourth member was added to the party, for Coach Watson entered. "Coach," said the surprised James, "this is my mother and father."

"I talked with your father over the telephone last night, and feel that I know him already," said the new-comer, shaking hands. "Mrs. Stevens, I am proud to know you. You have about the finest boy in school."

"I know I have," Mrs. Stevens answered with pride; "only he is broken-hearted to-day."

"Of course he is," replied the coach. "That's the reason I asked you to come. It probably will be the hardest day he will have to face in a long time."

James turned away. "Oh, no, it's not bad," he said pluckily.

"Mrs. Stevens," the coach resumed, "I'm not sure it is fair to get you here and then plead your son's cause. But it is my cause, too, and the school's. So maybe I shall be forgiven if my impulse has carried me too far.

"I can show you by statistics, Mrs. Stevens, that football is not so dangerous as many other games classed as 'mild.' In all my eleven years as coach here, I have not had a boy permanently injured. Of course, there are bruises and hurts; but didn't James get bruised and hurt when he was a little fellow and began to play outdoors? Of course he did. That's the penalty—or perhaps the reward—for playing. But it's a manly game, football, and James certainly belongs in the game."

"I just can't let him," sighed Mrs. Stevens. "The chances seem too great."

"All right, Mrs. Stevens. I am sorry. Good-by," he said, "I'm glad to have seen you both."

For the rest of the morning James talked over his school life with his parents and forced himself to inquire eagerly

about things at home. At noon he barely nibbled at the luncheon his parents had arranged at the hotel.

Back in his rooms, the three heard the happy crowds parading past on the way to the game. Then from the distance came a great roar of voice in sudden excitement. The game was on!

Gloom settled early on Hanover field for James's school-mates. It was soon evident that Evans, playing in Lord James's place, was a weak cog. Time and again he was pulled from his position on the defense by a fake play, and the Colton backs pounded through for gains. On the offense he seemed lost, and could neither gain nor form satisfactory interference for the other backs. Twice the Colton team crossed the goal-line and once they kicked goal.

The cheers which the Stevens's could faintly hear were Colton cheers. James realized this and set his lips grimly to check their quivering.

At last Mrs. Stevens whispered in her husband's ear, and for a moment they engaged in low-voiced conversation. Then Mr. Stevens leaned over and placed his hand on his son's shoulder.

"James," he said, "your mother realizes that this is hurting you more than the game possibly could. Go out there and fight! Go out and win! We'll wait for you here."

James had scarcely heard the last words. He had bounded to his feet, flung his arms around his mother, and already was out of the door.

In the dressing-room it seemed to James that his hastening fingers took hours to pull on his football suit.

But back in his room it was only a few minutes before his father and mother heard a cheer louder than any before. "He's there, Mother!" exclaimed Mr. Stevens. "Listen!" Faintly they could hear booming from hundreds of throats, "Lord James, rah! Lord James, rah! Rah-rah, Lord James!"

Before James could reach Coach Watson, who was nervously pacing up and down the side-lines, the half was over. A minute or two later he was the center of a perspiring and tired, but suddenly rejuvenated, bunch of his team-mates,

who cheered the news that he was to play the second half. The cheers were taken up by the grand stand, and, led by Shorty, a constant roar came from the Hanover supporters as James took his place in the line-up for the second half.

The thrill that comes with the kick-off, the heartrending, breath-taking excitement of that moment when the ball comes hurtling through the air with eleven husky men following it, is known to every football player. To James, keyed up as taut as a piano-wire, the thrill was doubly great, for he had but half the game in which to make up for all he had missed.

Straight into his arms the ball sailed; up the field he started with the roar of voice urging him on. Tack was just ahead of him, and together they raced on and far to the right. Twice Tack bowled over would-be tacklers, and twice Lord James dodged their outstretched arms. "Good old Tack!" James panted, as his running partner dove into a waiting Colton man. The forty-five-yard line was reached before the Hanover star was forced out of bounds by a diving tackle.

The cheering from the Hanover stands was so loud that little Dick McGrath, quarter-back, could scarcely make his men hear the signals. But James swung around left end for ten yards and first down; he tore through Tack for four more; then made another first down through center. Play after play McGrath was calling James's signal, and play after play James was responding with every ounce of his strength. The ten-yard line was reached. Here the Colton line, reinforced by the secondary defense, stood as a stone wall. On the fourth down a forward pass failed and the ball fell over the goal-line. Colton put it in play on the twenty-yard line, and a punt placed its goal temporarily out of danger.

Again was begun that smashing attack toward the goal-line, with James carrying the ball nearly every play. It was heartbreaking work, with gains of three yards, two yards, and, once in a while, of five yards around end. The Colton team couldn't stop Lord James. The stands had realized it, and roars of encouragement boomed forth. Only the coach

on the side-lines was looking more and more worried. "Human flesh and blood can't stand the pounding Stevens is getting," he said to his assistant.

At the twelve-yard line, when the hopes of the Hanover supporters were at their highest, the Colton team again made a desperate stand. Twice James hit the line with all the power at his command, and twice he was stopped dead.

"Eleven-eight-twenty!" called McGrath. It was the signal for another forward pass. The Colton backs sized up the play and spread to meet it.

"No, no, McGrath!" called James. "Use sixteen-eight-forty!"

"Sixteen-eight-forty!" shouted McGrath. "Change signals—sixteen-eight-forty!"

Tucking the ball firmly under his arm, James started around left end. The opposing tackle broke through and dove for him, but a quick side-step and the straight-arm eluded him. The oncoming end was knocked aside by the Hanover full-back; a sudden stop and twist, and the defensive half-back missed James by inches. Near the goal-line the Colton quarter-back knocked him from his feet, but he was up again and scrambled across the goal.

The frantic cheering from the grand stand increased as McGrath kicked goal from the touchdown. Hanover had a chance to win!

Colton elected to receive the kick-off, not trusting its ability to stop James. On the second play, time was called and the quarter ended.

The fourth quarter was much like the third. In vain Colton tried to advance the ball, but the Hanover eleven, imbued with James's spirit, stopped nearly every play before it was well started. Twice James, with doughty assistance from the other backs, carried the ball half the length of the field, only to lose it near the goal-line. The ball was on the thirty-yard line when the time-keeper ran on the field and announced there were but three minutes left to play.

James slid off tackle for six yards and first down. But after the mix-up, nervy little Dick McGrath stayed flat on the

ground, his face white with pain. "My weak ankle's gone," he said; "I guess I am done." He tried to get to his feet, but sank back with a smothered exclamation. James and Tack carried him to the side-lines.

Coach Watson sent Evans back into the game with instructions to have James select the plays. Before the game resumed, James led Tack aside. "Tack," he said, "I'm to call the signals and I'm going to call the plays through you. We've got to win, and you've got to pave the way!"

Poor exhausted Tack smiled. "I'll do my best, Lord James," he answered. "And say," he added, "you aren't a freshman at all! Why, you're man enough to be a sophomore! Let's shake!"

True to his promise to Tack, James called play after play through that doughty linesman. "Watch Stevens and Lane," said Coach Watson, to no one in particular. "Nothing can stop that playing! Tack is knocking over his tackle like a ton of dynamite, and Stevens goes through after him like a pile-driver!"

The Colton coach sent in a fresh linesman in an effort to stay the advance. But with James exhorting him, Tack again knocked over the opposing tackle. At the ten-yard line the opposing secondary defense piled up behind the weak spot in its line and James was stopped for no gain.

After the play, both James and Tack were flat on the ground. Neither rose. As time was taken out, a groan went up from the grand stand and was echoed by Coach Watson. "I knew it," he fumed; "human bodies can't stand that pounding. I'm afraid we're through!"

It didn't seem to James that he would ever want to get up. His body was totally beyond his command. He wasn't hurt, but it seemed as if his strength had deserted him. If only he could get up—if only he could get up! It seemed so good to hug the ground in a half-stupor, like lying in a warm bed on a wintry morning. He felt cold water on his face, and knew the trainer was at work on him. Dimly he heard cheers and his own name. The students and alumni in the stands thought he would go on playing, but he couldn't! Well, he was glad

nothing was broken, because that would worry his father and mother—his father and mother—what had his father said? “Fight for all there is in you!” Well, he had! But he wasn’t doing it now. He would! Slowly, painfully, he raised his exhausted body. Half dazed, he saw Tack still lying on the ground.

“Here, here!” he cried, “This will never do! Tack! Tack! What are you doing down there?”

Tack opened his eyes and a trace of a smile appeared on his puffed lips. “Never want to get up,” he mumbled.

“Neither did I, but I’m up!” James dragged Tack to his feet. “Now you are all right, aren’t you?”

“I guess so.” Tack dropped back on his hands and knees and crawled into his place in the line.

James hesitated. Then he stepped forward and hit Tack a stinging blow between the shoulders. “All ready, old man?” he asked.

“Let her come!” responded Tack, as he determinedly braced his feet. The referee blew his whistle and the game was on again.

“Twelve-six-fourteen!” shouted James. He seized the ball and plowed through behind Tack.

“Second down and seven to go,” called the referee as Tack crawled back to his position. Again the ball was snapped back and James trampled over the prostrate Tack.

“Third and four!” called the referee. James sent the full-back against the opposite side of the line, but it was adamant.

“Fourth down and four yards to the goal!” the referee shouted, as he untangled the players.

“Tack, we must make it! We must!” shouted James, not caring that the Colton players would prepare for a drive through tackle.

“We will make it!” Tack panted.

Straight into the tangle of men James rushed with the ball. He realized that Tack, with a supreme effort, had driven back the opposing tackle and both teams were piling up on the goal-line. He hit the pile, then suddenly dove high up to the top of it and slid down the other side. His face rubbed the last

chalk-line. He was over! As he lay there perfectly content he heard the time-keeper's whistle. The game was over! The score was a tie and Hanover had only to kick goal to win.

"I can do it—it's squarely in front of the goal-posts," thought James, as he dragged himself out of the tangle of arms and legs. "No," he said to himself, "Tack has earned the right!"

With James holding the ball for him, Tack lifted it cleanly over the cross-bar.

Hanover 14; Colton 13!

Out on the field poured the cheering students and alumni of Hanover, deliriously happy. Up on the shoulders of their schoolmates the players were lifted. Then started the parade, James, high in the air, leading it. Out of the field and up the street the yelling, whistling, cheering marchers went. As the procession approached his room, James leaned down and whispered in Shorty's ear.

Up in the window was framed the anxious face of Mrs. Stevens. Slowly her color returned as she saw James smiling and waving.

"Lord James, rah! Lord James, rah! Rah-rah, Lord James!" came a roar from the marchers.

Squarely in front of the window the parade stopped.

"Who's all right?" piped the high voice of Shorty.

"Mrs. Stevens!" came the answering cheer.

"Who says so?"

"We do!" boomed the answer. "Mrs. Stevens! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoorah-h-h-h!"

Mr. Stevens put his arm around his wife's waist. "That's the loudest cheer of the day," he said.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. What character qualities did Lord James show in his encounter with the Sophomores that marked him as a likable chap?
2. What was the probable cause of the nicknames "Tack" and Shorty? Are they intended to be kindly? List five other nicknames of a similar nature that you know.

3. Why did Lord James not tell the team the reason for his inability to play? On what other occasion in the story has Lord James not discussed his affairs with the boys?
4. The coach called football a "manly game." Explain what he meant by this. In your discussion, consider whether you think he would value both physical and moral courage. Give reasons for your answer.

Choose the word in each sentence which you think best completes the meaning of the statement, according to your understanding of the story:

1. Lord James was a (shy, lazy, alert) boy.
2. Tack saluted Lord James in (derision, mock deference, disgust).
3. Lord James escaped the sophomore leader by (agilely sidestepping, ducking, tripping his opponent).
4. When Lord James's hair was clipped he was (angry; rueful, yet smiling; simply amused).
5. In practice Tack was (fearful, proud, disdainful) of Lord James's playing.
6. Lord James's playing was (consistent, weak, blundering).
7. Lord James obeyed his father's request not to play (smilingly, grimly, gayly).
8. When he was finally allowed to play, Lord James showed that he was (nervous, overanxious, redoubtable).
9. Lord James was knocked unconscious in the game; he pulled himself together (painfully, quickly, lazily).
10. When Lord James made a touchdown his decision to let Tack kick the goal showed that he was (generous, sensible, courageous).

THE LAME DUCK

By THOMAS A. CURRY

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Why can't a boy in high school or college "keep to himself," that is, not mix with others in student life?
2. Which has the worse effect on a person's character, to feel sorry for himself, or to overestimate his own worth so that he seems conceited and proud? Give reasons for your answer.
3. Which do you think gives the greatest hurt to a boy, to be pitied, to be laughed at, or to be patronized? Why?
4. Is there any good reason why athletes, as a rule, should be more backward in their studies than others?

Many words in our language are derived from languages other than Anglo-Saxon and have interesting backgrounds. Some have even changed their meanings entirely. Consult a large dictionary for the derivations of the following words:

diploma,	professors
inspiration	embarrassed
patronized	polite
geometry	pity
athletics	gymnasium

In his eighteenth year, his first year at college, David Haines had not a friend among his many classmates. It was not the fault of the latter. Several had tried to be chummy with him, had endeavored to get beyond the acquaintance stage, where they simply nodded and passed a word about the weather or the professors, and so on. But David was morose, unbending—polite and cool. He seldom smiled.

He was a tall, well-proportioned fellow, was David. His hair was dark and his eyes black—a good-looking chap, all

around, except—it was the “except” which made David as he was—except that he walked with a limp! In his fourteenth year David Haines’s right foot had been badly injured; and when he got about again he was irreparably lame.

Since the day when, thus handicapped, he had returned to school, David had been a “lone wolf.” He brooded a great deal, which is bad for any one; he thought people laughed at him, which is worse; and worst of all, he had grown to dislike his fellows.

He was naturally a good student. And because of his affliction, he never took part in athletics or social affairs. In high school he had always been excused from physical culture; and in college he had started out in the same way. He intended studying and reading, and the rest of it could go, as far as he was concerned.

He roomed alone. He had insisted on that. He didn’t want any one bothering him and pitying him. That was pride, that last, for he felt that if any fellow were to pity him, it would be worse than being laughed at. So he stumped around, his eyes down, his shoulders stooped, from class to class. When some classmate tried to talk to him, he nodded uninterestedly—he felt that he was being pitied or patronized; when they asked him to come out for the glee club, he refused, though he had a good baritone.

From his study window he was forced to look out upon the campus where fifty or sixty of his mates frolicked and played in the cool autumn afternoons. And in the gymnasium,—where David had been only once, when, as required, he reported there the first day,—basket-ball and gymnastics went on. And below the gymnasium, David knew there was a swimming-pool. Not that he cared. He had been excused from physical exercise by Dr. James, the head of the department.

The college, Colby, had about eight hundred students. They were proud of their athletic prowess. In David’s mathematics class were two varsity football players and a basket-ball captain; for David was an advanced student in several subjects, and athletes, as a rule, seemed to be backward. Beside

him, in his English class, sat Paul Miller, whom David knew to be on the swimming team.

Miller was a big, light-haired youth, with a sunny smile and a pleasant voice. He was in his second year and taking almost the same course as David, though they were in different sections in all classes save English.

"Looks as if we'd have a hard time with old Chip-ear," said Miller, indicating the professor. "He's said to be the hardest marker in the college. I never had him before."

David shrugged. "Perhaps you'll have trouble," he said coolly, "but I don't expect to. I can pass any course they can fix up for the average student."

Miller's smile faded. He tried again. "Do you live in New York?" he asked. "I come from Philadelphia."

"No, I don't live in New York."

David turned away and pretended to be writing in his notebook. The professor was running over the list of reading matter for the term.

After class, David limped out, eyes down, trying to avoid the evident friendliness of Miller, who walked beside him.

"We are going to have a great football team this year," began Miller.

David displayed no interest.

"We have the whole team from last year except the quarterback," continued Miller. "We ought to beat Kennedy this year. Do you do any swimming?"

"No," said David. "I'm not interested in athletics. I'm lame." And leaving the embarrassed Miller, he limped away to his room.

Miller made several more attempts to be friendly, all of which David squelched. He felt that the big chap was sorry for him, and he began to dislike Miller.

David's mother was dead. His father was a busy man, and David saw him only when he was home during holidays, so that he literally was alone in the world. And he didn't care—at least, he told himself that he didn't.

Miller still kept trying to make friends with him, asking to borrow David's note-book, or trying to talk about the tri-

umphs of the football team. No rebuffs seemed to do any good.

It was toward the end of October. David had been sitting in his room, reading, when a knock came. He was surprised, for no one ever came to see him. With a slight frown, he limped to the door and opened it. There stood Paul Miller.

"Hello, old top," said Miller, breezily. "Just dropped in to say howdy."

"Oh—come in."

David stared at Miller and Miller shifted uneasily. "Do you mind if I sit down for a while?" he asked.

David shook his head, and Miller sat down.

"Why don't you ever come out with the boys?" began Miller. "I haven't seen you at all, and you've been here six weeks now, Haines. Ought to mix in a bit. Good for you to make contacts. Don't you get lonely?"

"No, I never get lonely. When I was in high school, the fellows used to call me 'Limpety,'" he added irrelevantly. "That's funny, isn't it? To be laughed at—or to be pitied and patronized." And he glared at Miller.

"Nobody's patronizing you," the latter said uneasily. "I like you, Haines, that's all. That's the way it is: you like some one and you try to make friends with them. But you seem to think no one is worth while. Well, you're mistaken. You ought to have friends. You never stick your nose outside of your room except for classes and meals."

David determined to show Miller once and for all that he did not encourage callers. "And why should that trouble you?" he said bitterly. "It's my business if I don't choose to mix with every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along."

"No, you don't mean that," said Miller, quietly. "I hate to see you so foolish, Haines. Why don't you make the best of things? You could have a good time, even if you are—"

David rose quickly. "I hope you'll excuse me. I've a great deal of work to do."

Miller got slowly to his feet. He was flushing hotly. "I'm sorry, Haines. I didn't mean to force myself on you."

For several minutes after he had gone, David stood with clenched fists, his anger at Miller's intrusion taking complete

control of him. Then a queer little lump rose in his throat. He fought it down.

"Served him right," he muttered. "He won't try it again."

And at the thought, he was amazed to find just a touch of sorrow. He called himself all kinds of a fool and went back to his books.

To his intense surprise, Miller did come again. It was a week later, and in the afternoon the schedule for the mid-term examinations had been posted. David was studying analytical geometry, with a compass and drawing-board at his elbow. Some one knocked, and David knew instinctively it was Miller. He waited a moment, then went to the door and threw it open.

"Well?" he inquired. He had been cutting Miller as obviously as possible when they met on the campus or in class. Miller had nodded gravely and that was all; now he had several books under his arm.

He stepped into the room and shut the door behind him. He did not sit down, but laid the books on the arm of David's big chair.

"I've come on business," he said quietly. "I want to know if you can give me a lift in some of my studies. I—"

"Really, I don't see why you should bother me," broke in David.

But Miller raised his hand. "I'll be glad to pay you if you'll help me along a little," he said. "If I fail, I won't be able to swim on the team, and the team needs me. I wouldn't trouble you; I could go to one of the other fellows I know better, but—well, the truth is, Haines, I know that if you tutor me, you won't say anything to anybody about it. I'd hate to have people saying I was stupid. You understand?"

A queer little smile flitted across his face. A strange emotion flooded over David. There stood Miller, the big fellow, a worried look in his blue eyes, appealing to *him*! David realized that he felt sorry for Paul Miller.

"Why, surely!" he said quickly. "I'll be glad to do it for nothing."

"That's awfully good of you." Miller smiled, holding out his hand. Embarrassed, yet with a flood of happiness in his heart, David took it.

"There's analytical geometry," said Miller, quickly. "Also, I wish you'd help me get the differences between the Romans and Greeks. That's in our English, you remember. And French—what French are you taking—French B?"

David nodded. "I think I can help you in those three. Is that all?"

"That's enough, isn't it," grinned Miller.

David laughed, and Paul joined him. With a new joy in studying, David set about explaining the complexities of analytical geometry to an admiring and attentive listener.

When Paul left that night at ten o'clock, David limped down the corridor with him, shouting good night as Miller clattered down the stairs to his room, two floors below—really happy for the first time since he had come to Colby, or since his accident, for that matter. Miller and he had chatted for ten minutes when they had finished studying, and Miller had told him about the swimming team and the excitement of it all. A longing to be in it swept over David.

It was the next morning that he got the letter. It was an official notice from Dr. James, the physical-education director.

"Every student is required to swim half a mile before he will be allowed to receive his diploma. It is customary to pass this test during the freshman year."

David tossed the letter into the waste-basket. Dr. James had excused him from such fooleries.

But on the following Monday he received another communication:

"We have not heard from you yet concerning your swimming test. Kindly call at the gymnasium office at once.

ALFRED D. JAMES.

David called that afternoon, in injured mood. Dr. James, a short, powerful little man, gave him a friendly nod.

"I've had a couple of letters from you in regard to the

swimming test," began David. "You excused me from physical education."

"Yes, I know I did. But you'd better take the swimming test. It will be good for you. Can't you swim?"

"A little. But not half a mile."

"Well, the coach will help you. You practice daily and soon you'll be able to do it in record time."

Dr. James turned away as though the interview were closed.

"But—Dr. James—I'm lame. I can't swim. I haven't been in the water since—since my foot was hurt. I—"

"Haines," said the doctor, regarding him steadily, "if I thought you couldn't do it, I'd not insist. But you can't evade everything by pleading your injury. You can take the swimming test well enough."

David flushed hotly. "If you think—" he began. Then he rose, and without another word stalked from the room with as much dignity as he could muster.

He was very angry. He brooded all day in his room. At night, after supper, Miller came, and after he had tried in vain to keep his trouble to himself, David told him what had occurred.

"Why, the old sea-hawk!" exclaimed Miller, sympathetically. "So he told you you'd have to take the swimming test, did he? What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I might go to the dean. I'd like to tell James where to get off. But I suppose the only thing to do is to go ahead and swim."

"That's the spirit!" Miller had a sudden inspiration. "Say, old man—why don't you let me help you with your swimming—I mean, it'd only be a little return for what you're doing for me. What say?"

David thought for a moment. "That will be great, Paul. But—don't think me foolish—I'd just as soon swim when there aren't many people around."

"All right. To-morrow at five-thirty. What say? Won't be anybody there but the coach, Bill Carstairs. The practice is over by then."

The next afternoon, David limped to the pool below the gymnasium. He was angry, very angry with Dr. James; but he had determined that nothing would induce him to ask any more favors of the little man.

He was surprised to find how pleasant the water was, and what a sense of exhilaration he got from splashing about in the shallow end of the pool. His muscles were soft from disuse; he had taken no hard exercise for years. Beside Miller's sleek, shining, well-muscled body, his looked below par.

"You have a swimmer's natural build," Miller said, as he swam up. "Let's see what you can do in the way of a stroke."

David swam two or three yards of the breast stroke.

"Is that the best you can do?" called Miller.

"Yes," answered David. He felt a little ashamed, but soon became interested in watching Miller.

"Look at me!" shouted Miller.

Launching himself into position for the crawl stroke, the swimmer passed back and forth with slow, easy motion, legs churning the water and arms reaching out.

"That's the only stroke worth bothering with," said Miller, stopping. "Come on now! I'm going to hold you while you go through the motions. Flat on the water, your nose just submerged. Turn your head to breathe as your right arm comes back. Inhale through your mouth, exhale through your nose, under water. Right."

His eyes smarting from the water and with a sensation of drowning, David did as he was bid. He didn't think he was going to like the crawl; but he tried, with all his energy, to follow Miller's directions.

"Kick from the hip. Just keep your knees slightly bent—that's the way. Toes extended and slightly turned in. Kick like blazes. Splash the water. Right."

Inside of an hour, David had been told the many points to remember when swimming the crawl. But swimming it was a different matter. It took him three weeks of daily practice before the unused muscles began to limber up enough to allow him to swim the stroke. But he kept on.

Every week-day David went to the pool and swam under

Miller's guidance. His lameness did not hamper him; in fact, when he was in the water he forgot that he was lame. He was able to swim well, and could go thirty lengths of the pool at a slow pace.

"Now," said Miller, one day, after watching him, "you can pass that test easily. But you're not-going to quit swimming, are you?"

"Quit? Certainly. Why should I keep on?"

"Why, I don't know. I thought you liked it. Why don't you try out for the team?"

David laughed. He was surprised as well as amused. "I? Try out for the team? And be laughed at?"

"Laughed at, nothing! Nobody will laugh at you. We're short of two-twenty men, and you've picked up the stroke in very quick time—maybe not in championship form, but well enough to keep on. The season opens Saturday, and we swim eight colleges. Why not try out?"

David shook his head. "No, Paul. I'm going to take the test to-morrow and then I'm through. You've been mighty good to bother so much with me."

Next afternoon, Carstairs, the coach, passed Dave in the swimming test. He watched David as the latter made his way up and down the pool. When David was through, he called to him. David limped over.

"Nice stroke you're developing," said Carstairs, gruffly. "Why don't you try out for the team? Miller told me to watch you and see if you weren't worth while. I think you are."

It was the way he said it that caused David to hesitate. If the man had come to him, instead of calling him, or had been very kind, David would have refused at once. But there was something genuine about Carstairs.

"I don't know. I hadn't thought of the team."

"Show up to-morrow at four. Team practice then," said the coach, turning away as though the business were settled.

And to Miller's obvious delight, David appeared at four and stiffly shook hands with the members of the team. They were nice clean-cut, smiling fellows. They paid no attention

to his bad foot, but complimented him on his stroke and told him many fine points about the crawl.

The manager called to him, and, when David went over, issued him a swimming suit. "Practice every day at four," David was told.

For three more weeks he went to the pool every day, limping at Miller's side till they plunged into the water. He didn't quite know how to act with his fellows; it had been so long since he had been on friendly terms with any one but Miller. He stood to one side and listened while the others joked and laughed and played.

Two Saturday nights, when there were meets, David sat on the side-lines with the other substitutes and watched his team win. And the third Saturday the coach called him aside before the meet started.

"I want you to swim as second man in the 220," ordered Carstairs. "Johnson is out, sick. Now go to it."

Dave's heart beat rapidly as he wriggled into his suit. Things seemed hazy, as though he were dreaming. He was to swim for the team! For the team? For the college—Colby. His heart leaped madly. He sat down on the narrow bench and put his head in his hands. Presently Miller came and sat beside him.

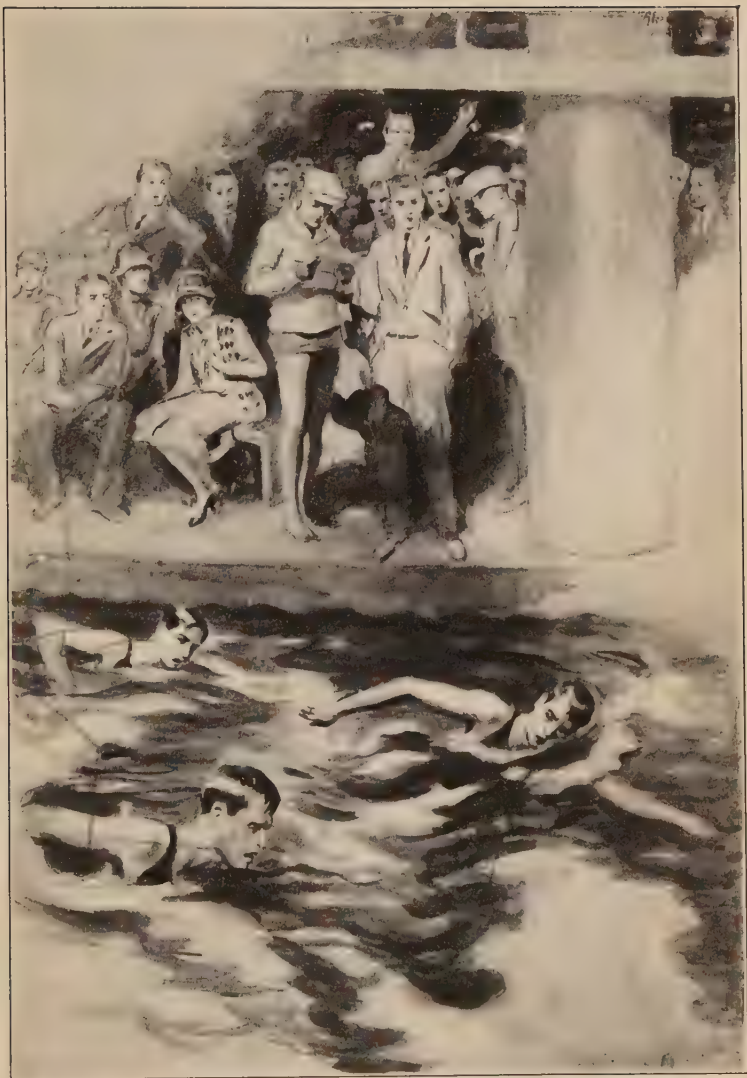
"Carstairs tells me you're swimming with me. I knew you'd make it, old man. Don't forget to breathe well every stroke. And don't roll too much."

David could not recall having ever been so excited as when the 220 was announced and his name was called as the second Colby man. He limped to the end of the pool, trembling. He could see the spectators through a cloud, and dimly hear their yells as they encouraged the men.

"Swimming for Colby, Miller and—Haines!" He felt the announcer slap him on the shoulder.

Then: "On your marks—get set—*Bang!*"

A swift take-off, pushing from the end of the pool. He felt the water close over his body, and then, in the heat of contest, he forgot himself and his lameness. Nothing counted now but winning. On his right, as he breathed, he could see



“In the heat of the contest, he forgot himself and his lameness”

Miller foaming along; on his left he knew were their two opponents.

On the eighth lap he glanced over and saw that Miller was leading him by several feet. He increased the momentum of his stroke and put his tired muscles into a last effort.

Then some one pulled him out of the pool and patted him on the back. He wondered if he had come in very far behind the others.

"Good work, old scout!" cried Miller. "Not so bad."

"Result of two-twenty swim: Miller, Colby, first. Lewis, Princeton, second. Haines, Colby, third."

He had taken a place. In his first meet he had won a point for Colby—his college! And he had won something for her. A great happiness surged in his heart.

"Attaboy!" said Carstairs, as David staggered past him on the way to the dressing-room.

Paul awaited him at the door. "Coming in?" he asked.

"I guess not," said David. "I believe I'll watch the hundred."

Miller passed into the room. Then Dave decided he would better dress and get warm. As he started to enter the room, he heard his friend's voice.

"He surely was a hard proposition. It was a job getting him out. But he's a good swimmer, and he's worth every bit of it, Doc."

Doc?

"He was sore at me, too. I'd have let him off if you hadn't asked me not to." It was the voice of Dr. James!

Suddenly David realized they were talking about him. It had been a "frame-up," then, between Miller and Dr. James to get him out of his shell! He was about to rush in and denounce them; but he paused, for in his brain still echoed those wonderful words: "Haines, Colby, third!"

He walked into the dressing-room, smiling. "I'm obliged to you, Dr. James. You've made me see how foolish I was—you and Paul. I heard what you said—and I only hope you don't think I'm still the way I was."

They shook hands, the doctor cordially and Paul with a

delighted grin. Presently the rest of the team came in, and they formed a happy, chattering group. Some were tired out, some were jubilant winners; but all were Colby men and David's mates. Unconsciously, David found himself talking.

"You swam mighty well," said little Brown, who had taken first place in the fifty. "If you hadn't been so slow on the turns, I believe you'd have beaten old man Miller here. He's a broken-down truck-horse anyway."

Paul tossed his wet suit at Brown. "Go home and grow up," he said.

"And the old lame duck here!" cried Brown, slapping David on the back; "he's the boy! Third place isn't bad for a beginner, let me tell you."

Lame duck! David laughed. It was funny to have a nickname like all the rest.

It was Brown who, a little later, enlightened him further. "I wish I could keep up with my studies the way you and Miller do," he said, as he and David walked across the campus together after the meet. "I'm getting down in my math."

"Maybe I can help you," said Dave. "I'd be glad to."

"Thanks, I'll be around. Old Miller is some scholar, believe me."

"Is he? I didn't know he got on so well."

"No?" said Brown, surprised. "Why, last year he was one of the highest in his class."

And suddenly Dave, with a great flood of affection for his pal, saw it all.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Was David really a "lone-wolf" or a "lone-dog?" What caused the change?
2. The author says that David was "proud." Do you think that word is used correctly in connection with David?
3. Why did David dislike being called "Limpety," but not "Lame Duck?"

4. Do you think that the attitude of Brown and Miller toward their studies is typical of athletes in high school? Why? What are the usual scholarship requirements for playing on a team? What is the need for such requirements?

Not all of the following statements are true. Be prepared to state which are true and which are false:

1. David came to Colby, because he had several intimate friends there.
2. David's right foot had been injured.
3. David thought that people laughed at him.
4. Although excused from athletics David liked to mix socially with his fellows.
5. He would have liked to join the glee club, but he could not sing well enough.
6. David never went to the gymnasium.
7. Paul Miller was taking almost the same course as David.
8. Paul Miller persisted in trying to make friends with David.
9. Paul came to David for aid with his studies, because he needed help.
10. David realized that he was sorry for Paul.
11. Dr. James required David to take the regular swimming test.
12. David could not swim at all.
13. Paul taught David to swim the crawl stroke.
14. Paul persuaded David to try out for the team.
15. David swam in the meet but did not win a place.
16. David refused to have anything more to do with Paul after he overheard Paul talking with Doctor James.
17. David laughed at his new nickname.
18. Paul had deceived David about his need for help in his studies in order to make friends with him.

“THE KANGAROO”

By FLORENCE KERIGAN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. What may be the effect on a boy or girl of an unfriendly nickname? Of a friendly nickname?
2. Into what activities besides his regular studies should a boy or girl at school put his thought and effort? Why?
3. In the case of a student who is unpopular because he is misunderstood, which of the following lines of action would be best:
 - a. To imitate in every way possible the others who are popular?
 - b. To contribute something of his very own to a cause in which all are interested?
 - c. To suppress all his own personality and try to build up a different one? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Under what circumstances is advice from older people more helpful to boys and girls than that of friends of their own age? From what sort of grown-up persons would you seek advice? Under what circumstances?

Find the meanings of the following words in the dictionary:

contempt

precise

jiu-jitsu

surpassed

originator

consecutive

derision

niche

encountered

rummaged

From the words of the foregoing list select the one which you think best completes each of the following sentences:

1. On our way across the desert we ——— many caravans.
2. His brother jeered in ——— at Jim's attempt to build a camp fire.

3. Bill was enthusiastic about the plan because he was the —— of it.
4. Betty —— through her trunk trying to find the beads.
5. A young man may be anxious and uncertain because he has not yet found his ——.
6. The wind blew for three —— days.
7. The young athlete could defend himself well because he knew the art of ——.
8. Aunt Mary is a very neat and —— person.
9. The cowboys looked upon the tenderfoot's outfit with ——.
10. Our guide —— the others in endurance and intelligence.

“And yet—” Pud Randall's voice expressed the disgust he felt,—“and yet, fellows, they don't permit hazing!” The others nodded, sympathetically. “They let a thing like that come in, and then absolutely refuse to let us show him his place!”

“It is tough,” agreed Paddy Dugan. “But what are we going to do? If they didn't put us on our honor—dog-gone it! If we just knew we'd get a whaling if we did, it would be worth it to take him down a peg or two.” He broke off and for a few minutes remained deep in thought, his lips twitching with fun. The others waited hopefully.

The three friends were gathered in the room shared by Pud and Paddy. Bob Randall, known as Pud, was sunk deep into his Morris chair by the window; Paddy Dugan, so nicknamed because of the nationality of his last name, leaned against the wall by the window. The third, Bert Evans, for some unknown reason called Scratchy, was stretched out on the window-seat. They were a good-looking crowd, all about seventeen, all lively and full of fun, fond of sport, with all a boy's contempt for a boy that was inclined to be a student rather than an athlete.

And that is just what the new boy seemed to be. The fact that he was named Wilberforce Winters and was the only son of a missionary in Japan filled the boys with a mixture of curiosity and contempt. However, they were prepared to like him if he was their type, Pud having remarked wisely that he knew a minister's son that was the leader of the

worst gang of boys in his home town. But the new-comer was worse than their worst dreams had painted him.

He was tall and slender, with delicate features as clean-cut and fine as a girl's, and he had a peculiar, dog-trot of a walk that made his legs appear even longer than they were, while his arms hung loosely from the shoulders like those of a jointed doll. Add to that a pair of big tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and a soft voice that spoke precise English and you can understand why three ordinary, regular fellows should dislike him on sight.

Paddy shook his head dolefully, after a time. "No, fellows, it can't be done. I don't pretend to be goody-goody, but when I'm asked, in the nice way Mr. Granger has, not to do a thing, and then he doesn't watch to see if I do or not, but takes it for granted that I won't—why—I just can't do it, that's all!"

They agreed again. Still, their thoughts went back to the way Wilberforce had impressed them as he met them at the station and asked them if they could "direct him to the Mill Brook School or advise him if there was some conveyance that would transport him to that place."

"The poor stew!" murmured Pud. "Do you know, Paddy, when I saw him I thought, doesn't he look just like a kangaroo?"

"A kangaroo?" laughed Paddy. "Why a kangaroo, and where have you seen one?"

"A kangaroo, my son, because he is so tall and loose jointed, and because of the way his arms flop when he walks. And I have seen a kangaroo in the zoo. Not living in the backwoods—" Paddy came from Montana and Pud from Philadelphia, so that the remark might be considered a good-natured slam for the former,—“not living in the backwoods, I do meet other animals besides those that are natives of this country.”

Scratchy chuckled. "Don't compare your friends to animals, Pud. I know three myself that have general outlines resembling yours.—If you throw that cushion and it goes out the window, you'll go out after it."

"If I weren't so comfortable," threatened Pud, "I'd throw it if I wanted, and we'd see who'd go after it. I wonder if he's coming out for football?"

"No," said Scratchy, "he says he doesn't understand the game. I think he must be some kind of a nut—"

Paddy interrupted with a shout of laughter. "Excuse my unseemly mirth," he gasped; "I thought of something."

"Think outside if that's the way it affects you," suggested Pud, sweetly.

Paddy fixed him with his eye. "As we were coming in yesterday from the pond,—Phil and Jack and a lot of us, including the Kangaroo,—we stopped to take breath at the top of the hill. Of course, our friend had to look around him, and the first thing he saw was Woodleigh, and he wanted to know what that edifice was erected for—"

"Only he had the 'for' first, I'll bet," broke in Pud.

"Who's telling this?" indignantly.

"That's all right, Paddy. Keep still, Pud. Fire away. As you were saying—"

"So I told him it was the booby-hatch. He looked at me as if he didn't know what on earth I was talking about. 'Booby-hatch!' I saw he didn't get me, so I explained. 'Where they keep bugs.' Then he grinned all over his face, and what do you think he said? 'Oh, a biological museum!'"

Pud looked at his friend searchingly. "Did you make that up?"

"Absolutely not! Ask any of the fellows."

"It might be," said Scratchy, lazily. "Look at what he said to Gene—I mean, think of it."

"What?" from both.

"Didn't you hear? Why, Gene was telling us a yarn about a woman and a lot of children—only he called them a raft of kids—who hurried up to the ticket-office at the last minute. It was screamingly funny the way he told it, and after we had stopped howling about it, Friend Wilberforce pipes up, 'Have they water around railway-stations?' I was going to tell him to snow again, that I didn't get his drift. Then I thought maybe he wouldn't get mine, so I said, 'Beg pardon?'"

and he said, 'Because the young gentleman just said the lady had a raft of children.' "

"And yet," said Pud, thoughtfully, "he's a bright fellow—quick to learn. And you've got to hand it to him—he can talk straight English. If he'd just be like other fellows, he'd be pretty decent."

They were not the only ones that held such consultations about the Kangaroo's oddities. His ignorance of American slang amused the school and even the faculty, and there was something irritating about his faultless English.

Being naturally sensitive, he was aware of the fact that the boys laughed at him, and he felt rather surprised that his not playing football and not understanding modern slang could have such weight. He was proud, too; and although he never let them see that he was hurt, he kept a little aloof from them, mixing with them in their trips to the athletic-field to watch practice, and on their afternoon hikes, but never presuming to begin a conversation with any one.

Toward the middle of December, after the school had settled down following the Thanksgiving vacation and the end of the football season, a letter came for Wilberforce which changed his whole outlook on the school. Perhaps his father had an idea that he would meet with just such treatment, for his letter stiffened the boy's backbone and made him sit thoughtfully for a few minutes, staring into space.

Suddenly he sat up and looked around him at the boys who were busily preparing the next day's lessons in the big old library. Over in one corner, Pud Randall was having his daily tussle with Cicero, tugging at his hair with both hands as though by pulling some of it out by the roots he would let some light in.

The Kangaroo rose and went to him, dropping into a vacant chair by his side. "Don't do that," he laughed. "You'll want that hair when you grow old! Can I help you?"

Pud looked up, and his face flushed a dull red. He hesitated. "Hang it all!" he burst out. "If I don't pass this test to-morrow, I fail for the quarter; and I can't do the stuff. I

don't even know what the guy's talking about; and I have a suspicion that he doesn't know himself."

"Maybe not. I haven't done mine yet. Let's do it together?"

Pud assented, and before long they were going ahead at a great rate. The Kangaroo had a droll sort of humor, and Pud was noted for his strikingly original translations, so that they were soon chuckling together, and Pud decided he wasn't such a bad fellow after all.

As they were going upstairs that night, the Kangaroo stopped Pud. "If you'd care to come up to my room some time, I'd be glad to help you prepare for that test—if I can—"

Pud was silent a minute. "Listen," he said at last. "I would like to do it, but I can't let you take all that trouble for me. I've been rotten to you—I—I was responsible for that nickname—"

The Kangaroo flushed. "I know. I'm right above you on the third floor, and I heard you talking one day in the autumn."

"Then all I can say is that you've been pretty white about the whole thing—and—and I'm sorry—"

The Kangaroo laughed. "Don't worry about that. If there is anything I can do to help you with that Cicero, I'd be glad to. And—will you talk just the way the boys do and let me learn it?"

Pud stared at him. "Corrupt your English?"

"No. I don't mean that. I don't admire slang, but I do admire the free and easy way you boys talk together. You see, I've never met any except the Japanese boys, and so—"

"Oh, I see what you mean. You want to be a regular fellow? Well, if it can be done, we'll do it. But don't you try to write any slang for Gilbert in English class or he'll throw you out. Slang's just as popular with him as the Allies are with the ex-kaiser."

Somewhere downstairs a clock struck, and the last few boys came slowly up the stairs. The Kangaroo turned. "Well, I'm keeping you from retiring."

"You talk like a tire company's ad." Pud grinned. "Regu-

lar fellows don't retire, they 'hit the hay,' or simply go to bed."

Pud went to the Kangaroo's room the next morning between classes and put in a solid hour at his Cicero. Then he came up in the afternoon and never opened a book, but was content to listen to the Kangaroo tell about this curio and that as they happened to catch his guest's eye. Many and strange were the tales he told, so that the time passed quickly. That evening, Pud called him down to his room, invited Paddy and Scratchy in, and had him tell some of them over again.

After that, the four were always together. While the Kangaroo made little progress in learning slang, and was a failure as far as football and basket-ball went, the boys discovered that he had a lot of useful information on other things. For instance, he was the originator of the sport of ice-boating on the pond, he and the other three having made a yacht on the pattern of one that he had seen in a magazine. He was also partly responsible for the success of the school play in February. Then, one never-to-be-forgotten day, he threw Pud in a rough-and-tumble in the gym, much to the surprise of the coach, and found himself made an instructor of the Japanese art of self-defense, jiu-jitsu.

By the middle of March he was as well liked as any fellow in the school—and yet he had changed very little. He was looked upon as a fine fellow who was willing to help any one in any way he could. He had never been known to refuse to do a boy a favor. His room was always open to all who cared to drop in, and he was always ready to stop whatever he might be doing and explain something or tell one of his fascinating tales about Japan.

When the track team was ready for work, even his most intimate friends were surprised to hear that he was out for practice and that he surpassed any of the Millbrook athletes in the high jump and pole-vault, and was also a good runner.

They were overjoyed at the news, for every year Millbrook and Woodmont Schools held a dual track-meet at which the winner at three consecutive meets would hold a silver cup. Woodmont had held it twice, and before the Kangaroo ap-

peared, it seemed that the chances of winning that season were very slim. But as the new-comer trained harder under the coach's guidance and perfected the skill he already had, the prospects seemed brighter.

The interest spread even to the visitors on the day of the meet, and they were all talking of the sensational records he had made. He lived up to their expectations, too, not only winning the high jumps, pole-vault, and broad jumps, but shattering all records. His pole-vaulting was nothing short of sensational, from the moment his figure left the earth and flung itself over the bar until it landed in a heap in the dust. The crowd went wild. He heard the cheering as he scrambled to his feet, and he felt a little tingle of pleasure at the sound. Then he heard his schoolmates yelling the words that had started as a taunt and had never failed to call the hot blood to his cheeks and that had always brought a feeling of resentment. "Yoo-hoo! Kangaroo-hoo!" He stiffened and felt a little thrill of pleasure. The shout was different. It was no longer a yell of derision—they were backing him as they backed the star football player whom he had envied so much in the autumn. They were cheering him as they had cheered Stevens.

As he went off the field for a brief rest before the race, he encountered friendly eyes everywhere. Hands clapped him on the back, and strange voices called to him: "Go to it, old kid! We're with you!"

The contest was not an easy one by any means. There was still a chance that Woodmont would win again. If the Kangaroo were too tired to run his best, Jerrold of Woodmont was completely fresh and had a very good chance. However, the Kangaroo was apparently as full of pep as ever, starting out with a long, free stride that brought him just a short distance behind Jerrold and kept him there. Sometimes Jerrold would make a spurt and then drop back again, showing that he was using every ounce of his strength. On the other hand, the Kangaroo was running easily—in fact, to look at him one would think he was running just for the pleasure and not with any object in view. But on the last lap, he

gradually lessened the distance between him and Jerrold, drawing closer and closer, and even as his rival made a desperate rush with his last remaining strength, he passed him, several feet from the finish.

Every one knew the real race was between those two,—that the other members of the track team were of little consequence,—and when the crowd saw that the Woodmont runner could barely keep going, while the Kangaroo seemed good for another lap, they broke into enthusiastic cheers. Pud caught the Kangaroo as he broke the tape, and flung his sweater around his shoulders, noting, as he did so, the breathless exhaustion of Jerrold.

“Oh, boy!” he whispered. “You showed some speed!”

“It wasn’t speed,” smiled the Kangaroo, “it was endurance. As soon as he started out I saw that he was good for just so much, and that if I could keep him at that, I could tire him out. If it had been a shorter race, I couldn’t have done it. You notice I’m not in the dashes. Think we’ve got the cup, Pud?”

“Don’t know, yet.”

But they had, and the Kangaroo was the hero of the day.

In the evening, Pud was up in his room with him when he suddenly said, “Pud, Father was right, after all.”

Pud looked up. “Why?”

“You remember that day when I came and asked if I could help you with your Cicero? Well, that day I had the blues. It seemed that football heroes were the only fellows that any one liked, and I just decided that I wasn’t going to try and be friendly with any one any more. Then I got this letter and I decided to try once more.” He rummaged around in his desk and brought out a much folded letter, which, pointing to a paragraph, he passed to Pud, who read:

“Son, you’ll meet men that have things you don’t have,—money, family, influence, maybe,—and it may seem to you that a certain fellow is succeeding because of something you lack. Don’t you believe it. There’s a particular niche in this world for every one of us. No matter what we have, the world can use it—don’t think of what the other man has. Take stock of what you have to give the other

man. No matter how little you have, he may be able to use it. If you have nothing but love to give him, give that."

Pud re-folded the paper and passed it back.

For a short time he was silent, then he drew a long breath. "Once," he murmured, "once, you asked me to teach you how to be a regular fellow!—Teach *you* to be a regular fellow!—You old Kangaroo!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Describe the feeling with which the boys called Wilberforce Winters "Kangaroo" at the beginning of the story. How did they say, "You old Kangaroo" at the end?
2. In what valuable activities of school life does the Kangaroo find a way of expressing himself? What is the effect of his interests upon his relationships to the other boys?
3. Tell by what steps the Kangaroo worked his way out of a discouraging situation.
4. Read again carefully the father's letter. Tell in your own words his advice as you understand it. Try to apply it to yourself.

Complete the following so that each will be a sentence which expresses the idea given in the story:

1. Four slang expressions that the boys used naturally but which would be difficult to understand are:
 - a. _____.
 - b. _____.
 - c. _____.
 - d. _____.
2. The Kangaroo was the son of a — who lived in —.
3. The Kangaroo thought the asylum was a — because he misunderstood the slang.
4. The Kangaroo offered to help Pud with his —.
5. Pud started to help the Kangaroo to be a —.
6. The Kangaroo was a failure at — and —.
7. He was the originator of the sport of —.
8. He was partly responsible for the success of the —.
9. He was made an instructor in the art of —.
10. He surpassed any of the Millbrook athletes in the — and — and was also a good —.

THE ODDSOCKS

By MORTON GIBBONS-NEFF

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Boys are usually proud of the athletic achievements of their fathers. Tell how stories of achievement are likely to arouse the ambition of the children.
2. How do you feel about contestants who are satisfied never to win?
3. Is the general opinion entirely correct that the newest styles of things are always best? Discuss this point in connection with automobiles, boats, tennis-rackets, baseball gloves, or anything else you may use in your sports. What exceptions do you find?
4. What is meant by the expression, "Nothing ventured; nothing gained?" Give good illustrations from the lives of Edison, Marconi, Lindbergh, and others to prove your point.
1. Consult the dictionary and study the points of the compass. How many are there? See if you can name them in order without the book.
2. The following are common technical boating terms:

hulk	port
stern	aft
lee	jib
mainsail	bow
stay	starboard
tack	trim (verb)
peak halyard	windward
bowsprit	centerboard

You will understand the story more clearly if you know the meaning of these words. It would be very helpful to have a picture of a sailing vessel or a toy yacht for demonstration.

The one-time fishing village of Beach Haven on Long Beach, six miles from Little Egg Harbor inlet, and now a

summer resort of no mean reputation, is possibly the most advantageously situated town on the Jersey coast for lovers of water sports. It is here that racing of fourteen-foot gunning-skiffs, better known as "sneak-boxes," was conceived and to this day has been continued by both natives and cottagers.

In the late nineties, when a sneak-box was raced with only one sail and with no other preparation than a coat of stove-polish on her bottom, a lad by the name of Charles Grimm, then eighteen, built a "box" for the purpose of sweeping the honors of Tuckerton Bay, and the success of his endeavors is local history. The *Oddsocks*, a well-built fourteen-footer, for years showed her heels to all competitors, not only local entries, but to the ambitious mainlanders from Tuckerton, West Creek, Parkertown, and other bay-side communities, who annually tried to carry home the flag, which was then and is to this day symbolic of small-craft supremacy. Until 1900, her record, for the most part, remained unbroken; but with a new generation coming on, the design slowly changed, causing an increase in the sail area. This was too much for the *Oddsocks*. Griffin saw the "handwriting on the wall," and, being of an age when salt-water "duckings" and an occasional upset did not have the same appeal, he finally called an end to his racing days and housed the *Oddsocks* under his cottage, to rest on the laurels that she had won before competition made her obsolete.

"Sunny" and "Toots" Griffin, sons of the redoubtable Charles, had taken up the racing game where he had left off, and were eager to regain the prestige once held by him. This was a natural desire, as the achievements of the *Oddsocks* had been more than "twice-told," and they vowed that as "sea lords" they would eventually be known from inlet to inlet.

Boys of twenty and sixteen years respectively, they had been participating in the racing game for several years; but try as they would, all endeavors to reach the pinnacle of success had met with failure. Their friends, the Rackley boys,

proud possessors of the *Tadpole* and *Bullfrog*, two of the fastest sneak-boxes on the bay, baffled their every attempt. Their own boat, the *Pelican*, was of fairly modern design, and, though fast in a good wind, was loggy in light air; and as the races of recent years had been held in the morning, before the usual afternoon blow set in, they invariably finished anywhere from third to seventh place.

At the end of the racing season of 1927, both boys realized that their ambitions would never be fulfilled by the *Pelican*. After much discussion, they finally decided, to the astonishment of their father, to rehabilitate the old *Oddsocks*. They took into consideration its antiquity, but, knowing her speed in light air, they figured that, with a bit of carpentry work plus a new set of sails, they would at least fare better than with the *Pelican*.

The winter months seemed longer than usual to the impatient boys. However, much of their restlessness was overcome in designing the new sails and engaging in other preliminary work of reclamation. When summer finally reappeared and the general exodus from the city to points along the coast began, the Griffins were among the first to leave. In previous years, the first few days after their arrival Toots and Sunny generally spent in looking up their old friends, but this year no one saw them except after sundown and then only for a brief time. There was some speculation as to how they spent their days, but aside from being seen at the snuggerly, a boat basin one mile north of Beach Haven, and at times when occasional trips were made to the village hardware store, little was known of their whereabouts.

The championship race had been scheduled by the racing committee of the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club for Saturday morning, July 14, and though that date was still a week off, the cottagers young and old were waiting in eager expectation. Never in the memory of any one had the entry list been so large. Beach Haven was to be represented by fifteen sneak-boxes, while the mainland towns were sending over a fleet of nine, making a total of twenty-four boats in all. There was

much discussion as to why the Griffins had not entered the *Pelican*, not because any one feared this particular boat, but Sunny and Toots were always counted on to swell the number of contestants; and to make matters worse, the boys were exasperatingly non-committal.

On the Friday night preceding the race, Sunny, unknown to any one except Toots, slipped into the committee-room at the club-house and added the *Oddsocks* to the long list of contestants posted on the bulletin-board. His entry was the twenty-fifth. With a feeling of satisfaction he left the room, knowing that within ten minutes tongues would be wagging and much speculation would be rife as to just what kind of boat the *Oddsocks* was, as surely no one would suppose she was the same old hulk sailed by Charlie Griffin back in '98.

Saturday dawned a typical summer day. With the sun well up and the heat on the rampage, all eyes were set for a light southerly wind with a taste of salt air, but flags hung limp and not even a faint breeze stirred. Excitement, somewhat subdued by the seriousness of the work ahead, was prevalent among the crews of the contesting sneak-boxes. Although the time set for the race was still two hours off, sails of pleasure-craft were seen heading in from the west, each boat filled to capacity with backers of the mainland entries, while the cottagers and hotel guests were already showing signs of activity.

At the dock of the Little Egg Club, where the racers were moored, pandemonium had broken loose. The shouts of the crews resounded through the heavy, humid air. Every boat had been checked in except the *Oddsocks*; and while some wondered where the Griffin boys were, few, in their excitement, gave vent to their thoughts, as there was too much to be done in the final "slicking-up" to worry about an old-fashioned phantom ship.

At the snugery two boys could have been seen stripped to their waists, hard at their work, with an occasional glance at an old watch, tilted against the side of the port wash-board.

"That finishes it, Sunny," said Toots, putting a final half-hitch on a piece of deck marlin.

"Yo, Jerry! bring your launch over; we're ready to go down." Jerry Prague, the boat-house tender of the snugger, in reply to the simultaneous beckoning of the boys, soon had a tow-line attached to the stern of the *Saucy Sally*, and the trip to the starting-line was under way. As they passed the yacht-club, a scant quarter of a mile from the starting-line, the much-looked-for southerly had sprung up, stirring myriads of sunlit ripples on the heretofore oily surface of Tucker-ton Bay.

"Seems to me, Toots, that if this wind increases to a full-sail breeze, this old relic will at least have a fair chance to show that age has nothing to do with speed. The day couldn't have been more ideal for our purpose."

"You're right," answered Toots; "but I certainly wish we had had an opportunity to try out this rig. It's a good fit, considering everything, but I'll be hanged if I know whether she's got too much sail ahead or aft, or whether she'll steer a lee-helm or keep driving into the wind. Rather important things to know about your craft, but we'll give her all she has, anyway."

It wasn't long before Jerry cast off his line a few hundred yards from the judges' boat, which was bedecked with flags of all nations and carried a shining brass cannon aft for the purpose of firing the preparatory and starting signals. The moment the tow-line had been cast off, the jib and mainsail of the *Oddsocks* were set, and truly she looked well with her cream-white rig and new coat of paint. Just as though dim recollections of her past smote her wooden soul, she seemed to shiver and pause for an instant, then, under the guiding hand of Sunny Griffin, slid off to a half-sheet, slicing the water with her aristocratic bow. In a moment they were abeam the judges' boat, when Sunny eased the sheet and brought her up into the wind, her sails fluttering and spanking, while her stays and halyards hummed to the accompaniment of the fresh southerly breeze.

"How's the course, Mr. Rackley?" called Toots, cupping his hands to carry the inquiry.

"Cross the line south," came back the cheery reply, "round the can-buoy off Bond's, then north, northwest, through Long Point thoroughfare, and return."

"Same old course of ten miles," said Sunny, waving his thanks to Mr. Rackley, as he trimmed her in and headed east on the starboard tack. "The only thing I'm not awfully stuck on is this strong flood-tide. It means a long and grueling beat to Bond's, with short tacks on the flats to skip the tide, and, unfortunately, a comparatively short run with free sheet to the 'Point,' for, as Dad has often told us, this clipper does a merry tatto on a beam wind and knocks 'em high when running free."

By the time the *Oddsocks* reached the flats, about a quarter of a mile from the stake-boat, the bay seemed literally swamped with sailing-craft of every description, miraculously dodging each other in their attempts to avoid collisions. The fourteen-footers, trim and natty, with sails that seemed far too large for safety, had all reached the scene, and while, some were tacking in and out among the sight-seeing "cats," many were content to lay to the wind, as if resting in anticipation of the long and hard contest.

Just as Toots was tightening up the peak halyard, a puff of smoke broke out from the stern of the judges' boat, followed by a dull boom!

"There goes the first gun!" yelled Sunny.

Then, as soon as the smoke had cleared, the fight for position started. Twenty-five racers, each endeavoring to get away to a flying start, made a beautiful sight, zigzagging here and there in an endeavor to secure a windward berth.

"Keep your eyes on the watch, old-timer, for in another five minutes we'll be starting the job we've planned for eight months."

"Four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute, thirty seconds," repeated Toots, at seemingly endless intervals. By this time, on bluffing about a Parkertown boat which was heading in on the starboard tack, the *Oddsocks* had obtained a commanding position; and just as the starting boom echoed across the water, the bowsprit of the octogenarian shot across the starting-line.

"We're off,—give her everything you have!" yelled Toots, trimming down the sheet until the mainsail looked like a flat expanse of ironing-board. Both boys perched to windward, with bodies flattened out along the cramped deck, wondered if they hadn't undertaken the impossible to try and beat twenty-four up-to-the-minute racing sneak-boxes—but time for thought was limited—the fight had started.

The old boat was behaving beautifully. Careering, just so the water was lapping her lee rail, she stuck her nose into the fresh breeze with a vengeance.

At the slightest puff, Sunny's hand "ate her out" into the wind. She was pointing and footing well and seemed to be doing everything that was expected of her, when a hoarse bellow came from under sail, "Hard-a-lee!" As quick as a wink Sunny spun her around on the starboard tack, just missing a West Creek boat by inches. This unexpected manœuver placed the *Oddsocks* in semi-blanket and caused Sunny again to swing her on the port tack.

The entire fleet was hugging the flats closely, as the flood-tide had set in strongly and was racing up the bay at a four-mile clip. By the time Beck's farm was reached, they began to string out. Due to a forced tack plus a bit of sea-weed that was picked up by the center-board, the *Oddsocks*, although seeming to be hard at it, was about twelfth, while the Rackley boats and the *Tabasco* were well to the front. A dapper little thirteen-ten box, haling from Tuckerton and handled by George Marshall, had her nose to the front by a scant fifty feet and was footing it south as if propelled by an engine.

"Toots, ease off on that jib a fraction," said Sunny, as an unknown "box" began to lap the *Oddsock's* stern to windward. Like a flash Toots responded; and though the stranger hung on, she ceased to gain. At Clam Cove, the half-way mark to the buoy, Marshall still led, but was being pushed by George Rackley in the *Tadpole*. The fleet was stringing out more and more, but due to sail alteration, the *Oddsocks* was holding her own and, in fact, had bettered her position by two and was going strong.

At 10.47 Marshall swung the outer mark, and immediately broke out his spinnaker. The *Tadpole*, four seconds back of him, did likewise. Then in the following order came: the *Tabasco* (B. H.), 10.47.59; the *Curlew* (Spray Beach), 10.48.00; the *Spanker* (Parkertown), 10.48.04; the *Isolde* (B. H.), 10.48.15; the *Virginia* (Tuckerton), 10.48.17; the *Bullfrog* (B. H.), 10.48.24; the *Alice* (West Creek), 10.49.00; the *Oddsocks* (B. H.), 10.49.10.

Every boat of the first ten around executed the turn with rare seamanship. In each instance the spinnakers broke out a few seconds after the main-sheet was eased. The remaining fifteen boats were stretched out for some distance, but quite a few rounded the buoy within several minutes of the *Oddsocks*.

"Well, Sunny," said Toots, sitting in the cockpit with chin resting on the palm of his hand, "Marshall and the *Tadpole* have about a minute and a quarter on us by actual time, but nearer three minutes if the tide in their favor is counted, for we had to buck it for quite a while when they were running with it."

"You're right, brother" answered Sunny, somewhat tired after his exhausting battle down the flats; "but remember, this craft is rated high before the wind, so if the 'dope' is correct, we should better our position a bit on the run up to Long Point."

Truly, the *Oddsocks* was in her element. With every inch of canvas drawing, save her jib which occasionally went flat on a cross current of air, she left a wake in her stern as if churned by a twin-screw power-boat. The *Perky*, a Parkertown boat, which rounded shortly after the *Oddsocks*, for a time threatened to blanket her, but by working to windward, Sunny managed to clear the danger and it wasn't long before the *Oddsocks* began to show a slick pair of heels. By the time Clam Cove was reached she had passed the *Alice* and was pressing the *Bullfrog* for eighth place.

The fair wind and strong tide soon had the leading boxes abreast of the stake-boat, where the spinnakers were taken in and the balloon-jibs set, as the course was more quartering

to the northwest. Unfortunately, the *Curlew*, on setting her balloon, lost the sheet of it, and the crew, on endeavoring to recover it, caused a grand and glorious upset, much to the disappointment of every one, as up to that time she had been sailing a splendid race. This automatically placed the *Oddsocks* in seventh place, as she had overhauled the *Bullfrog* after an exciting luffing match at the turn of the channel.

At 11.21.07 the *Tadpole* passed through Long Point thoroughfare leading the fleet. Then came the *Spanker*, Marshall, *Tabasco*, *Isolde*, and *Virginia* in the order named, with the *Oddsocks* but a stone's throw behind. Sunny passed the point at 11.22.00, or just fifty-three seconds behind the leading boat. This meant a net gain of thirty-four seconds on the run up from Bond's. Although this showing was not bad, in a sense it was disappointing, as they figured all "their powder" on this one leg. They certainly couldn't hope to out-foot the leaders on the long drive back to the stake-boat, some three miles to windward. To make matters worse, as they cleared the thoroughfare, Toots discovered a bad leak at the base of the centerboard-well about a foot aft the mast-step. The water was coming in so fast that the pump, rather than the bailing can, was resorted to. The necessity of plugging it with oakum caused Toots to crawl forward under the deck. This threw the *Oddsocks* off balance and, at such a time, was flirting with disaster. When the trouble had finally been remedied, they found they had lost about two hundred feet and once again they had been overhauled by the *Bullfrog*.

The boys were desperate as they realized that only a miracle could save the day. As the tide was still running strongly the fleet was keeping well in to the eastern flats, resorting once again to short tacks to escape it.

There is a racing axiom that when a boat is falling behind, it is always advisable to split tacks, providing the skippers of the leading boats will permit such action. This was Sunny's chance. Without even saying a word to Toots, he kept on the port tack, heading directly across channel. When deep water was reached the tide gripped the boat as if she were dragging ground. In an instant Toots yelled, "Put her about!"

but Sunny paid no attention to the warning. For a period of about fifteen minutes they felt the "drag" forcing them to leeward, but just as they were about despairing reaching shoal water before too much ground had been lost, the bow of the *Oddsocks* headed closer to the wind and the drag ceased. She had finally reached the west flats.

"I figure this way, Toots," remarked Sunny; "if we continue long enough on this tack, when we come about we shall be able to lay our course to the judges' boat, and at the same time will not buck much tide. Also, being so far to the west, we may pick up a southwesterly, which will let us ease the sheet before the line is reached. It may mean something."

The entire fleet evidently looked upon the Griffin boys' move with disdain, for not one of the twenty-three followed suit; in fact, the *Oddsocks* appeared to be sailing a race of her own. Not one of the cat-boats, following the race, came their way to wish them luck.

For a time the prospect looked very gloomy; for the *Tadpole*, Marshall, and the *Spanker* appeared to be making good headway and were fast approaching the finish-line. But just as thing looked the darkest Toots saw the leading boats slow down, as if held in check by some invisible hand.

"Sunny, they're beginning to buck the north-flow eddies as they swing around the mid-channel buoy. Keep her going!"

To the followers of the race, the *Oddsocks* seemed entirely out of it. She was some distance to leeward, still on the port tack and growing smaller by the minute, while the remainder of the fleet, especially the leading boats, were in plain view a short half-mile from the finish-line. A few loyal rooters for the *Oddsocks*, who occasionally directed their gaze to the west, saw the Griffin boat finally put about on the starboard tack.

All eyes were focused on the *Tadpole* and Marshall, who were having a gallant fight for the lead, first one and then the other showing momentary supremacy. The *Spanker* and the *Bullfrog* were also close up, and threatened at any moment to gain the advantage. Excitement was intense. Closer and closer they came. The activity aboard the judges' boat

indicated that the officials were preparing to time the contestants as they crossed the line. One hundred, ninety, eighty yards from the finish, battling the relentless tide—but still they came!

“Look!” cried a voice from one of the pleasure-boats. Every eye was turned to the point indicated, and there, in full majesty, with bellowing sails and glistening deck, the *Oddsocks* sped down on the finish-line from a point west-southwest. Would she make it in time? The *Tadpole* seemed to be only a scant five yards from the finish, moving slowly though steadily, with Marshall overlapping her stern. The *Oddsocks*, twenty yards to the west, headed from a point at right angles to the stern of the judges’ boat, appeared to leap through the water. It seemed too late; the Griffin boys were doomed to bitter disappointment, for Mr. Rackley already had his hand on the lanyard of the cannon and his eyes glued to the imaginary line. The tip of the *Tadpole*’s bowsprit slowly came within the line of his vision. Just then, the tide, with a vicious swirl, seemed to hold her suspended, and the fluky southerly drove its blasts farther west and created a momentary calm in the vicinity of the *Tadpole*. The *Oddsocks*, favored by this fickleness, responded instantly to the puff of wind, and Sunny, seeing his chance, pushed the tiller hard to port, spinning the *Oddsocks* around with sufficient momentum so that she shot across the line—a winner by two seconds!

Everybody afloat that day will remember the wild scene that followed. The hilarious action of Sunny and Toots in diving overboard at the boom of the cannon, and the manly way in which the defeated skippers subsequently congratulated the winners at the clubhouse. Yes, it was a glorious and well-earned victory!

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. What achievements of their father did the Griffin boys wish to equal?
2. What makes you think it was not only pride in their father that made the Griffin boys decide to rehabilitate the *Oddsocks*?

3. How did experience teach the Griffin boys that the *Oddsocks* would be better than the *Pelican*, although not so new?
4. Show how the Griffin boys ran a risk in using the old boat (a) to their lives. (b) to their peace of mind.

Complete each of the following sentences by choosing the expression which best expresses the idea as stated in the story:

1. The *Oddsocks* had before 1900 been well known for (her queer construction, her speed, the amount of sail carried).
2. Sunny and Toots Griffin decided to rehabilitate the *Oddsocks* because (they had no boat of their own, their own boat was slow, the requirements for the race were changed).
3. The boys spent the winter (designing new sails, doing carpentry work on the old boat, in idleness as far as the boat was concerned).
4. The boys were among the (first, middle, last) entries for the race.
5. The boys had had time for (several trials, no trials, one trial) in the *Oddsocks*.
6. The course for the race was (the same one, a new one, one seldom used).
7. The old boat got away to a (good, bad) start.
8. The first leg of the race (hugged the flats, was an open stretch, was around an island).
9. The *Oddsocks* was among (the first, the middle, the last) to swing around the outer mark.
10. On the leg up to Long Point, the *Oddsocks* (lost time, gained time, held her own).
11. On the run back to the stake-boat from Long Point the *Oddsocks*, (upset, sprang a leak, had no trouble).
12. When the *Oddsocks* fell behind, Sunny's decision not to turn but to continue on the same tack was (against the stated rules, according to a racing axiom, a new idea of his alone).
13. The plan of the Griffin boys was followed by (several other boats, one other, no other boat).
14. The boat nearest the finish line seemed to the judges to be the (*Tadpole*, *Isolde*, *Virginia*) up to the last minute.
15. When the wind changed and caused a calm at the finish, the *Oddsocks* (won, upset, was becalmed).

THE "NO-HIT" GAME

By J. RAYMOND ELDERDICE

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Have you ever been disappointed in something to which you looked forward with pleasure and enthusiasm? Tell of your experience.
2. Select from the list of character qualities in the appendix, five characteristics that would help a boy or girl to act well under the circumstances you described in your answer to the first question.
3. Some wise men have said that the greatest victory is to conquer oneself. What does this mean? Why is it difficult?
4. Loyalty to a cause or to a group or to another person often helps to make new friendships, strengthens old friendships, and gives opportunities for the development of character. Show by examples how this is true.

Find in the dictionary the meanings of the following words:

sensational

protesting

queries

feud

deliberately

resentment

justification

contemptible

enmity

self-righteous

From the words in the foregoing list select the one which you think best completes each of the following sentences:

1. The movement of World Peace seeks to overcome feelings of ——— between nations.
2. Billy was still ——— that he was right when he was ordered off the field.
3. She ——— waited until the last minute before telling the news.

4. He took a superior and — attitude toward the failings of others.
5. Richard knew that such an act was beneath him and that he could not do such a — thing.
6. They felt that they had not been treated fairly and looked back upon the occasion with a feeling of — toward the committee.
7. He could obtain no answer to any of his —.
8. Because the two teams were so well matched, it turned out to be a — game.
9. After carefully thinking over the actions of the players, he could find plenty of — for the coach's decision.
10. A dispute over the boundary of the homestead was the cause of the — between the two neighbors.

Billy Dwyer, star pitcher and sensational left-fielder of the Bannister School baseball team, dashing into the locker-room of the gymnasium, found his team-mates already donning uniforms and spikes for the big game. A Babel of voices and the odor of witch-hazel and arnica greeted the youth. There was a rattle of bats on the cement floor, and excited athletes were pawing the air wildly, drawing sweaters over their heads. Old Marcus Aurelius Jackson, the trainer, was busily massaging a "charley-horse" from the arm of shrieking, protesting "Fats" Emory, the big catcher. Narcissus McBride, second baseman, amid the loud jeers of his comrades, was taking his customary shower-bath before the game, while little Buddy Walton, Billy's room-mate, fussed angrily at a knotted shoe-string. The athletic senior grinned at the turmoil.

"Hello, fellows—ready for the fight?" he called, diving for his locker, "I want one hundred per cent support from you future big-leaguers this afternoon! Of course, our slogan is always, 'Bannister School first'; but please remember that it's Billy Dwyer's last game for the gold-and-green,—his last chance to pitch for old Bannister,—and that his dad, once a great ball-player for this school, is going to be in the stand to see his son perform. Now, isn't that enough to make a fellow determined to pitch a regular Christy Mathewson game? The old whip is in first-class condition, and, well—just

back me up, and the gold-and-green will be state interscholastic baseball champions when the sun goes down!"

Whistling happily, Billy sat on the bench before his locker and commenced to disrobe, pulling his baseball togs out on the floor. The end of his locker row was at an open window, and the senior thrilled as he heard the enthusiastic Bannister boys, jamming the gold-and-green section of the stands of Bannister Field, roaring with fervor their famous old "Marching Through Marston" song, ending by spelling out, with an increasing din on each letter, their old rival's name. The stands were filling rapidly; directly across from each other the frenzied rooters and supporters of each team yelled, cheered, and sang; a blaring student band inspired the Marston red-and-black, while string-bean cheer-leaders, clad in white and waving big megaphones, leaped wildly about before the gold-and-green, inciting the students to noisy clamor.

"My last game for old Bannister!" murmured Billy Dwyer, a mist before his eyes as he gazed at the familiar scene on which he now looked for the last time as a member of the gold-and-green team. "And Dad in the stand to see me step into the box and fight for the school, as *he* used to do years ago—why, I've *got* to win to-day, and I'll pitch my arm off to do it, for Dad and Bannister School!"

In this joyous mood, occupied by thoughts of the coming contest, Billy Dwyer had failed to notice the atmosphere of the gym locker-room upon his arrival; he had not seen the glances exchanged by his team-mates, nor remarked the strange absence of the usual tender queries as to the "old wing," which always greeted a twirler before the game. Now, as he drew on his jersey, he saw his room-mate, little Buddy Walton, standing at the end of the locker row, gazing at him with a look of sympathy.

"Hi, Buddy, old top!" laughed Billy, striding over to his chum, and putting an arm across the short-stop's shoulders. "Say, Buddy, you just can't realize what it means to be going to pitch for my school to-day! My dad is a busy man, a New York lawyer, and he has never been able to come to Bannister and see me in any game play for his alma mater; but this

being my last chance, he chucked an important case to rush over and root for the school and for me. I—why, Buddy—”

“Billy, I—er, that is—oh, go look at the bulletin-board, Billy!” stammered the short-stop, in mental torture. “And say, old man, I know there is some hard feeling between you and Captain Hildreth, and this won’t help any, but—it surely must be for old Bannister, for I can’t think that Don would do such a thing except for the good of his school, and—”

But Billy, alarmed at the expression on Buddy’s cherubic countenance and a chill dread clutching at his heart, had hurried over to the bulletin-board, at the other end of the locker-room. He recalled the sudden silence of his team-mates as he entered, and knew something was wrong, and hastily he scanned the notices. The first one was posted the day before, and nothing in it caused the gold-and-green twirler any grief:

NOTICE TO BASEBALL SQUAD

Owing to sudden illness in my family, I am called to Philadelphia, and may not return for the Marston game. I have full faith in my boys and I am confident that they will obey orders and win for old Bannister just the same as if their coach were on the field. In my absence, Captain Donald Hildreth is in complete command, having full responsibility for the line-up, and the squad will obey unquestionably his decisions, being answerable to me for any breach of discipline. *Fight and win for Bannister!*

PATRICK HENRY CORRIDAN, COACH.

But just below this, signed by Captain Don Hildreth, leader, and a pitcher for Bannister, was the line-up of the gold-and-green for the big game, and Billy Dwyer, after hastily running down the list, gasped suddenly, for there, after the name of “Emory—catcher,” he read, “Hildreth—pitcher.”

A hot wave of unreasoning anger shook the senior. Naturally, no definite promise had been made, but it had been a foregone conclusion that he was to be on the mound for the big game, as Don Hildreth, also a fine pitcher, had held that

position, the week before, against Dunham School. In fact, Coach Corridan had groomed Billy for the Marston battle, and the senior, a shade more brilliant than steady Captain Don Hildreth, had looked forward to playing, with his father in the stand, in this final game that was to decide the state inter-scholastic baseball championship. Between these two clean-cut, straight-forward, and intensely loyal athletes of Bannister, a bitter feud had existed ever since Don's freshman year. Playing side by side on the school eleven, Don had cheerfully obeyed Captain Dwyer's orders; and now, on the diamond, Billy had unquestioningly followed Captain Hildreth's commands, each confident in the school spirit of his rival, though they never spoke to each other off the athletic-field.

Turning from the bulletin-board, dazed by the cruel blow, Billy Dwyer found himself face to face with his rival. There was a moment of tense silence, while the team-mates of the two pitchers waited; then Captain Hildreth started to speak, but Billy, beside himself with anger and disappointment, blazed out wildly:

"So this is the sort of school spirit you have!" he stormed, glaring at Don, who stood before him, a trifle pale, but quiet and self-possessed. "Hildreth, we have been rivals and enemies from the first, and this year it has been neck and neck between us to see who will get the most points as the best all-round athlete and win the Wentworth Cup at commencement. But no matter how I may have felt toward you, I have always believed that you were on the square, that your school came first, and that you would make any sacrifice for the gold-and-green. But now you have misused your power to your own advantage!

"You know perfectly well that Coach Corridan figured on my pitching against Marston, because I'm a southpaw and the red-and-black has a left-handed batting order. You know my father has come all the way from New York to see me pitch my last game for old Bannister. And yet because you are in full command and we must obey *you* in Coach Corri-

dan's absence, you order me to left-field, and go into the box yourself! Why—?"

Captain Hildreth, his pale face flushing angrily, essayed to speak, but the frenzied Billy hurried on:

"Because you are *jealous* of me!" he panted, his voice rising in his rage; "because you are afraid I'll pitch a sensational game, one that you believe would put me in the lead in our contest for the Wentworth cup! I'd scorn to be so *small*, to betray my school for my own ambition!"

"Billy Dwyer—*keep quiet!*" Captain Hildreth, his face blazing, gripped his rival by the shoulders. The team waited eagerly for his justification of his decision to pitch the game himself, but none came.

"I am going to pitch that game against Marston!" said the captain, in a low, steady voice; "you are under my command, and if you refuse to obey, I shall have to report the matter to Coach Corridan on his return. You have just said you would gladly make any sacrifice for the gold-and-green—well, are you willing to do your best in left-field to-day, fighting for the school, or, angry at me, are you going to lie down, and not fight your hardest, because *I* am pitching? I ask your word of honor that you will do your level best for the school. If you refuse it, I shall use a substitute. Which is it, Dwyer?"

"I am not a traitor to old Bannister!" flamed Billy, shaking free from the other's grip. "I am not contemptible enough to allow personal enmity or spite to keep *me* from serving my school to the best of my ability! Of course, I shall do my best, and I'll show you, Donald Hildreth, that *my* school spirit is *real*."

There was a moment of silence. Puzzled at their captain's decision to pitch the big game, sympathizing keenly with the disappointed Billy Dwyer, the members of the gold-and-green nine looked from one to the other of the rivals; somehow, they could not believe that Don had purposely misused his power as acting-coach to further his own ambition, and yet—

"Don—*please*—" faltered big Fats Emory, hesitatingly,

"if you will just explain to Billy—we know there is *some* good reason, and—"

"Everybody on the field!" commanded Captain Hildreth sharply, his jaw set firmly. "Dwyer, you will play left-field!"

Billy Dwyer set his spikes in the turf of the Bannister diamond's deep left-field and gripped himself for a quick start, in case the Marston hitter should connect with one of Don's fast ones. The gold-and-green player muttered angrily to himself as he gazed at the tall figure of his rival poised in the box, ready to deliver the ball. A glance at the big scoreboard showed him the figures: "First half—ninth inning: Bannister 2; Marston 0; Out—2; Strikes—2; Balls—3." If the next ball pitched made the third strike or an out, the state inter-scholastic championship would go to old Bannister! No wonder the gold-and-green supporters, wild with joy, created an ear-splitting din in their section of the stands—it would end in the ninth, unless, by a miracle, Marston tied the score, for two of the red-and-black players had been retired, and there were two strikes and three balls on the hitter. But there was even more at stake for Captain Hildreth—one more ball pitched, and he might realize the pitcher's greatest ambition, the golden dream of every twirler, from the American League down to the urchins on the vacant lots.

"*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" the Bannister cohorts, aided by all the spectators not rooting for Marston, yelled steadily, accompanying the chant by a monotonous thumping of feet and clapping of hands it swelled to a great roar,—"*No-hit!*" *No-hit!*"—rolling across the Bannister field, and out to Billy Dwyer, in left-field, beside himself with jealous rage.

"He'll make it—he is going to get his no-hit game!" Billy bit his lip in the intensity of his wrath. "Shoved *me* out into the field and pitched the big game himself because he was in full charge! And now he's going to gain the greatest possible glory, a no-hit game, and win the Wentworth Cup by doing it. Oh, it's a shame!"

It had been a brilliant struggle, with dazzling fielding on both sides, marked by spectacular catches in the out-field,

and remarkable pitching by Captain Don Hildreth, of the gold-and-green, and the famous "Rube" Stearns, of Marston. In the first inning or two, uncertain as to how Billy Dwyer would play, despite his promise of loyalty to his school, the Bannister in-field had wobbled a bit, but after the brilliant pitcher, playing left-field, had saved his rival twice by catches that brought the spectators to the feet yelling madly, old Bannister breathed more freely. Then Don had steadied, and, pitching with a cool, sure, machine-like ease, had literally mowed down his enemies, and, most surprising to Billy, the three left-handed batters of the red-and-black—because of whom he had been originally slated to pitch, being a south-paw—were the easiest victims of the Bannister captain!

As inning after inning reeled away, and still not the slightest indication of a hit was chalked up against the steady Don, his admiring schoolmates began to shout, half jokingly, "*No-hit! No-hit!*" In the seventh, thanks to a safe triple by Billy Dwyer himself, driving in his team-mates, Bannister had scored two runs, apparently "putting the game on ice" for the school. Only three hits had been made off the toiling Rube, but compared with Captain Hildreth's dazzling performance, it went unheeded in the ever-increasing howl of "*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" And with the passing of each inning that brought his rival nearer to the greatest goal, Billy's anger, fanned by jealousy and the memory of the captain's injustice, grew hotter.

"For old Bannister, yes," he growled, in the sixth, "I'd play my hardest, whatever happens; but—just give me a chance to get even with Don, a way to spoil his no-hit game, without harming my own team! I'd show him!"

Though Billy would not confess it to himself, in his heart swelled keen disappointment—actual shame that his rival, whom he had always secretly admired for his honor and sportsmanship, should have yielded to temptation and shunted him out of the box. Their feud, starting in some trifling school-boy argument back in Don's first year, had been kept alive by false pride on both sides; each would probably have

welcomed a reconciliation, but were ashamed to seek it and so the breach had widened. But now Billy was actually shocked at the unfair advantage taken by his rival.

"I could never have done such a thing!" he told himself, self-righteously, after making a difficult catch in the sixth, keeping Don's no-hit record clean. "But if that had been a grounder now," he thought grimly, "Marston might have got a hit off him—if I can just get a chance to sprint hard after a drive, but manage to miss it by a hair's breadth and make the fellows believe I *tried*! And they will, if I play it right, for I have already saved him twice from a hit— Oh, just give me the chance!"

Gloating over his plan, Billy began to visualize the act—a long, fast drive toward the left-field foul-line would do it; he would sprint with all his sensational speed,—but at such an angle that he would delay meeting the ball,—a great leap, so timed as to just miss the sphere— No one could dream that he might have caught the fly, if he played it right; for with a natural fielder's instinct, he would know just how to turn the trick. He laughed to himself as he figured Don's disappointment—to be so near his hard-fought goal, and then *he*, Billy Dwyer, whom Don had so unjustly treated, would have evened the score!

And now, in the ninth inning, with but one ball between Don and the no-hit game, Billy resigned himself to the fact that his enemy had triumphed; true, Hildreth was laboring under a terrific strain, no longer pitching with ease, but carefully giving everything to the ball pitched, while the great crowd was thundering, "*No-hit! No-hit! No-hit!*" But if he could only put the next ball over for a strike, or cause the batter to get out on an easy grounder, or drive to the out-field, the gold-and-green captain's troubles would be ended, the great glory of a wonderful game would be his. Winding up very slowly, Don shot the ball over the plate; a crash, as the big red-and-black catcher met it squarely; and a white streak shot over short-stop Buddy Walton's finger-tips, lined out for left-field!

"*Hit! Hit! Hit!*" screamed the excited Marston boys,

drowning out their rivals—a home-run drive, shooting to pieces Don's hopes of a no-hit glory, on the ball that would have given him undying fame and which might make the gold-and-green twirler weaken, so that the red-and-black would drive him from the box, winning the championship! Every eye followed the flight of the ball, fixed on the flying white sphere, toward which, sprinting madly, flew Billy Dwyer at full speed.

Not a soul in the great crowd, not even those of old Banister who had often witnessed Billy's phenomenal catches, dreamed the fleet left-fielder would get near the ball—it was labeled a home-run, if ever it passed him. But Billy Dwyer, even as he sprinted at the crack of the bat, instinctively felt that it was possible for him to head off the drive. If he missed, a score would cross the plate, but that would be 2 to 1 for his alma mater; and even then, with the bases cleared and two out, Don could surely retire the side and win his game, for the next hitter was a woefully weak batter. It was Billy's chance; he could, without jeopardizing his team's chances of victory and the championship, so play this seemingly impossible drive as to make his fellows think he had strained every nerve and muscle to catch it, but miss by an inch or so and shatter Don's hopes of a no-hit game.

Then, somewhat to his amazement, Billy Dwyer found he could not do this dishonorable thing! Something within him revolted at the thought of doing less than his best. Springing as he had never run before, he flashed toward the foul-line. Faster and faster he flew, glimpsing the ball coming, just ahead of him. One final effort, a great upward leap, his outstretched gloved hand flung high in air, and—

Smack! the ball struck fair in his palm and *stayed in his glove*, while Billy thrilled to the heart at his lucky catch!

"Saved him his no-hit game!" Billy told himself, as he jogged toward the in-field. "Well—he is welcome to it; I could never have forgiven myself if I had deliberately let that ball go for a safe hit—even if no one dreamed I might have nabbed it! Call it my professional pride as a fielder, or

maybe my sense of sportsmanship, but I'm just mad enough to tell Don I was tempted to throw him!"

The Bannister students were swarming on the field, but Captain Hildreth was ahead of them, sprinting toward the dazed Billy. After him came Billy's father and Coach Corrigan, who after all had returned in time to witness the sensational finish of Don's no-hit game; even in their frenzied joy the gold-and-green supporters, and especially the members of the school nine, remembering the last meeting of the two rivals, slowed up and waited for the scene that would ensue.

"Captain Hildreth," Billy faced the gold-and-green leader, speaking with extreme dignity, "I saved your old no-hit game, but that last hit was a temptation to make you lose your "no-hit" glory, for I could easily have played that drive, you know, so as to let it fall for a safe hit, and yet make it seem that I had tried hard. You would have believed it, after my catches that saved you earlier in the game, but—I couldn't do it, when the time came. I'm sorry you gained such undeserved glory, but I'm glad that Bannister won."

Don Hildreth, who had stepped forward to meet his teammate, stopped; the friendly look on his face changed to one of resentment, and he was about to turn and stride away, when Coach Corridan suddenly ran forward, seized him and brought him face to face with Billy Dwyer again.

"Listen, you two hot-headed lunatics," he said sharply, "this has gone far enough! Billy, when I left the campus, I intended you to pitch the big game; but of course no promise was made, for every member of the nine is supposed to be eager to do what is best for old Bannister. In Philadelphia, last night, I ran into a Marston man—he took it for granted that I would pitch Don, and seemed to think Don had told me that the three heaviest hitters on the Marston nine had batted against him time and again and were afraid of him to-day, for he knew their weak points and could hold them hitless! They figured, of course, that Don had told me of this and that he would naturally be in the box; knowing that what I had learned would make Don the better choice

for to-day, and acting for Bannister, I wired to Don, as captain and acting coach, *to pitch the game*, and I would explain on my return—"

"Oh, then—you had the telegram," faltered Billy, looking at his rival, "when I—I flew into a rage in the locker-room? And you never even told Coach Corridan you could puzzle Marston's heaviest hitters, though that would have made you sure of being in the box! Why didn't you tell me the truth, that you were acting under the telegraphed orders from Coach Corridan, and—"

"I reckon I was too angry, too," grinned Don, sheepishly. "I didn't like being berated by you before the rest of the team; I had intended to show you the wire in private, Billy, but before I could do so, you had seen the line-up and jumped all over me with both feet; and then I got pig-headed and wouldn't explain! But it's all right, Billy—I had to obey his orders, and you obeyed mine by playing a marvelous game in the field and at bat. And as for the Wentworth Cup, old man—your triple drove in the one run for Bannister, winning the game; your three catches kept Marston from scoring; and those big stunts are more valuable to the gold-and-green than my no-hit game, which I could never have won without your splendid support—"

"Bannister's *one run!*" ejaculated the bewildered Billy. "Why, I don't understand, Don; I drove in two runners with my triple, and—"

Then Billy Dwyer's father grasping Hildreth's shoulder with his one hand and his son with the other, beamed on the two young athletes, who had been so long and so foolishly estranged. "Now listen to me, Billy," he said; "you fought a mighty fine battle with yoursef, and *won it*. You believed it would not jeopardize Bannister's chances of glory if one run slipped in—if you let that ball go for a home-run—a safe hit, shattering Don's hopes of a no-hit game. But—in the eighth, when there was a gold-and-green runner on third, and another one on second, you hit your triple. The man on third dashed for home and the runner on second, in his desire to make a score, cut inside third base by a bare margin.

Your hit fell safe, and both men crossed the home-plate. But the second runner was out, having failed to touch the third base, and only one run scored, though, at the time, the score-keeper chalked up two. The protest by Marston was recognized and the error rectified later. Billy, had you let that last ball in the ninth go for a hit, a home-run, just to spoil Don's no hit game, your error would have tied the score for Marston; and because Don had given all he had and was weakening fast, while Stearns was getting better, the gold-and-green undoubtedly would have lost the big game and the inter-scholastic championship.

"But Billy—Donald—" Mr. Dwyer smiled happily, remembering his own school-days, "both of you acted splendidly—Don, in refusing to tell the coach of his ability to quell the Marston hitters, his former rivals, and thus insure his pitching to-day—in fact, he really should have told, but he thought it might be taking advantage of you—; you, by fighting down an unsportsmanlike impulse to ruin his no-hit game, though it would have meant betraying your school losing the victory, in your ignorance of the real score. Now, it seems to me that the best thing to do is—"

Captain Don Hildreth, his face a broad smile, stepped forward, his hand outstretched.

"Put it there, Billy, old man!" he exclaimed.

And Billy Dwyer, gripping it in loyal comradeship, responded fervently:

"Shake, Don, old fellow—shake!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Why was Billy Dwyer looking forward with so much enthusiasm to pitching this particular game? Tell just how he was disappointed. Why was this disappointment so hard to bear?
2. What character qualities did Billy show in the way in which he met his disappointment? Use the list in the appendix. How do these characteristics compare with the five you named in the preliminary discussion?
3. Tell just how Billy "fought a mighty fine battle with himself, and won it."

4. What influence has Billy's loyalty to his school had on his character? What has he learned?

Some of the following statements are true. Others are false. Be prepared to say which are true and which are false:

1. Billy Dwyer was a good pitcher.
2. He and Don Hildreth had always been friends.
3. This game was Billy's last chance to pitch for Bannister.
4. Billy's father was too busy to come to the game.
5. Don did not act fairly when given the responsibility of acting as coach.
6. He displaced Billy because he was jealous of him.
7. The other boys on the team sympathized with Billy.
8. The notice on the bulletin board said that Don was to pitch the game by order of the coach.
9. Billy Dwyer had been promised the position of pitcher for this game.
10. Captain Hildreth probably pitched this game better than Billy could have.
11. It would have been easy for Billy to spoil Don's "No-hit" game.
12. He didn't miss the fly for fear the crowd would notice he wasn't playing well.
13. Don and Billy really admired each other.
14. Billy's father was just as proud of him as he could possibly have been, even though Billy was not the pitcher.
15. One outcome of the game was that Don and Billy were friends.

BAKER, MANAGER

By ROBERT L. VOORHEES

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Inquire from some coach or manager the duties of the manager of a team.
2. Almost every one has to overcome some obstacle or handicap on his way to success. Tell of some such person whom you know or of whom you have read.
3. What is the true sportsman's attitude toward an opponent who has unintentionally hurt him while playing a game? How might a lesser player feel?
4. Nearly every one has some rules or precepts for living, such as, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." Give a similar proverb that you like. Tell why you have chosen it.

For the sake of vividness, there have come into common use many expressions which have a figurative meaning. Such expressions have a special meaning beyond that which might be understood from the exact meaning of the individual words making up the phrase. Many such expressions are not slang in any sense, and others which at a certain time are questionable may become good usage.

What do the following figurature expressions mean to you?

1. Signals *whipped out* on the air.
2. You'll be able to *play the man*.
3. The manager is one of the most important *cogs in the machine*.
4. Answering their *beck and call*.
5. *Worked like a Trojan*.
6. Began to *drive that fact home*.
7. The hall was *rent and split and torn by their cheers*.

There came to those in the stands the sound of tense, sharp signals whipped out on the chill November air, they

saw a sudden shifting of moleskin-clad figures, a confusing mêlée of forms. Then a lithe figure literally shot from the writhing group and headed down the field, the pigskin clasped snugly under his arm.

"Jomie! Jomie! Jomie!" cheered the students in the stand. "Baker! Baker! Baker!"

"Jomie" Baker was on the way. There was no better man in running the ball down an open field. Those hundreds in the stands rose to their feet, as one person, and cheered wildly. The score was a tie, the game in the last quarter: Central High School, 6; Parkside High School, 6. Jomie *must* make it!

He intended to, by the way he was racing down the long field, streaking across the white yard-lines like a flash. But close behind him came another, a long-legged, speedy player wearing the blue jersey of the Parkside team.

The cheering in the stands unheard, his mind solely on the task in hand, his determination fixed to win to that goal-post and make this the one great climax of his high-school career, Jerome Baker ran down the field. Yard-line after yard-line went by. The rabble of players was far behind and entirely forgotten. The two great uprights and cross-bar of the goal loomed nearer and nearer, but ever more heavily fell the sound of those thudding feet on the turf behind him.

Could he make it? He must! His breath was coming in great gasps, but he increased his pace a trifle, summoning up all his strength for the effort. He must win. It was the last game of the season, *his* last game for Central. Ever the thud of those feet behind him, always seeming nearer.

He crossed the twenty-five-yard line, the twenty-yard line. It seemed as if those lines were interminable. The fifteen-yard line flashed past, then the ten-yard line. Those running feet still thudded behind him. Then came the five-yard line. As he reached it, the racing form behind him dived. He made a supreme effort to avoid him.

It was a nasty, flying tackle. The two came to the earth with a grinding, twisting thud. As he fell, Jomie made one lunge toward the goal. He could not see the white line that

would tell whether he had won or not. Then, the sky grew black, he felt sick and nauseated. His senses left him.

The students in the stands were cheering wildly. They could see the white line which Jomie had not been able to see. They were sure he had crossed it, had won the game. When the referee reached the spot and threw up his hands, in signal that the line had been crossed, the cheering grew wilder!

"Jomie Baker! Jomie Baker! Jomie Baker!"

But Jomie did not hear them. Neither did he feel the hands of the coach, feeling for broken bones. He did not notice when the cheering suddenly subsided. It was several minutes later when he languidly opened his eyes. He had been badly knocked out.

"Did we win the game?" were the first words he uttered. At the happy nod of the solicitous and anxious coach, he smiled in utter contentment and let them bundle him off the field.

Two weeks later Jomie was ready to leave the hospital. His father sat on a chair beside the bed, waiting for the last arrangements to be made. A nurse came in, carrying a pair of crutches.

"Well, Jomie, you won't have to wear those forever, anyway," his father said, trying to speak lightly.

Something in his tone made his son look at him sharply.

"Why, Dad, what do you mean?" he asked, sensing something out of the ordinary in the quiet tones. And then, looking into his father's keen, blue eyes regarding him so intensely, he felt the truth.

"Dad! Dad!" he asked, "do you mean—do you mean I can't ever play—play, again?" And in his father's eyes he read the truth. Jomie quickly turned his head into the pillow and wept so that his father might not see. The glorious game of football, of all games, was closest to his heart.

His father rose and quietly walked over to the bed:

"I thought you had better know, Jerome," he said, placing his hand softly on the boy's shaking shoulders. "Doctor Moorhead says you'll always limp a little. You won't be able

to play football, son, but you'll be able to play the man just the same."

When Westminster College opened in the autumn, a big fellow, who walked with a slight limp, was in the freshman class. It was Jomie Baker. His first day on the campus was utter confusion. It seemed as if he would never get the different buildings sorted out. He spent most of his time in the registrar's office, signing papers he knew nothing whatever about. Finally, he was handed a key to his room in the dormitory, told to make himself comfortable, and be sure to be present at chapel next morning.

Jomie finally located his room, a cheery one with the sun streaming into it through two large windows. He had been busily putting things to rights and unpacking his grip and suitcase, when he heard some one turn the knob and enter the room. Looking up, he saw a big form bulking in the doorway. The owner, who had a friendly smile, advanced into the room.

"I'm Ted Thurston, next door," he offered. "Thought I'd drop in and say 'hello,' as long as we're going to be next-door neighbors."

Jomie straightened up and took the hand extended to him in a firm clasp.

"My name's Jerome Baker; I'm a green freshman the same as you are, and mightly glad to meet you. Folks call me Jomie."

"Are you Jomie Baker?" the new-comer exclaimed. He was openly astonished. "Well! Well! That's the funniest thing I've run across in a long time."

It was Jomie's turn to look astonished.

"Funny," he asked, "why is it so funny?"

"Why, because—because I'm the fellow that tackled you when you won the last game of the season at high last year. And just to think we meet here at Westminster! Why, we'll both be trying for the same team, now."

The boy looked at him as if dazed for a moment. His words had brought back all the searing memories of that ac-

cident which had robbed him of the one big ambition he had held in athletics—to make a name for himself on the college team. For an instant the sight of the new-comer filled him with glaring hatred. Then, as if his father were standing behind him, with his hand on his shoulder, came the words he had spoken in the hospital, words which had strengthened him many times when his lameness seemed too much to bear.

“You won’t be able to play football, son, but you’ll be able to play the man just the same.”

With those words his vision cleared. He saw things in their right light.

“No, we won’t both be trying for the team,” he answered his new-found acquaintance. “I—I’m not going out for the team. You see, I’ve got a game leg and won’t be able to play any more.”

“In that game? Not in *that* game? It wasn’t—oh, say! It wasn’t when I tackled you, was it?”

Jomie felt miserable and couldn’t say a word. Thurston, seeing it and sensing how badly Jomie felt, suddenly strode over to him, seized his hand and wrung it.

“I’m sorry, Jomie,” he declared. “I’m mighty sorry. You know I am—don’t you?” Then he turned and left the room quickly.

During the two weeks that followed, the two boys never mentioned the accident or its results. By tacit consent it was a closed book between them. But they became the best of friends and went to classes and studied together. It was Ted Thurston who saw to it that none of the enthusiastic sophomores tried to push Jomie into fracas and class-rushes, and it was Ted, also, who saw that Jomie’s slight diffidence was not mistaken by his classmates.

But when the football season opened, Jomie went through several days of misery. To save his life, he could not keep away from the field where the big squad was at work under the eyes of the head-coach and his assistants. This was real football—and he had to miss it. Ted was out there on the field.

One day the head-coach hailed Jomie. He had happened to

spy him wandering half-interested, half-desolate, along the side-lines.

"Hello, there, big boy," he called out, "why haven't you got a suit on? What's the matter—'fraid you'll get a little skin rubbed off that frame of yours?"

"Sorry, sir," said Jomie, "but I can't play."

Misunderstanding him, the coach shouted: "Well, put a suit on and come out to-morrow. We'll soon teach you how to play."

Jomie left the field feeling as if he had been done a great injustice.

That night, while Jomie was trying to concentrate on his history for the next day, the door suddenly flew open and Washburn, the big, grizzled coach, strode in and towered over him, holding out a huge hand.

"I didn't know it was you I yelled at this afternoon, Baker," he said, "or I would have said something else. We were watching you up at Central hoping you would come here. Didn't know you had had hard luck until Thurston told me about it this afternoon. I'm mighty sorry." And he seized Jomie's hand and wrung it heartily.

"Say," he continued, not waiting for Jomie to reply. "I've been thinking it over and wondered why you wouldn't like to try out for the managership. Of course, you couldn't get it until your senior year, but you'd be on the staff and could do your share for the team, all right."

"Why—why, I hadn't given it any thought," Jomie managed to reply. "I—I—"

"Well, it might seem like doing next to nothing when it's compared with actually being on the team," interrupted Washburn, "but just the same I've been coaching football long enough to know the manager is one of the most important cogs in the machine. It offers a real chance and I'd like to get a man I knew was really, vitally interested in the game.

"Don't make up your mind right away," he continued. "You just think it over and let me know in a day or two. I'm

sure you'd like it." Turning, he strode from the room as suddenly as he had entered.

For two days and nights, Jomie mulled over the problem. Should he take it, or shouldn't he? So many factors entered into it.

First, there was the spirit of alma mater, who is a loving guardian, but demands strictly that her sons shall do something to show their love for her. On the other hand, he knew the duties of a manager and how onerous they are, without any significant reward.

He hated the thought of being directly associated with the team, on which he had dreamed for long years of playing, but not of it. He couldn't bear the thought of doing all the "dirty work" and sharing in none of the glory which came to the players.

On the other hand, there was something in him which told him he should, that he should put his shoulder to the wheel. If he was excluded from the bigger things, at least let him do the smaller things as well as he could.

"You can at least play the man," Jomie told himself.

On the third afternoon he limped up to the field and reported to Washburn.

"I'm ready to have a try at that manager's berth," he said.

That first year was full of humiliations for Jomie. With the other assistant managers running ahead of him, he limped hurriedly across fields carrying water to players, holding their blankets, answering their every beck and call, and, in short, making himself a general factotum. He went utterly unnoticed by the players, with the exception of Thurston, even the substitutes. At times the work was bitter in his mouth, but he hung on, "playing the man."

But at the same time he learned a great deal about the workings of a football team which he had never imagined before. Sitting on the side-lines, watching every game with the eyes of a skilled player, comparing one game with another, he began to realize that it was not the playing, skill, and strength, to be sure; but he began to realize that the spirit,

the *esprit de corps*, counted as much, if not more than any other factor.

When the season ended, Jomie discovered that he had lost all of his former sensitiveness about his lame leg, he had forgotten his regret at not being able to play, and was keenly interested in the managing end of the work.

More than that, he was not only the friend of Coach Washburn, the intimate chum of Ted Thurston, who was playing on the scrub team, but his willingness to work and his good humor and cheeriness under difficulties had earned recognition for him from every member of the team. Taken all in all, Jomie considered it a good season and he went into his second semester studies with a rush.

When he came back to the campus in September, a sophomore, Jomie had some very settled ideas. Chief among them was to do some real service in working for manager. He had become interested in the reasons why a football team is successful or a failure.

He realized that there was some big reason why the Westminster eleven had lost as many games as it had won, last season. He believed the record would be the same this year. The reason, he told himself, was not because it was not a good team, but because it didn't have the right kind of spirit. There was a lot of grit and spirit and enthusiasm, but it didn't seem to accomplish what it should.

Jomie puzzled and puzzled. Then one night after the first game, which Westminster won by a smaller margin than it should have, the answer came to him.

With the answer came the determination to overcome the obstacle. He saw the way and decided he would do everything in his power to accomplish it.

The junior year came and went, quickly. Jomie was assistant manager of the football team that year and worked like a Trojan, doing every duty that was his and working ceaselessly. Then came his senior year and with it devolved squarely upon him the duty of managing the team. He was not an assistant now; he was manager.

The season came to an end in November. Then came the annual banquet to the football players, at which letters, the chief prize in athletic life, were awarded. Jomie, as manager of the team, sat at the head table, expecting nothing more than to make the customary little speech required of managers since time immemorial.

But Jomie was due to receive the surprise of his life.

When the many courses had at last been finished, every one settled back in anticipation of the talks by "Prexy," the coaches, and other luminaries. Prexy arose.

"These dinners to the team have been a pleasure to me for many years," he said, when silence had fallen on the hall, "but this year I know that greater pleasure than I could have anticipated is going to be my share.

"In former years, I have paid tribute to a team; this year I am going to pay tribute to a *man*, a far greater thing.

"Three years ago one of my students came to me and outlined an idea for improving the football team. He told me that our team was not winning as many games as it should because it did not have the proper incentive. He pointed out that the college had no great, outstanding rival on the gridiron. He told me that he believed the incentive could be supplied.

"Knowing a little about psychology, and a great deal more about the team, I realized the force of his statement. So I told him to go ahead and I would help him.

"Not one of you, I know realizes the work that man put in. He did it without a thought of reward, merely for the sake of the team and his college. He visited newspapers and influenced the editors to help him. He selected Westham College as the logical rival for this college and began to drive that fact home in every way he could.

"He talked of Westham to members of the team. He enlisted a few loyal friends to spread the spirit of rivalry with Westham through the dormitories and on the campus. He enlisted sports editors to write of Westham as the one big game. In addition to all this, he carried on his other work.

"Well, you all know what the result is. This year Westham was our big rival. And we defeated its team. And we downed every other team but one in preparing for the big game. It was the greatest season our team has ever had and it was due to one man—and he was not a player.

"Jomie," he said, turning to the boy who would have liked to slip under the table, if he could have. "Jomie, stand up."

When Jomie finally got to his feet, confused, a lump in his throat and, although he did not quite realize what it was, a feeling of warmth and elation, the hall was turned into bedlam. It was rent and split and torn asunder by cheers.

"Jomie! Jomie! Jomie Baker! Rah! rah! rah! The best man on the team! Rah! rah! rah!"

When the room finally quieted down again, Prexy turned to Jomie.

"Every year," he said, so that all the room could hear, "we are accustomed to award a scholarship in graduate study to the student who has contributed the most to the college during the year. I generally award it at commencement. This year I am going to take the liberty of awarding it now—to you. Furthermore," he held up his hand for silence as Jomie's friends began once more to cheer, "the athletic governing board last night gave me the great privilege and honor of handing you this."

He handed to Jomie a miniature football in gold. Embossed on it, in the scarlet color of the college, was a large W. In the center was a diamond.

Utterly unable to speak, Jomie took the gift. It was the diamond letter, awarded only for exceptional merit in athletics. He knew only three had been given before his.

Jomie tried hard, but words would not come. He could not tell Prexy, the coaches, or the men how much he appreciated it. But he did not need to. They rushed to him in a body, swung him high in the air, and bore him about the hall chanting triumphantly.

Jomie knew then that he had achieved, even if he couldn't play on the team.

And up in the gallery a white-haired, kindly man shamelessly wiped away the tears of pride in his son.

"He played the man, just the same," he murmured to himself.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Do you agree with the President of Westminster College that James Baker "had contributed most to the college during the year?" Why?
2. What truth is shown by the success of both the team and Baker against great odds?
3. What did Jomie gain by not "carrying a grudge" against Thurston?
4. How was Jomie helped by the advice which his father had given him?

Complete the following so that each will be a sentence which expresses the idea given in the story:

1. Jomie Baker was known as _____ in high school.
2. He was so badly injured that _____.
3. His father said to him, "You won't be able to _____."
4. Thurston said to him on their first meeting, "We'll both _____."
5. It was Thurston who saw to it that _____.
6. When the coach asked Jomie to play, Jomie left the field feeling as if _____.
7. The coach asked Jomie to become _____.
8. Jomie accepted because he felt that even if he were excluded from the bigger things, at least he should _____.
9. Jomie soon began to realize that the spirit, the esprit de corps, _____.
10. When Jomie became manager, he decided that what the team most needed was _____.
11. The President said, "This year I am going to pay tribute to _____."
12. Jomie was given two awards, a _____ and _____.

“LONE-STEER” FOSTER

By BAYARD D. YORK

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Show by means of either a piece of machinery or a drawing how a cog works in a machine. From this explain how every cog is important, because each part of the machine depends upon the other part. What might happen to the machine if something went wrong with one apparently unimportant cog?
2. Give an example of some one who, in order to remain loyal, was forced to risk the loss of money.
3. Describe something you really want to do that you feel is worth while. Outline your plan for accomplishing your aim.
4. Have you ever known a victory that was won by some one carrying on past the point where most people would have given up? Tell about it. Select from the appendix some of the character qualities which such a person must possess.

Find in the dictionary the meanings of these words. List in one column those that mean something you think is desirable; in another column, those that mean something undesirable. Be ready to give reasons for placing the words as you have:

resentfully

fame

energy

efficiency

insignificant

impressively

vividness

silly

disloyalty

irritated

The second practice game of the season drew to a glorious close. From the enthusiastic stands sounded the Lockwood cheer:—

“Rah-rah, rah-rah, rah-rah—
Lockwood, Lockwood, Lockwood!”

Foster, right tackle, walked slowly to the "gym." The team, he felt, was a wonder. Of course, there were still rough spots in the playing, but these would be smoothed out as the season advanced. Every man on the team was either a brilliant player or a smoothly running cog in an almost perfect machine.

Foster was well aware that he was one of the cogs. This was his third year on the team; and in all that time he could not recall one occasion on which, in the heat of play when school spirit ran wild and the cheers were ripped out with crashing force, his name had ever been heard. A cog is not a spectacular thing. Sometimes a realization of this cut into his soul. Then he would say to himself:

"They used to call your father an 'off-ox.' It looks as if you might be labeled 'The Lone Steer.' Forget the other fellows."

Most of the fellows he did forget, plodding his lone, stolid way; but there was one of them who always irritated him. This was Bolles. Like Foster, Bolles was earning his way through school, but there the likeness between them ended. Bolles was popular, clever, well-dressed, a bit slangy. Whatever he tried for always seemed to come to him without effort—to Foster's disgust.

"Well, fellows," said Bolles, breezing into the gym just as Foster was gingerly adjusting the hot and cold water of the shower, "'twas a snappy game. I hand it to you—you're a team!"

Foster gave the little wheel a savage turn, and half scalded himself. He rubbed down and dressed rapidly and then strode out. The gym was too much like a farm-yard of cackling hens, he thought resentfully.

He stopped at the little yellow-front lunchroom for supper, and then climbed the steep stairs to his third-story room.

As a "lone steer" he usually had plenty of opportunity for study. To-night was to be an exception. He was just becoming involved in the intricacies of mediæval history when, dimly at first and then loud and clear, there floated up the

stairway to his open door the whistled strains of "The Wearing of the Green."

Little Nick Hurley danced into the room, singing in ungrammatical paraphrase:

"It's the most distressful country that ever you have knew—

They're hanging men and women here for the wearing of the blue!"

Had Bolles come into the room like that, it would have made Foster wild, but you had to like little Nick whether you wanted to or not.

"That's what Ellington will want to do after the big game," Nick remarked. "But we'll wear the blue just the same, and we'll drape a little blue haze over them—eh, Mr. Right-Tackle Man?"

He eyed the large history book skittishly.

"Say, you study and play football and—and eat and sleep—you do sleep sometimes, don't you?" he said. "Do you do anything else?"

"Isn't that enough?" Foster asked with a bit of a smile.

Nick sat down and threw one leg over the arm of the chair.

"Um-huh!" he agreed. "Only—don't you ever have some great wish not connected with studies or football? Now, me, for instance—I want to be governor some day and wear a silk hat. Don't you—"

The tone of banter disappeared abruptly from Nick's voice. He seemed to realize that his words had struck a deep chord.

Five minutes later Foster was slowly telling something that he had never expected to let anybody know about.

"It isn't an ordinary feeling at all," he said. "It's something that just gets hold of your whole soul and pulls and twists it till—till you're almost ready to do anything—anything you shouldn't," he added with a wry smile. "You see, Mother's folk always lived near the ocean—and the pounding of the breakers and the smell of the salt spray were bred into her bones. When she married Father and he took her to the farm, he promised to go back with her to the shore now and then—but he never did. He never had the money for it. She died the year before Father did—partly of homesickness for the ocean, I think!"

"Jingo!" cried Nick. "It doesn't seem possible."

"And from her I inherited this craving for the ocean that I have never even seen," Foster concluded.

"You've never seen it—why not?"

"I planned to go last summer," Foster said, "but just when I had money enough saved up, the dentist had to have it—and then some other expenses came along."

"That's tough!" exclaimed Nick. "If I had a bank handy, I'd leave the safe unlocked so you could help yourself; but—"

He was interrupted by the sudden appearance at the door of a tall man whose every motion displayed energy and efficiency.

"Evening, Foster," said this new arrival. "You don't know me, but I know you—which is more to the point. May I have ten minutes of your time?"

"Guess I'll move along," murmured Nick. "By-by!"

The energetic person sat down in the chair Nick had just vacated.

"Short words and few of them is my style," he announced. "My name is Bitmore, and I'm from the Central Grocery. We are looking for a young man to work Saturdays. Yes, and"—he held up a hand at Foster's attempted interruption—"I know you play football that day, son. I know all about you. In fact, from the two hundred and forty-six young men who form the masculine part of Lockwood High, I have selected you as the one who most nearly fills my special and very particular requirements. Now—money talks, doesn't it? This is no common proposition that I'm placing before your wondering eyes. Here is the idea in tabloid form: we want you to work from eight A. M. until ten P. M. each Saturday,—work hard, too,—for which we will present to you each Saturday evening six round shiny silver plunks—or their equivalent. Ah—that brought a flicker of interest to your eyes, didn't it!"

He leaned back and shook a finger at the lad.

"What's the matter with the young men of to-day?" he growled. "I've fired nine boys in the past two weeks—if this

goes on much longer, I'll be getting old before my time. Some of them slam around and smash things; some of them go to sleep and fall into the sugar barrel; some of them are sassy to customers. I tell you—" he waved his hands impressively—"there's fame and fortune waiting for the chap who is willing to take a real interest in his work. What about it, son—have you any use for six dollars a week in your young life?"

Lone-steer Foster sat very still. Around his knees his hands were clenched. Had he any use for six dollars a week—ah, the roar of the ocean seemed to grow out of the words!

But—there was the team! For four years now, Ellington Academy had beaten Lockwood. It was no time for anybody to quit.

"I'd like to do it," Foster said, in a low tone. "But I can't go back on the team. After the season is over—"

"Nothing doing," said Bitmore, promptly. "I'm after a man *now*—and I'm going to get one now. To tell the truth, it was just a toss-up between you and another fellow—you won by a hair. I don't want to urge you—but it's now or never with this proposition."

There was a moment of silence.

"Do I understand it's only the team that makes you hesitate?"

"But for that, I'd say 'yes' in a second!" Foster cried.

"Well," said Bitmore; "just between you and me, what has the team ever done for you—they don't pay your room rent, do they?"

Foster's face hardened. The opportunity to realize his great dream of seeing the ocean had come to him at last. Should he throw it away because of any feeling of loyalty to a team and a school that regarded him as a mere cog?

He stood up. "I'll come," he said quietly. "You want me to begin next Saturday, I presume?"

"At eight sharp," said Bitmore, concisely.

When Bitmore had gone, Foster took from one of the shelves behind him a rather large package that was protected by brown wrapping-paper and undid it very carefully.

It was a large magazine. He opened it with slightly unsteady fingers—and for a long time stood looking at the full-page picture of a wonderful surf breaking upon the rocks, the broad blue ocean in the background.

“I am going to see it at last!” he murmured.

He sat down and began to figure how much he would save each week.

Now a cog, even an unimportant cog, cannot be removed from a machine without upsetting the working of it—and Foster was not an insignificant cog, as opposing teams well knew.

His defection hit the team hard. They won two games by rather small scores and tied the next, when all three should have been won by big scores.

The Sunday afternoon following the tie game, Foster heard a disturbance on the stairs, that presently resolved itself into:

“It’s the most distressful country that ever you did know—

They’re hanging men and women now for working in de sto’!”

“Bad poetry, but good principle,” Nick remarked as he came in. “We’re thinking of hanging every fellow who works in a store.”

“Hang away,” said Foster, shortly.

“Well, I’m nothing but a senior,” Nick murmured. “I’ve seen three teams beaten by that Ellington bunch—I suppose I can live through another defeat, though it doesn’t seem so just now.”

He sat down and pulled a bag of chocolate peppermints from his pocket.

“I know you haven’t any vices,” he grinned; “but a couple of these won’t cut your mental efficiency more than three per cent. I’m trying to bribe you into seeing reason. The fellows are pretty sore—and I don’t exactly blame them. I don’t blame you either. It’s all in the point of view. I don’t blame you, but I think you are making a mistake.”

“How?” Foster demanded.

"It's a little hard to put it into words," Nick said slowly. "It's sort of that you are trying to play a lone game—all off by yourself. I don't believe it pays. Now there's Bob Bolles—"

"Bolles!" There was a world of scorn in Foster's tone.

"There's Bob Bolles," Nick continued imperturbably. "I wouldn't trust Bob around the corner with a nickel-plated stickpin; but he's friendly—"

"If you care for that kind of friend," Foster broke in.

"That's just it," Nick replied. "I *don't* care for that kind of a friend; but Bob just takes it for granted that I think he's my long-lost brother—and pretty soon I'm thinking that he is. You can't overlook Bob or snub him—even though there isn't much of anything to him. Now there's a lot to you,—don't bother to bow, I may be saying that just for effect,—but you keep it so tightly shut up inside of yourself that nobody gets any benefit from it."

"I don't owe the fellows anything," said Foster.

Nick reached for another peppermint.

"I'm not so sure of that," he said slowly. "That Satanic old thing they call geometry—you've heard of it, haven't you?—used to say that the whole is greater than any of its parts. Maybe it is. But a part of any school is the thing they call 'school spirit'—and it seems to me that school spirit is something that is bigger than the team, bigger than the fellows, bigger than the whole school."

He rolled the last peppermint onto the table, made a balloon of the bag, and burst it between his hands.

"Anyway, that's how I feel," he went on. "It sounds silly, perhaps—but I'd sacrifice a whole lot for that little blue pennant with the white 'L' on it. That little flag stands for all that the school has been and done in the past eighty years—and that's a bigger thing, Foster, than you or I can hope to chisel out, playing it alone."

Foster sat very still for a long time.

"I don't like to admit it," he said slowly; "but I haven't felt comfortable since I left the team. I wouldn't put it into words, the way you have done, and face it squarely."

"I'm only giving you my idea," Nick said. "I may be wrong."

Foster shook his head slowly.

"I know—inside of me—that you are right," he said.

There were only two more games—Middleton the next Saturday and the big game a week later. It seemed to Foster as if Bitmore ought to be willing to let him off for these two Saturdays.

But this hope was rudely blasted when he spoke to Bitmore.

"No, sir!" that man said promptly. "You can't slip away and then expect to come back again. You aren't the only fellow in town who can work. Mind made up? All right. I'm not sure but that Bolles will suit me better, anyway."

Bolles! If only it could have been some other fellow who was to receive that six dollars a week!

That night, just before going to bed, Foster took the large magazine from the shelf and looked at the picture of the ocean again.

"Oh, well," he said at length, "I'll see it some time!"

Foster went back to the team quietly and without words, his mind made up to atone for his disloyalty. But the Middleton game was a keen disappointment. Lockwood played raggedly and barely won. The old smoothness was gone. The missing cog had been restored, but it no longer fitted perfectly.

As the week of the big game progressed, the practice disclosed little improvement. Still, the players and the school kept alive a faith that the team would "come back" in the game.

This faith was shaken when Ellington scored a touchdown in the first five minutes of play; it glowed again when Lockwood tied the score in the second quarter; and flamed into glorious brightness when Cowles, the full-back, kicked a pretty field-goal and put Lockwood ahead, ten to seven. But in the second half, Ellington ripped things to pieces and scored another touchdown, making the score fourteen to ten.

There it stood when, in the last quarter, Ellington got the

ball near the center of the field and started for the Lockwood goal-line with a fury in her attack that seemed irresistible.

Desperately the Lockwood team fought to hold its ground—and fought in vain. Foot by foot, what had once been the best Lockwood team in years was driven back toward the shadow of its own goal-posts.

Lone-steer Foster, fighting like a demon, glanced toward the stands where the blue banners waved loyally. He looked away again quickly.

The Ellington back crashed through for eight yards. Tears sprang to Foster's eyes. He had been disloyal—and what he had done could not be undone—he had wrecked the wonderful machine in which he had been a cog.

He suddenly felt tired. It was as if heavy weights hung from his shoes. He sensed the fact that his team-mates felt the same. They had lost their spirit.

And as Nick had said, the spirit was the biggest thing of all!

Suddenly he stiffened and dug his heels into the ground. Had he lost his spirit? No!

Not till the last play was over would he concede defeat.

Ellington gained five yards—then seven. Another ten yards of advance, if there were time for it, would give them another touchdown and six or seven points more.

But as Foster knew, the time was very short now. He was not surprised when the Ellington team fell into kicking formation. Black, their clever drop-kicker, was going to try for a goal.

From the Lockwood stands came the sudden hoarse cry: "Block that kick! Block that kick! *Block that kick!*"

And in that moment, with the tears of defeat bitter upon his cheeks, Lone-steer Foster saw his opportunity. He must block that kick!

It would not win the game—that was hopeless now, but it would keep the score down. And it would, at least, be one act that might in some measure atone for his disloyalty.

Tensely he waited. The Ellington quarter-back called the signal sharply. The ball moved, and Foster leaped forward with upstretched hands—to block that kick or die!

The opposing tackle tried to stop him—and failed. A mountain could not have stopped him.

Then, with that blinding vividness with which a man sees in the instant of a great crisis, Foster saw Hills, the Lockwood right end, just ahead of him; and near Hills, ready to force him out of the play, the crouching Ellington quarter-back.

There were two things that Foster could do: he could try to smother the kick himself, or he could charge into the Ellington quarter-back and let Hills try to block the kick. And Hills was nearer Black than Foster was.

Foster did not hesitate. It was his moment of supreme sacrifice. He plunged against the crouching quarter-back—and gave Hills the chance to block the kick.

Foster lived through the next five minutes as a man lives in a dream. He heard the sharp thud of the kick—then a muffled thud near him. Vaguely he sensed that Hills had blocked the kick.

Then something struck the ground in front of him—something dark and oval. Instinctively he reached for it—clasped it in his arms—started forward toward the Ellington goal-line!

To himself, he did not seem to be moving,—but the white lines flashed by his blurred vision. There were men just behind him. He could hear their fierce panting and the pounding of their feet on the ground.

They were gaining on him. He had never been much of a runner, anyway. He glanced up. There was not a man between him and the distant goal-line!

At that moment something broke loose in Foster's soul. He began to run like a wild man—faster and still faster!

He felt a sharp tug at his legs—then again he was running free!

Straight between the goal-posts he ran—and touched the ball to the ground. A great roar was sounding in his ears—

the roar, it seemed, of that distant ocean which he had never seen :

"Rah-rah, rah-rah, rah-rah—
Foster! *Foster!* FOSTER!"

Then, suddenly, it came to him what it was—the crashing Lockwood cheer, given as never a Lockwood cheer had been heard in all the days that Lockwood teams had fought and won!

He walked unsteadily out on the field and watched Cowles kick the goal. And as the ball sailed straight and true between the goal-posts, the shrill whistle sounded across the field.

The game was over! Lockwood had won at last!

From the blue stands, a wild mob began to pour out onto the field. It surrounded the members of the team, lifted them from the ground, and marched away with them.

And there, at the head of the procession, raised a little higher than the others upon the shoulders of his schoolmates, rose Lone-steer Foster!

Half an hour later, in the gym, that looked as if it had been struck by a cyclone, Nick came up to Foster.

"I'm master of ceremonies to-night," he said. "You are to make a speech."

"I—I can't," said Foster.

"You not only can—you must," Nick replied. "This is official—and final."

After a while Foster got away from the fellows and slipped away to the familiar lunch-room. He wanted to think quietly for a few minutes.

And there Bitmore found him.

"I'd get down on my knees," the efficiency man said, "only the floor doesn't look very clean. Will you come back, sweetheart, oh, will you come back to me?"

Foster stared a bit. "I thought you had a good man," he said.

"I *thought* I had," Bitmore said. "This fellow Bolles is a funny proposition. He evidently gets away with it most of the time—but not with your old Uncle Billy Bitmore. You've

got stuff in you—Bolles hasn't. That's the whole story."

"You'd like to have me come back?" Foster asked.

"Don't use such language!" the man exclaimed. "I wouldn't *like* to have you back—but I would *love* to have you, I'd grovel—I'd—"

"I'll come," said Foster, with a smile.

"Can you come to-night?" Bitmore asked abruptly.

The roar of the distant ocean was in Foster's ears—but there was a louder sound even than that—the roar of that crashing cheer that had carried his name.

His smile deepened. He was thinking that he would be a "lone steer" no longer.

"No," he told Bitmore, "I can't come to-night—I've got to make a speech to-night!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Show how Foster as a cog in the football machine was really more important than he realized.
2. State clearly just what was Foster's problem when Mr. Bitmore asked him to work on Saturdays. Why was the decision difficult?
3. Was Foster's desire to be near the ocean worth while? Give reasons for your answer.
4. At what point in the story does Foster most clearly show the strength of his character and the depth of his loyalty?

Not all of the following statements are true. Be prepared to state which are true and which are false:

1. It seemed difficult for Bolles to earn his way through school.
2. Nick was more likable than Bolles.
3. Foster loved the ocean, because he had grown up within sight of it.
4. Mr. Bitmore in the early part of the story showed that he was a good judge of character.
5. In his description of the nine boys he fired, he is probably unjustly critical.
6. Foster agrees to take the job in the first place, because he is tired of playing on the team.

7. Nick shows that he is an understanding sort of person.
8. Foster felt uncomfortable after he had left the team.
9. Foster won the game for Lockwood, because he planned to play the game so that he himself would make all the winning plays.
10. Foster lost his chance of going to the ocean by being loyal to his team.

THE WINNER WHO DID NOT PLAY

By DEVEREUX ROBINSON

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. What is meant by saying that a team cannot win by itself? How can other members of a student body help?
2. What do students who are not members of the team gain from interscholastic events?
3. In the so-called public schools of England everybody has to take part in athletics and there is no one school team. What do you think of such a system? What are its good points? Its bad points?
4. What is meant by the expression, "Make your head save your heels?"

Oftentimes in reporting a conversation we make our speech sound tiresome by repeating the words, "said" and "asked." List as many words as you can to take the place of "said"; "asked." Keep these in mind as you read the story and note how the author has avoided repeating "said" and "asked." The next time you are reporting a conversation try to use a like variety of expression.

It was the first time I had ever seen "Chunky" Potter run. He came bounding in from the gym, his balloon cheeks flushed, and his breath coming in chugs.

"Gone—disappeared!" he wailed, falling on me like a young hippopotamus.

"What's gone—what's disappeared?" I demanded.

"It's Boots!" Chunky panted. "He's missing—vanished!" I began to catch some of Chunky's excitement. "Boots" Ryan was the best center who ever dribbled a ball for East-gate High. All season we had been counting on him to turn

the trick against Mapleton, the school that had taken us into camp five years straight. We were invading Mapleton Saturday—to-morrow—and here was Chunky telling me that Boots had disappeared.

"Talk sense, will you?" I snorted, shaking Chunky's well-upholstered shoulder. "Where has Boots disappeared?"

"Let go of me and talk sense yourself," replied Chunky. "How could he be disappeared *anywhere*? If he were anywhere, he wouldn't be disappeared, would he? He's gone, that's all, and out in all this snow, too. He hasn't been to school to-day, wasn't home last night, and there isn't a trace of him any place. If he doesn't turn up in time to go to Mapleton to-morrow, we're sunk."

"What's going to be done?" I asked.

"Why, we're going to find him!" Chunky declared. "Police have been notified, and the sheriff, but it's really up to us. About all the rural phones went dead in last night's blizzard, so they won't help. Some of the fellows are over at the gym now getting ready to scour the river-bottoms. Another bunch in cars is going to hunt through the country in every direction. Now if you can get your dad's car—"

"You'll ride with me," I put in the words for him. "You animated medicine-ball, you won't come out for sports and do something for your school yourself, but when the school's one real athlete gets lost, you will help hunt for him—if you can ride."

Chunky grinned good-naturedly.

"Some one has to ride!" he argued.

"A big walrus like you should be hiking through the river-bottoms," I complained, as we crawled into our overcoats; "but come on."

We were whipped by an arctic wind as we threaded our way through the snow-drifts which the late February storm had heaped into Eastgate. Bitter cold had set in after the snow, and we were thankful for the big coat-collars that came up around our ears.

"Where do you suppose he could be in weather like this?" Chunky remarked, shivering.

"If we only knew," I shrugged. "I can't believe he is in any danger. That boy Boots can take care of himself. Still, it must be something pretty serious, for he knows as well as you or I that we're playing Mapleton to-morrow."

We stopped at Boots's house on our way to mine. His mother was a woman with a large family and many worries. She refused to be greatly concerned about her son's overnight absence.

"Dear me, boys," she smiled, "you're not going out in all this cold to look for Hubert, are you? He's been away like this before. He's probably sitting by the stove in some warm farm-house waiting for the weather to break so he can get home without chilling his nose."

"You haven't any idea where he went?" Chunky questioned.

"Land's sake, no!" she answered, throwing up her hands. "I never could keep track of that boy. He got a letter yesterday and went off on his bicycle the minute he read it. I suppose he rode out into the country and got caught in the storm. Didn't it turn cold quickly, though? He knows a lot of farmers. Some of them took him in for the night and he is staying there to-day to work out his board."

"Do you have that letter, Mrs. Ryan?" Chunky asked.

"No," she replied, "he must have stuffed it into his pocket when he left. I found the envelop it came in on the table to-day."

"May we see the envelop, please?" requested Chunky. She pointed it out on the table and he took it up eagerly.

"Keep it if you want it," she told him.

Chunky's face fell as he scanned the envelop, first on one side then the other.

"No return address," he grumbled, slipping it into his pocket; "not even a hint as to who sent it."

When we left the house I said to Chunky, "Wish I could be as cheerful about Boots as his mother is."

"Me too," he mumbled from the depths of his huge coat. "Boots isn't loafing around any farm-house fire with the

Mapleton game coming off. He'd be here if he had to freeze his eyebrows to make it. There's something wrong."

Dad let me have the roadster the minute I told him why we wanted it. For miles we bucked the deep snow on the country roads, the cold biting through the lap-robies. An occasional farmer, who shook his head when asked about Boots and went hurrying about his chores, was the only life we saw.

It was long after dark when we returned to the city. Other searching-parties were straggling in, half-frozen and discouraged. Boots had not been found. We all agreed that nothing more could be done that night.

"Boots is still missing," was the word that ran through town Saturday morning. The searching-parties took the field again, braving the bitter cold, which still continued. I rolled the roadster out of the garage and drove over to pick up Chunky. He stuck his nose out of his nice warm house when I honked and called:

"I'm not going. Please come in here a minute."

I went, ripping mad, ready to drag him out by his lazy legs.

"What do you mean, you're 'not going'?" I demanded. "Are you going to sit here over a radiator, while Boots is out freezing somewhere and we are playing Mapleton with a sub center?"

Chunky grinned and waited for me to calm down.

"See this envelop?" he said, holding up the one in which the letter to Boots had come. "I believe we can find out about Boots at the place from which this was sent. He started out immediately after reading the letter it contained. It looks as if that letter were a message asking him to go somewhere. Evidently he went, and he hasn't come back."

"But how can we find who sent the letter?" I asked.

"I don't know," Chunky shrugged, "but we can try. It's better than going out and freezing ourselves to death on another wild-goose chase. The only marks on the envelop, aside from it being sort of dirty, are Boots's address, scrawled in pencil, and the postmark, which shows it came in at the

Eastgate post-office at four-ten Wednesday afternoon. Let's go down to the post-office and see if we can tell anything by that."

Mr. Grimes, the postmaster, took us into his office when we told him we were trying to trace the missing Boots through an envelop.

"Is there any way we can tell where this came from?" Chunky questioned, producing the envelop.

The postmaster examined it a moment, then shook his head. "It might have come from 'most anywhere, boys," he said. "It might have been dropped in the mail-box here at the post-office Wednesday afternoon by some one living in town, or it might have been brought in from the country by the rural carriers whose mail is canceled about four o'clock."

"I have an idea it came from the country," Chunky piped up. "If we knew which rural carrier brought it in, we'd know from what part of the country it came, at least. Which of the rural carriers gets in at four o'clock?"

"Oh, there's half a dozen of them," replied the postmaster, handing back the envelop. "You can't tell anything from that."

Chunky looked crestfallen.

"You had a fine idea, only it wouldn't work," I remarked. "Come on, let's get out and hunt."

"You just hold your horses," he growled, turning the envelop over and over and studying it intently. After a minute, he asked, "What time does the carrier whose route goes through Boone township get in, Mr. Grimes?"

"He is one of those due about four o'clock," the postmaster replied.

"Then he's the man who brought in this letter," Chunky declared.

"I'm afraid you're just guessing, aren't you, son?" Mr. Grimes smiled.

"There's no guesswork about it," Chunky vowed. "This letter could have come from just one place in Eastgate County—Boone township—and just the western part of that.

"How do I know?" he went on, seeing doubting looks on

our faces. "Well, Wednesday was warm and the ground was thawing, you remember. Consequently, when this envelop was dropped by the person mailing it, it fell in the mud. The mud was cleaned off, but not very carefully, and a little remained along this edge."

He showed us a tiny streak of dried mud near one corner, and continued: "If you remember what we studied in the 'ag' class, Badger, you know that the soil of Eastgate County is largely of three types, black loam, sandy loam, and sandy clay. In just one place in the county, the western half of Boone township, there is an area of red clay. That mud on the envelop is red."

We looked closer and, sure enough, the mark of mud had a reddish tinge.

"Sam Walters carries the Boone township route," said the postmaster. "He hasn't been able to get through the hills out there since the storm; but he will be in this morning, and perhaps he can remember where he picked up this particular envelop."

We waited and waited. Finally Mr. Walters arrived.

"I might have brought that in, boys," he said, when shown the envelop; "but I handle scores of letters every day and, of course, I can't remember any certain one."

"There's just one thing for us to do," Chunky told me, as we left the post-office, "and that is to go out to Boone township as quickly as that old boat of yours will take us."

We had lost a lot of time at the post-office, and it was nearly noon when we got started. Not a trace of Boots had been found, and the team, accompanied by a small band of rooters, was taking the noon train for the fifty-mile trip to Mapleton without him.

The locality for which we were headed was ten miles straight back into the hills. The going became almost impossible as the hills closed in around us, deep drifts choking the valley through which the road wound. Finally, I stopped the car and said:

"Look here, Chunky, it has taken an hour to make the last three miles. We haven't passed a farm-house since I don't

know when. We must be in the center of your red-clay district, but we haven't seen a chipmunk, let alone anything that looks like Boots. He couldn't be out here."

Chunky didn't answer. He was staring at a lane which opened on the road a little way ahead.

"Badger!" he exclaimed, "do you know that lane?"

"Yes," I told him, recognizing a landmark, "it's the lane leading back to Uncle Jack's greenhouses."

Uncle Jack was a queer old botanist who lived back in the hills and experimented with strange plants. We fellows often visited him in the summer, on our hikes into the hills. He was a friendly old chap, to us boys, at least, and we always called him Uncle Jack.

"I've got a hunch!" Chunky shouted, slapping my shoulder. "Boots is at Uncle Jack's."

He sprang from the car, I after him. We wallowed up the lane, the smooth snow showing that not a person had gone that way since the storm. We must have walked a quarter of a mile before we topped a hill and looked down on Uncle Jack's greenhouses, nestling in a little valley. Smoke was pouring from the chimney of the boiler-room as if some one were heaping on fresh coal.

We waded on and hammered at the door of the living-quarters. There was no answer. We tried the door, found it open, and stepped inside.

"Hello!" I called, "any one here?" Only the echo of my voice answered. We advanced to the door of Uncle Jack's bedroom and peered inside. On the bed lay the old man, breathing heavily in a deep sleep.

The sound of shoveling came from the boiler-room. We made our way toward the noise. The glow from the open furnace-door fell on the figure of a tall fellow who was heaving a scoopful of coal into the fiery depths.

"Boots!"

The exclamation from both of us came in a gasp of relief. Boots turned, surprised, while Chunky burst out excitedly:

"What are you doing out here? Man, man, all Eastgate

has been combing the country for you! And we're playing Mapleton to-night. The team has gone without you!"

"He's sick," Boots motioned toward Uncle Jack's room. "I have to stay here to keep up the fires and keep his plants from freezing. It's been a night-and-day fight against this cold. I couldn't leave long enough to call help or to tell any one where I was. Thank goodness, you've come!"

"How on earth—" I began, but Chunky cut me short.

"No time for talk now," he chirped. "Get going, you two." He glanced at his watch. "It's ten minutes to four. The last train's gone, but if you drive your best, you may make it. You can call a doctor on your way."

Chunky peeled off his big overcoat and held it for Boots.

"Get into this!" he commanded. "I'm going to take care of things here while Badger takes you to Mapleton to win that game."

Chunky's white, fat hand took the shovel from Boots's hard, coal-begrimed one.

"You can't do this, Chunky," Boots protested. "It's a man-killing job. If those greenhouse thermometers fall below fifty, years of Uncle Jack's work will be wiped out."

"Can't I?" snapped Chunky. "I can't play basket-ball, but I can shovel as well as you can. Make tracks before it's too late."

Boots looked at me for advice.

"It's all you can do," I told him.

A few directions about the heating-plant and the care of Uncle Jack, and we were off.

"Good old Chunky!" Boots remarked, as we pushed out into the frigid afternoon.

"Say, tell me," I asked, "how did it all happen?"

"Well," he explained, "I got a letter from Uncle Jack, Thursday. You know I worked for him some last summer. He said his helpers had left him suddenly and he was all alone. He wasn't feeling very well and needed some medicine. He couldn't leave the place, so he asked if I couldn't bring it to him."

"I jumped on my wheel, got his medicine, and pedaled out here with it. When I arrived, I found Uncle Jack in bed, helpless, and the snow-storm beginning. There wasn't anything else to do but stay."

I sent the roadster flying back to Eastgate in the tracks we had broken on the way out. Boots dozed in the seat beside me. Darkness had fallen when we drove into town.

Pulling up at a filling-station, I ordered gasoline and ran to a drugstore across the street.

"A hot malted-milk, with two eggs in it, as fast as you can make it," I called to the soda-fountain boy, and grabbed up the telephone. In a few seconds I had Police-chief Carter on the wire.

"We've found Ryan," I sang into the transmitter. "He's all right. Get the word to his mother and rush a doctor out to Uncle Jack's greenhouse. He's sick."

"By the way," I added, "you can tell the world Eastgate is going to win to-night."

I rushed the steaming malted-milk across the street to Boots and made him sip it as we got under way again. The court-house clock showed six sharp when we passed. The game was to be called at eight, and fifty miles of snow-heaped roads separated us from the playing-floor.

Boots settled deep into the laprobes, and the roaring of the motor soon sang him back to sleep. I clung to the wheel and pushed the accelerator as far down as I dared. Speed was impossible. On wind-swept stretches, where only a thin crust of white clung to the road, I was able to open up a little, but in dips of the road where previously passing cars had left deep ruts through drifts, I had to drop into second gear.

Hours passed, it seemed. I couldn't look at my watch and had no idea what time it was. Finally, a glow of light in the sky ahead told me we were nearing the city. In a few minutes more, we were shooting through the streets of Mapleton.

A bump jolted Boots into consciousness. "Where are we?" he yawned, rubbing his eyes.

"Almost there," I answered. "If we're only on time!"

We heard cheering when we were two blocks from the gym. The game was on. It was the Mapleton crowd cheering, of course, and we knew well enough what that meant.

I jerked the car to a stop in front of the gym. Boots dashed for the building, I at his heels. As we bounded up the steps, a revolver cracked and the Mapleton cheering broke out with renewed frenzy.

"It's all over," I groaned, "and they've won."

We stopped midway on the steps. I became suddenly tired all over, and Boots wilted completely. A wildly excited Mapleton student, who burst out of the door, nearly knocked us over.

"Whoopee!" the fellow shouted. "Twenty to seven at the end of the half!"

"End of the half!" we both echoed, and came to life like a flash.

You should have seen the Eastgate rooters when we walked down the floor. They were sitting as solemn as judges in the midst of hundreds of hilarious Mapleton rooters, who packed the gym. One of our fellows recognized Boots and let out a whoop. Then they all saw him and were turned into wild men, standing on their seats, waving hats, and howling with joy.

The Mapleton crowd was puzzled by this sudden demonstration. They had heard about the missing Eastgate star, but it took a few moments for them to understand. When they did, they burst out into applause, and their yell-leader led them in nine good big ones for Boots.

I squeezed in among the Eastgaters and told them about it as we waited for play to begin again.

Eastgate took the offensive with a rush that swept Mapleton off its feet, when the second half opened. With Boots in the pivot position, our fellows were always a hard bunch to stop, but never had they shown the stuff they displayed that second period against Mapleton. Boots seemed to have thrown off the fatigue of his night-and-day work at Uncle Jack's. He led every play and his pep inspired every player on the team.

Eastgate goals swished through the basket in a stream. The

Mapleton lead was cut in half in the first five minutes. Our little group of rooters yelled themselves hoarse, while the big Mapleton crowd looked on glumly.

The Mapleton five rallied determinedly when they saw their overwhelming lead vanishing. They scored once on a long shot and added a couple more points from the foul line. Eastgate came back with a display of pretty passing which carried the ball close under the basket, where Boots threw short sure shots again and again. We were right on Mapleton's heels, the score standing 24 to 22.

But Father Time was on Mapleton's side. Signals from the bench told the players that only one minute of play remained. Mapleton flung a five-man defense across the floor, determined to hang on to that two-point advantage until the final gun. Things looked desperate. Boots took the ball and dribbled full-speed at the Mapleton formation. Right down the floor he went, straight for the basket, Mapleton guards hanging all over him. The play was almost too fast to follow. I saw the ball shoot upward and, without touching the ring, fall swishing through the net.

Before the groan which ran through the Mapleton rooters had died away, he had done it again—dribbled through the entire team and hit the basket. Mapleton was beaten for the first time in five years!

After the game, Boots fell exhausted in the dressing-room. We carried him to a hotel and put him to bed. I discovered I was too tired to drive back to Eastgate that night and "hit the hay" with him.

Sleep—maybe we didn't "saw wood"! We didn't come to until after nine o'clock the next morning. We were dressing leisurely—when we both remembered at the same instant!

"Chunky!" we gasped, staring at each other open-mouthed and guilty-faced.

We flung on the rest of our clothes like a couple of firemen answering an alarm, and were off in the roadster in less than no time. I put the old car over the road, and by eleven o'clock we were roaring into Eastgate.

We stopped just long enough to pick up Hank Woods, a

laborer, and crowding him into the car, we set out for Uncle Jack's.

When we arrived, Uncle Jack was sitting up in bed, much improved.

"Go stop that boy," he smiled, indicating the boiler-room. "He's roasting me out."

Chunky was dozing against the corner of the coal-bin when we reached him. Great black circles were under his eyes. His hands, still holding a shovel, were grimy and swollen. When he saw us he grinned weakly and pointed to a thermometer.

"They got down to fifty-five once," he said, "but I won. How did you come out?"

"Twenty-six to twenty-four!" we told him, and he led a three-man snake-dance through the greenhouses, leaving Hank to take over the work.

Spring came in a few weeks, and Eastgate High closed its most successful basketball season in years with a big celebration in the school auditorium. The players were called to the front, one by one, by Superintendent Craig and presented with blue sweaters bearing the big white "E" of Eastgate. When the last of the athletes had been honored, Mr. Craig still had one sweater left. It was a huge thing. He held it up, saying:

"This is for a lad who was never seen on the basket-ball floor, yet who won the season's finest victory—Cecil Potter."

The whole school burst into deafening applause. As an embarrassed fat boy came forward, our yell-leader called for cheer, and we roared:

"Chunky! Chunky! Chunky!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Show how the basket-ball team was dependent on others besides the team members to win.
2. Why was the winning of this game so important in Chunky's mind?

3. If Chunky had been in an English school, what would athletics have meant to him?
4. How did Chunky make his "head save his heels?" What prevented Boots from doing the same? State the reason given in the story for your answer.

Not all the following statements are true. Be prepared to state which are true and which are false:

1. Boots Ryan was the best center who ever dribbled a basket-ball at Eastgate High School.
2. He disappeared the day before the Middleton game.
3. The hunt for him by the police had failed to locate him.
4. The weather was very cold.
5. Hubert's (Boots') mother was much upset over his disappearance.
6. Boots had left home after receiving a "special Delivery" letter.
7. The envelope of the letter was stamped with the name of a nearby village.
8. The rural carrier did not remember the letter.
9. The envelope had gray mud marks on it.
10. The boys located Boots at a place where he had worked the previous summer.
11. Uncle Jack was ill and some one had to stay with him.
12. Chunky offered to stay.
13. When Boots arrived at Mapleton the game had just begun.
14. The Eastgate team did not need Boots.
15. The Eastgate team won.

WIN OR LOSE!

By BAYARD DANIEL YORK

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. It is estimated that a boy who has stopped school at the end of the eighth grade earns on an average of five hundred dollars a year; one who graduates from high school, on an average of a thousand dollars a year. Figure for yourself the money value alone of each year of high school training for the ten years following graduation from high school. Suggestion: Find the difference in the earnings per year between the money received by a boy who graduated from high school and the one who stopped school at the end of the eighth grade. Multiply this figure by ten to find out how much he would have gained in ten years. To find how much each year of his high-school training was worth for this period, divide by four.
2. What is meant by the statement, "Most boys who leave high school before graduation obtain only *blind-alley jobs*?" Name some such jobs.
3. What character qualities are developed through high-school activities outside of classroom study. Consult the appendix for the list of characteristics.
4. Of what value is training the muscles of the body to answer promptly to the will? Imagine a situation where success or failure depends upon such training. Explain.

Give the antonyms, or opposites, of the following words as suggested by the title of this story:

adventurous
fail

defeat
frantic

hope
determination
bitter

bold
accept
smiled

What is meant by the expression, "Find onself?"

For a week, Dan Collins had felt that the blow was about to fall. He was not surprised when, on Saturday noon, Mr. Evans called him into the office.

"We've decided we need an older boy," the man said. "I'm sorry. However, you'll find plenty of good jobs."

Dan said, "Yes, sir," with a steady voice; but once he was out on the street, he blinked rapidly and stumbled along with downcast eyes.

It was a bitter hour. His mind went back to the day, now seven months in the past, when he had left Millersville to make his fortune in the city. He recalled very vividly the jaunty manner in which he had said good-by to his father, to poky old Mr. Brady at the corner grocery store where Dan had sometimes worked on Saturdays, to Bob Clark and the other members of the "club."

On a page of his pocket memorandum-book, in large printed letters, he had inscribed three words, his motto for the adventures that lay before him:

WIN OR LOSE!

The words had an adventurous sound, a come-what-may sort of ring. Of course he was going to win!

And now—well, he had lost—that was all. There were other jobs, as Mr. Evans had said; but Dan had no thought of seeking one of them. He had tried five different positions in the seven months, and failed in each of them.

He had lost his chance to make his fortune in the city. But he had lost more than that—the opportunity to grow and develop, to learn the ways of business and the manners of the world. A fellow could not amount to anything back in Millersville!

He bought his ticket with the vague hope that the train might be wrecked on the way. But nothing of the sort happened.

As Dan walked up Elm Street he met Bob Clark. "Why—hello!" said Bob. "Home for a visit?"

Dan resisted the temptation to say "Yes."

"Back to stay," he answered briefly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob. He was silent for a moment; then added. "Good place to come back to."

Dan nodded and walked on. Bob's tone had been matter-of-fact, slightly sharp.

Dan's father and mother said little upon his unexpected arrival. They might have reminded him that they had never approved of his going to the city, but they did not. His father asked him what he intended to do.

"Get a job at Brady's grocery, maybe," Dan replied. But when he saw Mr. Brady in the afternoon the storekeeper was not encouraging.

"Got one steady clerk—that's all I need," he grunted. "Might use you on Saturdays and just before holidays—don't know."

Dan walked slowly along the street, out toward the wooded hills that were beginning to show tints of red and gold. In all of Millersville, there did not seem to be a single friendly voice or hand. It was but natural, he thought, now that he had come back a failure.

Soon he had left the town behind him. Then, "Hello!" called a deep voice behind him.

The boy turned. A man whose athletic slenderness was emphasized by tightly fitting leggings was coming toward him with long strides.

"Out for a walk?" said the man. "So am I—and I like company. I've just counted seventeen different shades of color on the hill in front of us."

"No!" Dan exclaimed.

"It's a rather wonderful world—best I've ever lived in yet," the man added, with a quizzical smile. "I think your name is Dan Collins—mine's Putnam."

He stopped and clasped Dan's hand in a hearty grip.

"Sometimes called 'Old Putty' by the bad ones," he chuckled.

Dan stared.

"Maybe I need to explain a little," Mr. Putnam remarked, noting the stare. "I'm the new principal of the high school. I think I saw your name on last year's list."

"Yes," Dan muttered.

"Coming back? We need a pair of shoulders like yours for our football team."

"No," Dan said. "Last year I left to go to work."

"To earn money," the principal supplemented. "Do you think earning money beats getting an education?"

"Yes," Dan said shortly.

"Lots of folks do," said Mr. Putnam. "We surely do need your shoulders on the team," he added, as if to himself. He looked up. "Some one was telling me you went over to the city," he went on. "Like it?"

For a moment Dan scowled straight ahead—then his reserve gave way in a flood of words.

"I was too thick-headed," he burst out. "I couldn't make change fast—couldn't think the way I needed to—kept making mistakes. Oh, I liked the city—but the city didn't care for me."

The principal did not speak for a minute.

"That's too bad," he said at length. "But I should think that you'd want to come to school and learn how to think fast and straight—how to make your mind hop around, and lie down and roll over, just like a well-trained circus-dog. That's what school is for, you know. Let's see—you'd take geometry. Our teacher of geometry is a wonder. Our course in football is good; and then along in the spring we have a special course in baseball that teaches you how to hold yourself tight and think like lightning in a crisis. Then there's the Clarion Club. Bob Clark is the president—seems to me he said you used to be a member. The club runs the school paper now. As an old member you would be eligible for assistant editor, or manager, or something."

"Running errands would be about my place," Dan said, rather gloomily.

"Well—we need a good errand-boy," Mr. Putnam responded.

"I—don't think I'll come," said Dan.

But that night as he sat in his room, half-undressed, staring moodily at the flickering gas-light, the thought of his old motto came to him again. Win or lose! Probably there was nothing in what the principal had said about school—but there might be. It was a sporting chance.

"I'll try it!" Dan muttered suddenly.

The weeks passed slowly. Dan tackled school life with a grim determination. He was familiar with the sting of defeat—he longed to taste the joy of victory. He became a reporter for the "Clarion" and a member of the football team.

Then, sudden and unexpected, disaster came.

It happened in the final quarter of the last football game of the season—Millersville High against Baltic Academy. Millersville was leading, 13 to 7, and as the game drew toward a close, Dan and his team-mates were rushing toward the academy goal-line for another touchdown, when somebody fumbled and Baltic got the ball.

Three times the opposing team tried the Millersville line—they could not gain. Then the Baltic full-back stepped back to punt.

Dan ran down the field from his regular half-back position to help receive the ball.

He saw half of the Baltic players suddenly shift their positions—saw the ball snapped into play—and then for an instant his mind went blank.

The full-back had not punted. It was a trick play—a last desperate resort. For a moment the players seemed to unite in a compact bunch; then they spread out a little.

And then, from out the huddled, sprawling group, Dan saw a Baltic player appear and charge down the side of the field where he was standing as if dazed.

In that instant the boy sensed all the meaning of the situation. The game was almost over; a touchdown by Baltic would

tie the score at the least; and he—Dan Collins—stood alone between the goal and that dashing fellow with the ball.

Many a night that winter Dan awoke and, with the cold sweat upon his forehead, lived over this moment. If he could only have made the tackle! Or, failing that, if he could but have *tried* to make the tackle!

For he did not even try! His mind seemed to be shouting frantic commands to his muscles—commands that were not heeded. For a minute he stood motionless—and then, when it was too late, he rushed wildly, hopelessly forward.

The score was tied. The Baltic full-back kicked the goal—and Baltic had won, 14 to 13.

No one ever mentioned the game to Dan except Mr. Putnam; and the principal's attempt at sympathy was weak and halting. Three times Dan made up his mind to leave school—and each time he set his teeth and went back.

Spring came at last; and one morning Mr. Putnam stopped Dan in the corridor. "That baseball course begins to-day, you know—on the diamond at four o'clock," he said. "You'll be there, won't you?"

Dan had intended to say no. But Mr. Putnam was a hard person to say no to. Anyway, there was no harm in going out to practice once or twice. Dan had pitched a little, back in grammar-school days.

That afternoon, as he caught the first carelessly thrown ball, Dan felt a little thrill of excitement. At the time, he did not understand it; and when at his first try-out in the box a sudden exultation seized him, he did not understand that, either. Mr. Putnam was the first to understand—then slowly the whole school began to understand.

Dan was a pitcher such as the little town of Millersville had never possessed before! Under Mr. Putnam's careful coaching, he mastered the more intricate matters of speed and control and judgment. As the season progressed, the games with schools of Millersville's own size became more and more farcical, for the opponents could do nothing with Dan's pitching.

At the end of the season there loomed up the great game

with Coburn High—a game that Millersville always expected to lose because the large city high school outclassed it. But this year a new thought ran through the school. At first there were halting whispered words; by and by a few people were bold enough to speak out; at last, doubts gave place to assurance. With Dan Collins in the box, Millersville could win!

The night before the game Dan went to his room and bolted the door. For a long time he sat in darkness, his hands clenched, his teeth set!

The next afternoon, as Dan was in the gymnasium drawing on his uniform with cold, unsteady fingers, Mr. Putnam came in.

“Good luck, Dan,” he said, quietly. “Remember, boy, that we are all behind you. We want to win; but win or lose, we are behind you till the last man is out—don’t forget that.” He smiled slightly. “Know J. Spencer Northrop?” he asked, looking around at the several players who were in sight. “J. Spencer is Millersville’s richest graduate—he runs a big business over in the city. And he’s crazy about baseball. He comes down every year; almost cries when Coburn beats us. If we win to-day—well, I imagine J. Spencer Northrop will climb the flagpole, give us a million dollars—or drop dead, or something.”

As the preliminary practice on the field drew to a close, and the bands, the cheering, and the waving banners made the stands a riot of noise and color, Dan was glad that Millersville was to bat first. This gave him a few more minutes’ grace.

But the respite was short. The local batters went out in one-two-three order. Then, without being conscious of how he came there, Dan found himself in the box, and heard the umpire call, “Play ball!”

Dan moved very slowly. He adjusted the ball in the curve of his fingers; swung his arms—and pitched. The umpire called “Ball one.”

On the second pitched ball, Lee, the Coburn batter, made a clean single. Then Potter, the lanky first baseman, came to bat, and received four balls in succession. Dan set his teeth.

Nelson was up now, and he was Coburn's heaviest hitter.

The catcher signaled for a high one. Before the ball left Dan's hand, he knew what he had done. He had indeed sent the ball high—so high that the catcher could not reach it. With a feeling of helpless horror, he saw the ball bounce against the back-stop and heard the pounding of feet as the two men on bases advanced to second and third respectively.

Although Dan did not know it, his lower lip was bleeding where his teeth had closed upon it. There was fear in the boy's heart; but something iron was in his muscles. His nerve was not yet broken.

He pitched a strike—then a ball. Then a sharp crack of the bat sent the ball sailing far over Dan's head. Davis, the center-fielder, judged it accurately, ran under it—and muffed it!

Davis's quick throw to the plate prevented a score, but the bases were filled. The din from the Coburn stands became deafening.

But Dan did not hear it. For him the world had contracted into a narrow rectangle reaching from the pitcher's box to the plate. He sensed nothing except the ball in his hand, the catcher's signal, and the path along which he must send the ball.

Twice he hurled curves which broke so sharply that Sturgess, at bat, missed the ball. The next two pitches were balls.

Then happened a play that was destined to be told over until it became history.

Sturgess caught the ball "on the nose." It was a terrific line-drive. Some observers said that the ball was twelve feet above the ground when it reached the pitcher's box. It looked like a sure two-base hit—possibly a three-bagger. Lee, Potter, and Nelson were running madly. There was a chance that all three of them might score.

But Dan had leaped high into the air. The ball struck his glove and dropped to the ground. No player could have held it.

The pitcher sprang forward, caught up the ball, turned

—and hurled it toward the home-plate. The throw was accurate. The ball and Lee reached the plate at almost the same instant, but the ball was ahead! Lee was out.

But that was not all. For Maynard, the catcher, turned and threw the ball to first, getting it there ahead of Sturgess. Instead of two or three runs for Coburn, there were two outs to the credit of Millersville!

Jensen was now at the bat.

“Strike one!” shouted the umpire.

Dan seemed to move slowly; but the ball showed only as a faint streak as it sped to the plate.

“Strike two!”

Again Dan swung his long arms. Again the ball traveled along the narrow path that seemed to the boy to stand out as if marked by visible lines.

“Strike three!”

The inning was over—and Coburn had not scored!

As Dan walked to the bench, Mr. Putnam ran to meet him. “Splendid, my boy!” he said.

Dan smiled a little.

“I’m all right now,” he said quietly. “I’ve found myself—at last!”

The innings passed. No Coburn base-runner was able to get beyond second base. But—and here was the rub—Millersville was unable to score.

In the first half of the ninth, Maynard made a hit, stole second, and advanced to third on Davis’s out. Then Dan came to bat.

Like most pitchers, Dan was a weak batter. But there was one thing which he was good at—the hitting of long flies. There was only one out. A long fly to the out-field would give Maynard a chance to score.

Twice Dan swung his bat—and missed. The third time he did not miss. Although he felt sure that the ball would be caught, he ran hard.

It was only when Dan had passed second base that he realized that something strange had happened. Davis, who was coaching off third, was beckoning to him and shouting

wildly. The people in the Millersville stands were waving their banners, throwing their hats in the air, and cheering madly.

Maynard must have scored—of that Dan felt certain. But where was the ball? And why did Davis urge him toward the plate?

Dan reached home—to be grasped by three of his teammates. “Did he—muff it?” he grasped.

“Muff it?” shouted Bob Clark. “Why, he never got within a mile of it—it was the longest hit I ever saw on this field—a home run, Danny boy!”

The ninth inning closed with the score still two to nothing. Millersville had beaten Coburn at last!

On Monday morning Mr. Putnam called Dan into the office.

“Well, J. Spencer Northrop didn’t drop dead—or leave us a million dollars, either,” the principal said. “But he did give me a message for you.” The man leaned back in his chair and his eyes narrowed slightly. “Mr. Northrop wished me to make you a proposition,” he went on. “He feels that a fellow who can stand up under such a test as that first inning gave you Saturday must have a level head and a quick wit. Anyway, he says he is ready to back his judgment to the extent of thirty dollars a week.”

“You mean,” Dan said slowly, “that he is offering me thirty dollars a week to come and work for him?”

“That is correct,” Mr. Putnam replied, rising and leaning against the window-ledge.

Many thoughts flashed through Dan’s mind. For an instant the temptation to accept the offer was strong. Then he looked up.

“I’m going to disappoint him,” he said. “I’ve learned a lot in school this year—I want to keep on.”

Something very much like a smile flickered on the principal’s face. “I am not surprised,” he remarked. “In fact, I told Mr. Northrop that I rather expected you would decline.”

“What did he say?” Dan asked.

“He blustered a little. Then he said that if you’d stay and

beat Coburn again, he'd make it forty dollars a week!"

Dan looked thoughtfully out of the window for a minute. Then, suddenly, he smiled. "It feels good to win, doesn't it, Mr. Putnam?" he said.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. If we take as a basis a salary of fifteen dollars a week, which is the average for such a job as Dan lost at the beginning of the story, how much is Dan going to gain per year, according to Mr. Northrop's offer, for remaining in school?
2. Why was the Principal not surprised when Dan decided not to take Mr. Northrop's offer?
3. What mental development did Dan need as shown in the football game?
4. What had Dan learned in athletics that Mr. Northrop felt he could use in business?

The following newspaper item covers the story you have just read. Supply the missing words to complete the meaning. You will note that in a newspaper item, the main points of the story are the five *W's*: who, where, when, why, and what.

DAN COLLINS MAKES A HIT

As a result of _____ a winning game in the baseball match between _____ and _____ last _____, Dan Collins received a flattering offer from _____, known as _____. Mr. Northrop was so impressed by Dan's _____ and quick _____, as shown in the game, that he offered to back his _____ to the extent of _____ dollars a week for Dan's services in his business. It is further reported, however, by _____, principal of the local high school, that Dan _____. Mr. Northrop, when interviewed, stated that if _____ would stay in Millersville and beat _____ again next _____, he'd make the offer _____ dollars a week. Dan Collins in a statement to the _____ remarked that it feels _____ to win. He further stated to the reporter that he had learned the value of _____ from his experience in various jobs when he left school _____. Dan will remain in high school and with this year's battery, a strong team should be developed again next season.

RAMSEY FROM MONTANA

By JOSEPH B. AMES

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. In your experience what harm have you seen result from jealousy?
2. What is your opinion of a boy or girl who is always trying to "show off?"
3. Tell what you know of how broncos are "broken."
4. Describe the sort of person who is most successful in handling horses. It will help you in your discussion to consult the list of character qualities in the appendix.

Find in the dictionary the meanings of the following words:

inevitably	aloofness
fervently	apprehension
unconstrainedly	rigid
apparent	sullen
animated	evaded

From the words in the foregoing list select the one which you think best completes each of the following sentences:

1. Betty always —— the questions we put to her.
2. While Fred was out on the raft that stormy afternoon, he —— wished that he were on land again.
3. The question of which is the better team always aroused an —— discussion.
4. As the time to leave camp would —— come, the boys made the most of every hour.
5. It was —— to all of us that the storm would soon break.
6. Laurence does not improve his game rapidly, because when he is corrected he becomes —— and refuses to try.
7. Henry laughed —— as we told the story of our adventure.

8. The acrobat held his arms — as his partner leaped toward him.
9. The — of the new boy in school was caused by his fear of being misunderstood.
10. The forest rangers watched the smoke in the distance with —.

"I don't believe he ever saw a ranch!" declared Lynn Sutton, with a sniff. "I'll bet he's just one great big bluff."

"He talked as if he knew a lot about cow-boys and things," objected Frank Richardson, doubtfully.

"That's easy. Anybody can *talk*," Sutton laughed. "Besides, he hasn't even done that lately."

This was true enough. When Bob Ramsey first appeared in Farmington a few weeks before, on a visit to an aunt, he had been loquacious enough. Indeed, he fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm for the great West, and particularly for Montana ranch life. He was full of a keen admiration for cow-punchers and their ability to do the things which he considered so supremely well worth doing; and his stories of what he had seen, involving, in a minor degree, events in which he himself had taken a small part, excited the greatest interest among the village boys.

Their attitude was not particularly agreeable to Lynn Sutton, who had always been very much the leader of the little coterie. His uncle was a stock-farmer, with connections in Texas, and Lynn early learned to ride the half-trained Texas broncos, hobnobbed familiarly with the various cow-boys who came on to care for and break in the stock, and was generally regarded among his friends as the supreme authority in all ranch matters. He was perfectly sincere in his belief that the new-comer was exaggerating (though that feeling may have been subconsciously influenced by a natural distaste at seeing his position usurped by a stranger) and did not hesitate to say so. Indeed, he made so much fun of Ramsey and his tales that the boy shut up like a clam, and from that moment nothing availed to drag from him the slightest reference to ranch life or anything pertaining to it.

"He's sore, of course, that we didn't swallow all that talk,"

resumed Sutton, leaning against the door-post. "From the way he acted when he first came, I guess he thought we were a lot of rubes to bite on anything. I wish I knew—"

"Anybody'd be sore when they're practically accused of not telling the truth," put in Otis Gilcrist, suddenly. He was slim and tall, with delicate features and a thoughtful expression. "I don't believe he was stringing us at all. He's just so crazy about everything out there that he couldn't think of anything else. After all, you may know something about Texas, but things are probably very different in—"

"Shucks!" interrupted Sutton, in his positive, rather domineering, manner. "Take it from me, this fellow thought we were easy and expected to have us feeding out of his hand in no time. He didn't count on finding some one who knew the difference between the real thing and a lot of Wild West stuff cribbed out of a book."

"Oh, come off, Lynn!" protested Gilcrist, his delicate face flushing. "You can't make me believe he never even *saw* a ranch."

"Why doesn't he prove it, then?" demanded Sutton. "I've asked him to show us stunts with a lariat, but he won't do it. Then only yesterday I invited him to take a ride, and got turned down hard. The reason is perfectly plain to me. I'll bet a soda he couldn't stay on one of those brones of Uncle Bennie's for two minutes."

A brief silence followed this emphatic statement. Lynn Sutton always had an authoritative way of speaking, and certainly, on the subject of horse-flesh, there was no one there who would dream of disputing him. As a matter of fact, the three or four present who had gone out to the stock-farm with Sutton a few days before to look over a recently arrived car-load of untrained Western horses, found it difficult to picture *any one* riding the creatures.

"How would you ever prove he couldn't?" presently inquired Tommy Dale, curiously.

"I'll tell you." Sutton's eyes sparkled and his face took on a mischievous expression which made the others prick up their ears expectantly. "You know the hike we're planning

to take to-morrow? You got Ramsey to say he'd come, didn't you, Gil? I thought so. Well, on the way home we'll go around by the farm. I'll call up Uncle Bennie to-night and get him to have five or six of the brones driven into the small pasture, and some saddles and things left where we can get them. It'll be perfectly natural for us to stop and look them over, and I'll end up by daring Ramsey to ride one of them if I do the same. If he's really what he pretends, he can do it easy, and the joke will be on me. But if he turns me down before the whole bunch, we'll know it's because he's afraid, and has been simply bluffing all along."

The plan, fertile with entertainment no matter which way it turned out, was received with enthusiasm, and an animated discussion arose in which Gilerist was the only one to take no part. He didn't like the idea at all, but he knew Sutton well enough to realize that nothing he might say would move him from his purpose.

From the beginning, he had been attracted to Bob Ramsey, in spite of the latter's rough-and-ready manner, and a shy liking developed which was strengthened rather than lessened by the new-comer's downfall. At first, Otis had to make all the advances. But at length he began to sense, through Ramsey's reserve and reticence, a touch of gruff friendliness in return.

It was too hateful that just at this point Lynn should come along with his scheme for reopening the sore subject, which would probably spoil everything. Gilerist tried to tell himself that as long as he took no active part in the business, Ramsey might not hold him personally to blame. But this argument failed to give him any real comfort. Unfortunately, in his eagerness to have his new friend become one of the crowd, Gilerist had used a good deal of persuasion to get him to take part in the forthcoming hike, and it would be only natural for Ramsey to think it all part of a put-up job.

When the crowd presently broke up, Gilerist made his way home, troubled and uneasy. His faith in Ramsey had not wavered, but he knew better than the others how keenly Bob had taken to heart the sceptical sarcasm of Sutton and

the others, and how furious he would be at what must seem like a fresh deliberate attempt at insult. Otis wished fervently that he could slip out of the whole beastly affair, but there seemed no possible way of escape. Nothing he could say would induce Sutton to change his mind. To put Ramsey on his guard would be breaking faith with his other friends. He could not even stay away from the hike, for Ramsey had agreed to go only in case he went himself. In short, it presently became apparent to the boy that he was quite helpless to do anything in the matter, and it was with a very uncomfortable sense of foreboding that he stood on the front porch next morning waiting for his friend to appear.

Promptly at nine, a door slammed in the neighboring house and a tall, broad-shouldered fellow ran down the steps, crossed the lawn, and vaulted the low fence which divided the two places.

"Well, you beat me to it," he remarked, pausing beside Otis.

In spite of his worry, Gilcrist's eyes brightened. It was the first time in days that he had seen his friend's dark, rough-hewn face without a disfiguring cloud of gloom. The lips, usually set in sulky curves, were almost smiling, and his whole expression was one of pleased anticipation.

"They got my lunch packed early," explained Gilcrist, hitching up the strap of his haversack. "Isn't it great it's such a dandy day?"

"I wasn't worrying about that," shrugged Ramsey, as they set off down the street. "It hasn't rained for a week. Where are we going to meet?"

Gilcrist told him, adding as much information as he could about the day's plans, and by the time he had finished, they were in sight of the school-house. The crowd gathered about the steps greeted Ramsey pleasantly—almost too pleasantly, in fact, Otis thought uncomfortably, remembering what the climax of the outing was to be.

All the way out to the glen, where they were to cook their lunch, the whole gang seemed to be making a special effort

to be agreeable, and the result was that Ramsey had a far better time than Otis Gilerist.

Apparently he had not the least suspicion that there was anything in the wind. Unfamiliar with the country, he could not realize, of course, that they were returning by an extremely roundabout route. Even when the crowd emerged from the woods and began to skirt a well-fenced pasture, he continued to talk and laugh—actually to laugh!—in the most unconstrained fashion.

Then all at once Gilerist, watching him nervously, caught a change in his expression. They had come to a smaller pasture, where several horses were moving slowly about. Two high-pommeled saddles hung over the fence, a saddled horse, tethered by the bridle, stood outside the gate. As the boys paused to peer between the rails, Ramsey darted an odd glance at Lynn Sutton, who stood beside him, and Otis saw his face grow masklike.

“Aren’t they some of the brones your uncle got from Texas, Lynn?” asked Frank Richardson, who had been well coached.

“Sure,” nodded Sutton. “A car-load came in about two weeks ago. They look mighty good to me. Gee! If there isn’t a couple of saddles, too. Sam must have started to break one of the brones and then been called away. I have a mind to—Uncle Bennie always says I’m free to ride anything on the place.” He turned suddenly to Ramsey. “What do you say, old man? Let’s try out a couple of them for five minutes or so. It’ll be like old times.”

“Not for me,” returned Ramsey, in a cool, level tone.

Sutton raised his eyebrows. “Oh, come!” he protested, a touch of sarcasm in his voice. “Surely you’re not *afraid*?”

“It doesn’t make much difference to you whether I am or not, does it?” retorted the other, calmly.

For an instant Sutton looked distinctly put out. He had expected Ramsey to flush and show embarrassment, to deny the accusation with heat and bluster. This cool indifference he had not planned for.

“Well, I’ll have to go it alone, then,” he shrugged, struck

by a new idea. "Say, Frank, you and Tommy help me saddle up, will you?"

Dale and Richardson acquiesced, and the rest of the crowd ranged themselves along the fence. They could not quite understand why Sutton had not seized this chance of branding Ramsey as a fakir; but knowing him of old, they felt he must have some good reason for holding back.

Sutton walked up to the tethered horse, which he had ridden more than once before, loosened the bridle-rein and swung himself lightly into the saddle. The gate opened and he rode into the pasture with just the faintest touch of flourish, swinging as he went the lariat which hung from the saddle-horn. Dale and Richardson followed, closing and fastening the gate behind them.

At Lynn's approach, the six broncos promptly sought the farther side of the pasture, which, in shape and size, was really more like a Western bronce-pen and was frequently used as such by Mr. Harris. Guiding his well-trained mount by deft touches of the rein and heel, he swiftly cornered the broncos, flung the rope with a practised twist of his wrist, and a moment later, one of the animals was down.

Intentionally or not, he had picked out an easy beast to saddle, for there are some broncos who make comparatively little resistance until they feel the weight of the rider on their back. With the aid of Dale and Richardson, and amid the breathless attention of the onlookers, this task was expertly accomplished, and the animal, snorting, rolling his eyes, and making occasional little buck jumps, was dragged over to the fence and securely tied.

"Aren't you going to ride him?" demanded Stub Grissom, as Sutton mounted again.

"He's for Ramsey; I'm going to rope another for myself," grinned Lynn, glancing at the sullen, dark-haired boy standing so straight and still beside the troubled Gilcrist. "With me taking all the responsibility and doing all the work, I'm sure he won't be able to resist the chance of riding a real old-fashioned bronce again."

One of the boys giggled, and a dull red crept up into Ram-

sey's face. He made no comment, but Gilcrist, glancing sideways, noted, with an odd mingling of admiration and apprehension, the hard, bulldog lines of mouth and chin.

"He looks as if nothing would ever make him change his mind," Otis thought uneasily. "I do wish I knew whether Lynn was right or not. I'm sure he isn't; but if Bob can ride why doesn't he do it?"

His reflections were broken by the thud of hoofs inside the fence, and in an instant every other consideration was lost in the excitement of watching Sutton capture the second bronco.

This one was quite different from the first. Lynn had picked on a roan with white mane and tail; and the first time he threw his rope, the animal evaded it with a sudden agile leap to one side. Apparently undisturbed, Sutton gathered up the lariat and went after the bunch again, this time with more success. Down went the roan on the turf, kicking, squealing, and fighting furiously against the inevitable.

"We'll have to saddle him while he's down," shouted Sutton, keeping the rope taut. "A couple more of you fellows come in and help, will you?"

There was no actual scrambling to obey the injunction. It was one thing to watch the excitement from the safe side of the fence, and quite another to come to close quarters with this vixenish beast, who seemed all flying hoofs and bared teeth. But finally two of the older fellows. Curtis and Al Slater, came forward, and while one of them fetched the saddle, the other three, under Lynn's direction, held the bronco down on his side.

The operation of adjusting the saddle took some time, and Gilcrist, happening to glance at Ramsey, was surprised to see on his face an expression of mingled anxiety and indecision which puzzled Otis. His eyes were fixed intently on the scene inside the pasture, and while Sutton was busily engaged putting on the saddle, his lips parted impulsively, only to close again the next moment in the old stubborn line.

With considerable difficulty, Sutton tightened the cinch and put on the bridle. Then, leaving the others to hold the

bronco, he led the horse he had been using outside the pasture and tied him. Returning, he paused beside the fence near Ramsey and flung his rope carelessly across the rail. His face was flushed and his eyes full of triumph at having accomplished what he knew to be a difficult and ticklish business.

"All ready?" he inquired, looking meaningly at Ramsey. "My bronc's the worst; I'll have to mount him while he's down. But I guess the other one has enough life in him to give you some fun."

"You'd better let that cayuse alone," said Ramsey, laconically. "He's a bad actor."

Sutton stared. "Oh, really?" he drawled in a slightly nettled tone. "You think so, do you?"

"I know so," retorted Ramsey, curtly.

Lynn's lips curled slightly. "You seem to know a lot, if a person can judge by your talk," he said contemptuously. "I'd say it was about time for you to show us. Are you going to ride that bronc."

"I am not. How many times do you want me to tell you that?"

"You needn't trouble yourself again," sneered Sutton, turning away. "I've got your number now. I had an idea you were nothing but a bluff, and now I know."

"Aren't you going to ride, either?" asked one of the boys, in a disappointed tone.

"Sure I am!" called back Sutton. "You don't suppose I've taken all this trouble for nothing?"

Straddling the prostrate bronco, he took the bridle in one hand.

"When I give the word, you fellows all let go at once and jump for the fence," he said. "Once he's on his feet, I can handle him alone, but I've got to have plenty of room. Are you all ready?—*Get Back!*"

At the command, the four boys released their hold and raced for the fence. As the bronco scrambled to his feet, Sutton's back straightened, his toes shot into the stirrups with accustomed ease, and he was automatically lifted to his

feet. For a single instant the horse stood motionless, neck stretched out and teeth viciously bared. And in that breathless pause, Gilerist, smitten by a sudden, unaccountable sense of foreboding, found time to flash at his companion a momentary glance which confirmed his worst fears.

Eyes riveted on horse and rider, and utterly oblivious to all else, Ramsey stood close against the fence like a figure carved from stone. A moment before, his face had been dark with fury. Now it was lint-white, with muscles strained across his jaw and chin, and narrowed lids that showed his keen black eyes through merest slits.

"He ought to have been stopped!" gasped Gilerist, intuitively. "We shouldn't—"

Too late! Uttering an angry screech, the bronco shook his head viciously and suddenly started across the pasture at a dead run. Sutton evidently tried his best to turn him by dragging on one rein, but the brute seemed to have a jaw of iron, and he was only partially successful. With the blind recklessness of utter madness, the horse struck the farther fence slantingly with a force which flung him back several feet and made Lynn reel unsteadily in the saddle. An instant later, the brute dropped his head and began to pitch.

At the very first buck it became evident to the now frightened onlookers that there was something wrong with Sutton. His face was white and drawn with pain, and, though he managed to keep his seat for several jumps, he swayed dangerously in the saddle. Then suddenly—to the helpless, horrified watchers it all seemed to happen in the twinkling of an eye—the bronco leaped into the air with a whirling motion which turned him half around. As his fore feet struck the ground, Lynn was flung out of the saddle, to land with crushing force a dozen feet away, where he lay motionless, a crumpled heap.

A gasping shudder went through the crowd and one of the smaller boys began to cry. Gilerist, watching the movements of the maddened bronco, suddenly gave a gasp of horror and leaped for the fence.

"Bob!" he cried. "The beast's going for him! Can't you—"

His words clipped off at the realization that Ramsey was no longer beside him. A second later he saw a tall, lithe figure vault the fence farther down, apparently straight into the saddle of the tethered bronco. But the animal was no longer tethered. Either Ramsey had slashed the bridle with his knife, or else hastily untied it. For as he struck the saddle, the horse danced out into the pasture, reared up on his hind legs, and then started to run.

For all his fright and horror, Gilcrist was conscious of a wave of self-reproach that, for even a fleeting instant, he could possibly have doubted the ability of his friend. Thighs rigid, body supple, easy, swaying a little with every movement of the frantic beast, Ramsey kept his seat without the slightest evidence of effort. One hand held the shortened bridle with an iron grip that became quickly evident in the horse's lessening speed. With the other, in some extraordinary manner, he was coiling the rope he had evidently snatched from the fence-rail as he passed.

And yet, for all his speed he was not a moment too soon. Not content with throwing his hated burden, Sutton's roan, after tossing his head with a triumphant whinny, had turned about and was advancing on the senseless boy, head outstretched and yellow teeth bared in vicious fashion.

Apparently oblivious of the rider coming up behind, he was within three or four feet of where Sutton lay when Ramsey's rope, whirling through the air, dropped accurately over his head and tightened with a sudden jerk.

Ramsey had twisted the other end around the saddle-horn, and, with the greatest effort, managed to force his own frightened, skittish mount back a dozen feet, dragging the roan with him. But the situation was still precarious. The bronco he rode, entirely untrained and already frightened nearly out of his wits, was utterly undependable and likely at any moment to break away from his control and free the roan.

"Hurry up and get him out, you fellows," Ramsey shouted

to Gilerist and two or three others who had climbed the fence and were hesitating doubtfully at the edge of the pasture. "I can't hold this beast very long."

Otis and two other boys started to obey Ramsey's order. They were still a dozen feet away when the gate was flung open and Sam Kaylor, Mr. Harris's right-hand man, rode swiftly into the pasture, swinging his lariat. Coming in from a distant part of the farm, the shouts and general commotion had attracted his attention, and he cantered over in time to witness the climax of the affair.

He took in the situation at a glance and, loosening his rope, urged his horse forward at a gallop. A moment later he had dexterously thrown the struggling roan, whom Ramsey had not been able quite to down, and held him helpless while, at his direction, two of the boys removed Sutton, unsaddled the bronco, and opened the gate into the larger pasture.

The other broncos lost no time in dashing through it to freedom; and when the two lariats were taken off the roan, he instantly followed, evidently having had his fill of human society.

"How'd that brute get in here?" growled Kaylor, striding over and gripping the bridle of Ramsey's mount close up to the bit.

"Haven't the least idea," panted the boy, brushing one sleeve across his dripping face. "He was with the others when we first came."

"Must have been that fool Jed!" snorted Kaylor. "The boss told him to run six of 'em in here, and he's got just about enough sense to pick that outlaw along with the rest." He paused, his thin lips curving in a slow smile. "Where'd you learn to ride, son?" he asked.

Ramsey slid out of the saddle and bent to unbuckle the cinch. "In Montana," he answered, flushing a little. "I was brought up on a ranch there."

"I'll say you were," nodded Kaylor, approvingly. "It's some stunt to rope a beast like that roan from another bronco. Easy, boy, easy."

He spoke soothingly to the horse while they removed saddle and bridle, and then sent him flying with a gentle slap.

"I hope the kid ain't hurt," he went on, as they started for the gate. "How'd he come to get thrown? Generally he can stick on anything with four legs."

Briefly Ramsey told him; and together they hastened from the pasture, where Kaylor's anxiety was set at rest by the sight of Sutton sitting on the grass surrounded by the other boys and apparently little the worse for his adventure save for a prominent swelling on his forehead and a series of deep scratches along one cheek.

"It was that beastly squeeze against the fence that did it," he was saying. "I didn't seem to have a particle of strength left in that leg; it's a wonder to me I—stayed—on."

Suddenly meeting Ramsey's eyes over Gilerist's shoulder, his voice trailed off into silence and a deep flush crept up to the very roots of his fair hair. Impulsively he tried to gain his feet, only to slip back with a twisted, embarrassed smile.

"I—I'll be all right—in a minute," he murmured, his glance shifting. "It's only a little strained."

He paused, biting his lips, and Gilerist, filled with delight and overwhelming satisfaction at his friend's dramatic vindication, decided he had never seen Lynn so utterly at a loss before. Then all at once Sutton's lips straightened and his level gaze sought Ramsey's again.

"The fellows have been telling me—" he began awkwardly. "I—I guess I've been an awful donkey, Ramsey."

"Oh, I don't know about that," returned the Westerner, almost as much embarrassed. "You wouldn't have been thrown but for that squeeze."

"I wasn't thinking of that." Sutton drew a long breath and a little twinkle came into his eyes. "You certainly did put it all over me," he confessed. "I was so *dead* sure you couldn't ride."

"That's where you made one mighty big mistake," put in Sam Kaylor, gruffly. "This kid acts to me as if he was pretty near born on horseback."

"Oh, I know that, Sam," shrugged Sutton. "Don't rub it

in when I'm giving such a beautiful imitation of a crawling worm." Again his glance sought Ramsey's. "But what was the idea? Why wouldn't you show us until—you had to?"

Ramsey drew himself up a little. "When you fellows wouldn't believe what I said, I—I wasn't going to—to prove it by doing—stunts," he returned stiffly.

Again the blood crept up into Sutton's face and his eyes fell. One outstretched hand grasped a twig, which he began to break absently into little pieces. Suddenly he looked up, his face serious.

"I'm—sorry," he said simply. "We—we were all donkeys, and I was the worst of the lot. I'll lie down and let you walk on me if you like," he added, his lips twisting in a whimsical smile.

For the first time Ramsey's face lightened. He was a friendly soul at heart and he had not enjoyed this period of self-imposed aloofness.

"I'll wait till your leg's well before I try that," he shrugged.

Sutton laughed. "Good! You're a bit too husky to do any very light stepping. Give us a hand, will you? I believe I can stand on the blooming thing now."

Ramsey bent over and, catching Sutton's outstretched hand, drew him easily to his feet. As their fingers met he was conscious of a pressure on the other's part, a little harder and a trifle more prolonged than seemed quite necessary. And Lynn's eyes, serious for the moment, gazed straight into his and thanked him mutely.

That was all. But Bob Ramsey would have hated anything more; and as Sutton limped over to speak to Kaylor, the Westerner took hold of Gilerist's arm and pinched it.

"Not a half-bad day after all, Gil," he said smilingly. "I'm rather glad you nagged me into coming."

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. What do you think was the underlying reason for Sutton's suspicion that Ramsey was bluffing?

2. What opinion did you form of Ramsey when he refused to show off?
3. Describe from the beginning the way in which Sutton set out to "break" the roan. What is your opinion of Sutton?
4. Which character qualities of a good horseman does Ramsey show?

In each of the following select the phrase in parenthesis which best completes the statement, according to the story:

1. Bob Ramsey had stopped talking because (his feelings were hurt, he had been bluffing, the boys weren't interested).
2. Because Gilchrist (is an intelligent, sensitive boy; loves horses; dislikes Sutton) he believes in Ramsey.
3. Sutton plans the riding of the broncos because he wants (to prove himself right, to give the boys a good time, to get his uncle's horses broken).
4. Gilchrist disliked the plan because (he was afraid some one would get hurt, he thought it was an insult to Ramsey, he was afraid that Ramsey would be found out).
5. When the boys started on the hike Ramsey was (glad of a chance to ride, suspicious of the outing, unconstrainedly happy).
6. When the boys first stopped in front of the corral their conversation shows that (they like Uncle Bennie, they had underestimated Ramsey's intelligence, they admire good horses).
7. Sutton's actions on going into the corral show (lack of courage, good sportsmanship, over-confidence).
8. When Ramsey saw the roan he knew that (it was a dangerous animal, he could ride it, it would be easily broken).
9. Ramsey finally does ride (to save his own reputation, to save Sutton's life, to show that Sutton had been in the wrong).
10. In the end both boys show (stubbornness, good manners, generosity).

TAKING A HINT FROM HANNIBAL

By MERRITT PARMELEE ALLEN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. What responsibility does a captain of an athletic team have in addition to that of playing his own position?
2. What characteristics should a player have to make a good captain? Consult the list of character qualities in the appendix.
3. Which of the more likely to cause failure, overconfidence or lack of confidence? Give an illustration which supports your opinion.
4. How can the study of history and the stories of famous lives help us in the fixing of our ideals and the development of our own character? Give example from your history lessons of men whose characters present ideals valuable to boys and girls.

Give the antonyms, or opposites, of these words:

responsible	earnestly
constantly	superiority
intense	enthusiastic
brilliant	generous
endurance	heroically
sensible	wild

Up one street came the small, stooped, gray-haired principal; up the other, a tall, deep-chested, blue-eyed junior; they met at the corner and fell into step toward the high-school building.

"Congratulations!" the principal said heartily. "I hear you have been elected to fill Barnes's place. Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Mr. Greene," the boy said with some embarrassment.

"You deserve the honor, Stanley."

The boy flushed a little. "I feel that there is not much honor in being captain of a high-school team," he said. "The captain is no different from the other men."

"That is true in a measure," Mr. Greene agreed. "He plays the game under the same conditions, the same rules govern him that govern the others; but in addition, he carries the responsibilities of his position."

"I never thought that a captain had much responsibility," Stanley said. "Of course, if there is any kicking about decisions and things like that he represents his team; but aside from that, there is no special responsibility, is there?"

The little principal looked thoughtfully up over his glasses. "I think there is," he replied slowly. "You recall that the word captain is derived from the Latin *caput*, meaning head. The head directs and to a great extent is responsible for the actions of the body under it. It seems to me that, as we are too poor to have an athletic director, you are decidedly the head of the Milton team. Yes, Stanley, I think that you have a real responsibility."

The boy looked concerned at this. "But, Mr. Greene," he said, "you don't mean that the winning or losing of a game—the Auburn game, for example—depends more on me than on the others. I can play only my position."

They were at the school-house steps and the principal stopped and laid his hand on Stanley's arm.

"You now have two positions to play," he said earnestly, "second base and captain. The first you can play only occasionally, but the second you must play constantly. A captain leads his men in battle; but he should lead them no less in peace, or, when the next battle comes, they may fail. Do you see what I mean, Stanley?"

"Yes, sir; I think I do. Thank you," the captain answered.

And the more he thought about it, the more he became convinced that he did have a real responsibility. He did not take it too seriously, but he saw his position in a different light than did the others. When Barnes, the captain, had left school in November, and the members of the Milton team had assembled to elect his successor, no one had thought that they

were choosing a leader. A captain was necessary, and they had put in Stanley because he was a good player and a good fellow—that was all there was to it. There, as in most schools, the captaincy of a team was a reward for athletic ability and all-around popularity; leadership, in the true sense of the word, was not considered.

But Stanley's conversation with Mr. Greene had opened his eyes. It had given him no inflated opinion of his own importance, for he was a sensible chap, but it did make him feel that the team's showing next season, especially in the Auburn game, depended a little more on him than on the others. Auburn was Milton's deadliest enemy in sports, and that was *the* game. Formerly, it had been nip and tuck between these two high schools; but for the past five years the laurel had gone to Auburn because, so it was said, a wealthy Auburn alumnus had given his school a gymnasium, where the boys kept fit during the winter and thus had the jump on their rivals when spring came. Milton could not match this. In spite of themselves, her men became soft in the winter; and in the spring, having no regular coach, they rushed headlong into practice and half of them injured their arms at the start. This meant a loss of form that they could never recover in time to down Auburn. The last game had been lost 8 to 1—the worst ever.

Stanley's newly awakened sense of leadership told him that he must do something to remedy this condition of affairs; but it did not tell him what to do. In fact, there seemed very little that he could do. They needed a gymnasium and a coach, but he could not build the one or be the other. He thought of a dozen plans, and one after another they failed. It seemed inevitable that they must drift along in the same old way and go down under the Auburn avalanche next year.

During the mid-year vacation, Stanley spent a day in Auburn on a small business errand for his father. School was in session there, to make up for a week lost earlier in the year on account of an epidemic; and having an hour to spare in the late afternoon, he went up to the gymnasium to renew ac-

quaintances. Being such intense rivals, the Auburn and Milton boys were, of course, the best of friends, and Stanley was hailed joyfully. At last, Cash, the Auburn captain, took him in charge, and they strolled about the building. For the most part, it was as quiet as a class-room: a few boys were reading, several were purely loafing, and four were playing pool. In passing, Stanley took a turn at the rings and horizontal bars, and found, to his surprise, that they were covered deep with dust. The punching-bag was soft and the wrestling-mat was rolled up in an out-of-the-way corner.

"How many hours a week must a fellow put in here?" he asked.

"Oh," Cash answered carelessly, "there's no rule now. Each does as much as he likes."

"Who is the director?"

"There isn't any, exactly. One of the teachers is supposed to be, but he doesn't show up once a month. It's our fault, I suppose, for we don't back him up as we might. What's the use this early in the season?"

Nothing more was said about it, but Stanley had been deeply impressed. It was plain as day that the Auburn boys felt no need of physical training. A long string of victories had made them confident, and they were resting on their laurels. Their unintentional air of superiority had galled Stanley and made him more determined than ever to lead his team to victory.

The next day at noon he stood on the post-office steps with Phyllis Adams, a junior, reading a poster advertising a sleigh-ride to Tucker's Pond and a skating-party there that evening for seventy-five cents.

"I think you're awfully nice, Stan," Phyllis said, jokingly. "Take me, won't you?"

"Delighted!" Stanley agreed, "All you need do is furnish the money. I'm broke."

"That would be easy for me," Phyllis said, "but the way to appreciate money is to earn it yourself."

"How, for example?"

"Well, let me see. Oh, yes; Mr. Brown wants help rolling

logs down at the mill." She turned to a man who was just emerging from the office. "Don't you, Mr. Brown?"

"Don't I what?" he asked smiling.

"Don't you want a bright young man to learn the log-rolling business?"

"I want all the men I can get, young or old, bright or dull," Mr. Brown said. "We are buried under logs down at the mill."

"There's your chance, Stan!" Phyllis cried delightedly. "And be sure to pay him a dollar and a half to-night, Mr. Brown, the price of two tickets." And she was off down the street, laughing.

So it came about that Stanley rolled logs that afternoon for five long hours. He came up the hill in the twilight more tired than he had ever been in his life. Every muscle in his body ached, and the mere thought of skating made him groan. He had his dollar and a half, but not the slightest desire for more action that day. So after supper he called up Phyllis and told her that he was dying from overwork; and she, saucy as ever, replied that it made no possible difference to her as there were then three boys in the parlor drawing lots to take her. He sent his heartiest thanks to the three, and stretched out in a Morris chair by the living-room table, where his sister, a freshman, was studying her ancient history.

"Where are you now, Sis?" he asked idly.

She looked up, glad of the interruption. "The Second Punic War," she said, "at the place where Hannibal won the battle of Cannæ and then spent the winter in Capua. What a blunder he made!"

"I always thought Hannibal was rather brilliant."

"Oh, of course he was. But he was stupid, just the same, to relax and let his army get soft in that luxurious city. He was so cocksure of winning the war in the spring that he didn't think it necessary to keep his men fit. That's why, though he won victories later, of course, he didn't promptly follow up his success at Cannæ, and eventually lost the war. But all that winter after Cannæ, while he was loafing, the

Romans were hustling and strengthening themselves; and they won in the end."

"Do you think that is always the case?" Stanley asked, sitting up.

"Certainly, when one side loafs and the other side works, there is no doubt about the outcome," she said wisely.

"Thanks," Stanley said simply, "you have given me an idea, Sis."

The following Monday after school he called the team together.

"Since you fellows elected me captain," he said, standing beside Mr. Greene's desk in the assembly-room, "I have been trying to think up a way by which we can make ourselves less of a joke this year. Now I think I have it. Last week I was in Auburn. The fellows there are so sure of beating us that they aren't trying to keep in shape. Their gym is nothing but a club-room. They are taking it easy like the old Carthaginians in Capua. After they licked the Romans at Cannæ, if you remember, they were so dead certain of winning the war the next spring that they went in for a good time the whole winter long in the city. But the Romans didn't loaf or spend their time mourning over what had happened; they made every minute of that winter count; so instead of the Carthaginians winning the war, they finally lost it.

"Now, then, I propose to take a tip from the Romans. The Auburn team are the Carthaginians—they are loafing in Capua this winter. Their gym is covered with dust; they are soft. We have a gym right here in town that is better than theirs, for you can't loaf in it—it is the mill-yard.

"It's no joke," he continued, when some one laughed. "Last week I rolled logs there for half a day; and believe me, I got all the exercise I wanted and then some. My arms, legs, back, lungs, heart—every part of me worked hard. If I followed it up, I'd be hard as nails before spring. What more could a gym do for me? Nothing.

"That half-day's work gave me an idea. I saw the mill foreman, and he will be glad to take us on every afternoon for

two hours for as long as we want to work. If ten of us will work for him until time for spring practice, then he will let us have one of his office-men, Jim Campbell, the old Yale short-stop, to coach us the entire season. That will be our pay.

"Now, fellows, it's up to you. If you care enough about victory to work for it,—*work for it*,—come on. In two months' time we'll be as fit as though we had trained in a million-dollar gym; and when the season opens up, we will have the best coach in the State. But if you are too lazy to try, if you don't care enough about the school to sweat and ache for it, don't you dare whine when we get licked! What do you say?" He waited with flashing eyes.

There was a moment's silence, then, Morse, the big catcher, cried: "You have the right idea, Stan! I'm with you. Come on, fellows, buck up and back the captain."

They did. They followed him to the mill-yard that afternoon, and five afternoons a week thereafter. At first they went because it was understood that a quitter would stand no chance of making the team; and later, because they saw the result of their work. To be sure, hands were blistered and muscles ached wickedly; but Jim Campbell came out of the office occasionally to see that the thing was not overdone, and, under his inspiring direction, peavey, pine logs, and keen air built up more and better muscle than any gymnasium. When the boys felt themselves hardening under the work, they became enthusiastic and needed no more urging.

In the spring they threw themselves into baseball practice with a whoop, as you might say. Their optimism had kept pace with their physical advance, and they were confident of victory for the first time in two years. Virtually no time was spent in building up; almost from the first, Campbell had felt safe in working them hard, with the result that the opening game found them in mid-season form.

They progressed like a whirlwind, upsetting everything they met. Five games were as many victories. Auburn, with all her confidence, became anxious and sent a scout to fathom her rival's tactics. His report was not comforting to those

who sent him—that Campbell had a machine that worked as smoothly as a college team.

“You ought to see ’em!” he exclaimed, with generous enthusiasm. “Those gawky children we ran away with last year are hard as iron. I saw Walden shoot one from center to the plate as easy as pie; and Stanley’s home run didn’t wind him any more than walking across the street. The whole team seemed as fresh in the ninth as in the first.” And he concluded, referring to their method of training, which was becoming famous, “We have got to dig as we never did before if we beat that bunch of lumberjacks.”

Auburn did dig. All the men were made of the right stuff, and during the next six weeks each one came back with all his old-time pep. They had a wonderful season, which would have attracted more comment had it not been exactly matched by Milton; when the teams faced each other in June, each had played ten games and won ten victories.

The game was played on Auburn soil, and the field has been famous ever since, especially to those who saw the battle. Auburn scored three times in the first four innings, and Milton scored not at all during that time. “We’ve licked ’em!” exulted the Auburn crowd; “we’ve licked the lumberjacks!” Only the scout shook his head doubtfully. “If they catch up,” he said, “and it comes to a test of endurance—”

But the visitors seemed unable to catch up. In the sixth, they pushed a man around to third; and in the eighth, they got three on bases and none out; but they could not score. Neither could Auburn increase her lead; but she held it.

The first man up in the ninth was Dorr, the Milton right-fielder, and he struck out. “That was easier than rolling a log,” some wit shouted, and the crowd roared.

Stanley, already at the plate, took up the challenge. “Fellows,” he cried, “they are laughing at us because we rolled logs. ‘We’ll show ’em that it paid. Come on, let’s go!’”

And they did go—three times around the bases before they could be stopped. It was a magnificent rally and tied the game 3 to 3. In the last half, their defensive work carried the game into the tenth inning. The scout was on his feet with the

others, but his heart was heavy, for the test of endurance that he had feared was at hand.

Jim Campbell, with his mass of baseball knowledge gathered at Yale and elsewhere, sized up the situation and passed the word around to his team: "Keep them from scoring, at any cost. No matter if you don't score for a while. Sit tight, and they will break first."

There is no settling down to fight out the extra innings of a game. Spectators and players are keyed to the highest pitch, for the teams are locked in a clinch that can be broken only by victory, and victory at such times hangs on a thread. A hit, a fumble, a wild pitch—and the battle is forever lost. It is the knowledge that the spectacular finish may come at any moment that makes the excitement so intense. That game was no exception. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth innings flew by. No one had sat down since the ninth; even Mr. Greene, who had started the game on a comfortable seat in the shade, was now close behind the Milton bench, bare-headed, frantically pleading with his boys to "eat 'em up!"

Those who had expected Auburn to weaken first had been disappointed thus far; though, in the thirteenth, there was an instant when things looked black for her. Her pitcher, Ingham, who had played a splendid game, was touched for a single by Walden, who went to second when the catcher dropped the next ball, and a minute later reached third by a thrilling slide: One batsman struck out; another went out on a pop fly to first; then Gray, the heaviest Miltonian, put all his weight into a stinging drive between third and short. To stop it would be about like stopping a cannon-ball, but little Flagg, the Auburn short-stop, did not hesitate. He put out his bare hand, there was a wicked smack, and the ball dropped to the ground. He scooped it up in his glove and tossed it to third in time to catch Walden off. Flagg's hand was swollen for days, but he was a hero. The score was still 3 to 3.

To the crowd, Auburn seemed as strong as her opponent in the fourteenth inning; but Campbell saw differently. When the Auburn men came in from the field he studied each one carefully and found that, though they did not realize it,

they were weakening. The pitcher's arm trembled slightly as it hung by his side, the fielders unconsciously stood with their hands on their hips to ease their aching back muscles, and weariness lurked in every eye. The strain was telling. Campbell looked at his own men and, while they were by no means fresh, he saw that they had some reserve strength.

Auburn was retired, and, before the fifteenth inning opened, Campbell gave the order to hit and run, run wild, take chances, make a supreme, desperate rally. Stanley, the first man up, leaped to the plate like a tiger, swung with all his might at the first ball, and knocked a clean single to right-field. He got the signal to steal, and was off while the pitcher was winding up. He was not the fleetest man on the team, and earlier in the game might have failed; but the catcher, arm weary and a little less alert now, hesitated for a second, and in that second the Milton captain was safe. Gorton was at the plate, dancing and swinging his club like an Indian. The whole team seemed to be strung on wires, bursting with energy; Auburn appeared suddenly slow by contrast. Gorton drew a ball and a strike, then sent a twisting grounder a little inside of first, and followed it, yelling like a madman. The first baseman fumbled, recovered too late to put out the runner, and threw to third; but Stanley was already there, having started at the crack of the bat. And Gorton, who was a jack-rabbit to run, was half-way to second—he was there—and no effort had been made to stop him. The inevitable break, that time when mind and body can no longer coöperate, was coming, and it had hit the third baseman first.

The pitcher knew it, but heroically he faced the next batsman, Haynes. Haynes was a poor hitter, and after two strikes he popped one square into the hands of Bird at second, and Bird dropped it. Stanley was away from third like a shot and tearing for home, taking a desperate chance. Bird recovered the ball and heaved it at the plate; but it fell short, and as the catcher ran up to it Stanley flashed behind him—safe!

Milton 4. Auburn 3.

Then the break came. Confused, the catcher threw to second, where there was no runner, for Gorton was already at third and Haynes was holding first. Bird pegged to third, third fumbled, recovered, forgot his own man at sight of Haynes nearing second, and pegged back. Haynes was safe and Gorton nearly home. A wild throw to the plate. Another score for Milton. A nightmare of unreasonable errors for Auburn.

Finally, the pitcher, still fighting gamely, got the ball and held it; but all chance of victory for the shattered Auburn team was gone. In a pandemonium, the inning was played out some way and the game ended. Milton 7. Auburn 3.

"The result of skilful coaching and splendid physical endurance," the newspapers said next day.

"But," Jim Campbell modestly pointed out in a speech at the victors' banquet, "you would have had neither the coaching nor the endurance if your captain had thought that the war was lost after Cannæ. Three times three and a tiger for Stanley!"

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. How did Stanley change his attitude toward his responsibility as captain after talking with the principal?
2. What qualities of leadership did Stanley show in the story to prove that the team had chosen wisely in making him captain? Consult the appendix.
3. We often are urged to "live up to our best." Show how neither the Auburn team through overconfidence, nor the Milton team through lack of confidence were "living up to their best."
4. Can you name a leader of the Revolutionary War who carried to success this same plan of "Taking a Hint from Hannibal"? Who was he? Tell what you can of the incident.

Below are given nine quotations from the story. Each quotation illustrates a character quality. Nine words and phrases naming these character qualities follow the quotations. Select from this list the quality shown by each quotation. In other words match the words and phrases with the quotations:

1. "It seemed inevitable that they must drift along in the same old way and go down under the Auburn avalanche next year." Shows ——?
2. "In passing, Stanley took a turn at the rings and horizontal bars and found, to his surprise, that they were covered with dust.— 'What's the use this early in the season?' " Shows ——?
3. " 'Come on, fellows, buck up and follow the captain.' They did. They followed him to the mill-yard that afternoon and five afternoons a week thereafter." Shows ——?
4. "In the spring they threw themselves into baseball practice with a whoop, as you might say." Shows ——?
5. " 'We've licked 'em,' exulted the Auburn crowd, 'we've licked the lumberjacks!' " Shows ——?
6. "To stop it would be about like stopping a cannon-ball, but little Flagg, the Auburn short-stop, did not hesitate." Shows ——?
7. "The pitcher's arm trembled slightly as it hung by his side, the fielders unconsciously stood with their hands on their hips to ease their aching back muscles, and weariness lurked in every eye." Shows ——?
8. "In the fifteenth inning, Stanley, the first man up, leaped to the plate like a tiger, swung with all his might at the first ball, and knocked a clean single to right field." Shows ——?
9. "Stanley was away from third like a shot and tearing for home, taking a desperate chance." Shows ——?

overconfidence

lack of endurance

lack of confidence

indifference

daring

enthusiasm

endurance

grit

loyalty

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

By JOSEPH B. AMES

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Tell Æsop's fable of "The Lion and the Mouse." How can it help you in your school life in guarding yourself against forming false opinions of others?
2. Since Æsop was only a slave in a tyrant's court, show how this fable might refer to his own experience.
3. What is often the effect upon others of modesty in a boy? Is it necessary do you think, in order to win the regard of your mates?
4. It is claimed that athletics teaches one to meet emergencies successfully. Give an example which goes to show that this is true.

When we study the descriptive parts of a story we find that the picture effects are usually given by groups of words called phrases. Write five groups of words that might be used to describe the appearance of a snow scene. For example, "unbroken sweep of snow."

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.

Keep these in mind as you read the story and notice the effects that the author has produced by his use of descriptive phrases in giving the setting of the story.

Big Bill Hedges scowled out of the locker-room window and groaned softly. There was something about that wide, unbroken sweep of snow which affected him disagreeably. If only it had been crisscrossed by footprints, or the tracks of snow-shoes or toboggans, he wouldn't have minded it nearly

so much. But there it lay, flat, white, untrodden, drifting over low walls and turning the clumps of shrubbery into shapeless mounds. And of a sudden he found himself hating it almost as much as the dead silence of the endless, empty rooms about him. For it was the fourth day of the Christmas vacation, and, save the kitchen staff, there were only two other human beings in this whole great barracks of a place.

"And neither of them is really human," grunted Hedges, turning restlessly from the window.

With a disgusted snort he recalled the behavior of those two, whom so far he had met only at meal-time. Mr. Wilson, the tutor left in charge of the school, consumed his food in a preoccupied sort of daze, rousing himself at rare intervals to make some plainly perfunctory remark. He was writing some article or other for the magazines, and it was all too evident that the subject filled his waking hours. And "Plug" Seabury, with his everlasting book propped up against a tumbler, was even worse. But then Hedges had never expected anything from him.

Crossing to his locker, the boy pulled out a heavy sweater, stared at it dubiously for a moment, and then let it dangle from his relaxed fingers. For once the thought of violent physical exertion in the open failed to arouse the least enthusiasm. Ever since the departure of the fellows, he had skied and snow-shoed and tramped through the drifts—alone; and now the monotony was getting on his nerves. He flung the sweater back, and, slamming the locker door, strolled aimlessly out of the room.

One peep into the cold, lofty, empty "gym" effectually quelled his half-formed notion of putting in an hour or two on the parallel bars. "I'm lonesome!" he growled; "just—plumb—lonesome! It's the first time I've ever wished I didn't live in Arizona."

But the thought of home and Christmas cheer and all the other vanished holiday delights was not one to dwell on now; he tried instead to appreciate how absurd it would have been to spend eight of his twelve holidays on the train.

A little further dawdling ended in his turning toward the

library. He was not in the least fond of reading. Life ordinarily, with its constant succession of outdoor and indoor sports and games, was much too full to think of wasting time with a book unless one had to. But the thought occurred to him that to-day it might be a shade better than doing absolutely nothing.

Opening the door of the long, low-ceiled, book-lined room, which he had expected to find as desolately empty as the rest, he paused in surprise. On the brick hearth a log fire burned cheerfully, and curled up in an easy chair close to the hearth, was the slight figure of Paul Seabury.

"Hello!" said Hedges, gruffly, when he had recovered from his surprise. "You've surely made yourself comfortable."

Seabury gave a start and raised his head. For a moment his look was veiled, abstracted, as if his mind still lingered on the book lying open in his lap. Then recognition slowly dawned, and a faint flush crept into his face.

"The—the wood was here, and I—I didn't think there'd be any harm in lighting it," he said, thrusting back a straggling lock of brown hair.

"I don't suppose there is," returned Hedges, shortly. Unconsciously, he was a little annoyed that Seabury should seem so comfortable and content. "I thought you were upstairs."

He dragged a chair to the other side of the hearth and plumped down in it. "What are you reading?" he asked.

Seabury's eyes brightened. "Treasure Island," he answered eagerly. "It's awfully exciting. I've just got to the place where—"

"Never read it," interrupted the big fellow, indifferently. Lounging back against the leather cushions, he surveyed the slim, brown-eyed, rather pale-faced boy with a sort of contemptuous curiosity. "Do you read *all* the time?" he asked.

Again the blood crept up into Seabury's thin face and his lids dropped. "Why, no—not all the time," he answered slowly. "But—but just now there's nothing else to do."

Hedges grunted. "Nothing else to do! Gee-whiz! Don't you ever feel like going for a tramp or something? I suppose you

can't snow-shoe, or ski, but I shouldn't think you'd want to stay cooped up in the house all the time."

A faint, nervous smile curved the boy's sensitive lips. "Oh, I can ski and snow-shoe all right, but—" He paused, noticing the incredulous expression which Hedges was at no pains to hide. "Everybody does, where I live in Canada," he explained; "often it's the only way to get about."

"Oh, I see." Hedges' tone was no longer curt, and a sudden look of interest had flashed into his eyes. "But don't you *like* it? Doesn't this snow make you want to go out and try some stunts?"

Seabury glanced sidewise through the casement windows at the sloping, drifted field beyond. "N—no, I can't say it does," he confessed hesitatingly; "it's such a beastly day."

His interest in Plug's unexpected accomplishments made Hedges forbear to comment scornfully on such weakness.

"Beastly!" he repeated. "Why, it's not bad at all. It's stopped snowing."

"I know; but it looks as if it would start in again any minute."

"Shucks!" sniffed Hedges. "A little snow won't hurt you. Come out and let's see what you can do."

Seabury hesitated, glancing with a shiver at the cold, white field outside and back to the cheerful fire. He did not feel at all inclined to leave his comfortable chair and this enthralling book. On the other hand, he was curiously unwilling to merit Bill Hedges' disapproval. From the first he had regarded this big, strong, dominating fellow with a secret admiration and shy liking which held in it no touch of envy or desire for emulation. It was the sort of admiration he felt for certain heroes in his favorite books. When Hedges had made some spectacular play on the gridiron or pulled off an especially thrilling stunt on the hockey-rink, Seabury, watching inconspicuously from the side-lines, got all hot and cold and breathlessly excited. But he was quite content that Hedges should be doing it and not himself. Sometimes, to be sure, he had wondered what it would be like to have such a person for a friend. But until this moment Hedges had

scarcely seemed aware of his existence, and Seabury was much too shy to make advances, even when the common misfortune of too-distant homes had thrown them together in the isolation of the empty school.

"I—I haven't any skis," he said at length.

Hedges sprang briskly to his feet. "That's nothing. I'll fix you up. We can borrow Marston's. Come ahead."

Swept along by his enthusiasm, Seabury closed his book and followed him out into the corridor and down to the locker room. Here they got out sweaters, woolen gloves and caps, and Hedges calmly appropriated the absent Marston's skis.

Emerging finally into the open, Seabury shivered a little as the keen, searching wind struck him. It came from the northeast, and there was a chill, penetrating quality about it which promised more snow, and that soon. By the time Seabury had adjusted the leather harness to his feet and resumed his gloves, his fingers were blue and he needed no urging to set off at a swift pace.

In saying that he could ski, the boy had not exaggerated. He was, in fact, so perfectly at home upon the long, smooth, curved-up strips of ash, that he moved with the effortless ease and grace of one scarcely conscious of his means of locomotion. Watching him closely, Hedges' expression of critical appraisal changed swiftly to one of unqualified approval.

"You're not *much* good on them, are you?" he commented. "I suppose you can jump any old distance and do all sorts of fancy stunts."

Seabury laughed. He was warm again and beginning to find an unwonted pleasure in the swift, gliding motion and the tingling rush of frosty air against his face.

"Nothing like that at all," he answered. "I can jump some, of course, but I'm really not much good at anything except just straight-away going."

"Huh!" grunted Hedges, sceptically. "I'll bet you could beat any of the fellows here. Well, what do you say to taking a little tramp? I've tramped around the grounds till I'm sick

of them. Let's go up Hogan Hill," he added, with a burst of inspiration.

Seabury promptly agreed, though inwardly he was not altogether thrilled at the prospect of such a climb. Hogan Hill rose steeply back of the school. A few hay-fields ranged along its lower level, but above them the timber growth was fairly thick, and Paul knew from experience that skiing on a wooded slope was far from easy.

As it turned out, Hedges had no intention of tackling the steep slope directly. He knew on an old wood-road which led nearly to the summit by more leisurely twists and curves, and it was his idea that they take this as far as it went and then ski down its open, winding length.

By the time they were half-way up, Seabury was pretty well blown. It was the first time he had been on skis in nearly a year, and his muscles were soft from general lack of exercise. He made no complaint, however, and presently Hedges himself proposed a rest.

"I wish I could handle the things as easily as you do," he commented. "I work so hard that I get all in a perspiration, while you just glide along as if you were on skates."

"I may glide, but I haven't any wind left," confessed Seabury. "It's only practice, you know. I've used them ever since I was a little kid, and compared to some of the fellows up home, I'm nowhere. Do you think we ought to go any farther? I felt some snow on my face just then."

"Oh, sure!" said Hedges, bluffly. "A little snow won't hurt us, anyhow, and we can ski down in no time at all. Let's not go back just yet."

Presently they started on again, and though Seabury kept silent, he was far from comfortable in his mind. He had had more than one unpleasant experience with sudden winter storms. It seemed to him wiser to turn back at once, but he was afraid of suggesting it again lest Hedges think him a quitter.

A little later, still mounting the narrow, winding trail, they came upon a rough log hut, aged and deserted, with a

sagging, half-open door; but the two boys, unwilling to take off their skis, did not stop to investigate it.

Every now and then during the next half mile, trifling little gusts of stinging snowflakes whirled down from the leaden sky, beat against their faces, and scurried on. Seabury's feeling of nervous apprehension increased, but Hedges, in his careless, self-confident manner merely laughed and said that the trip home would be all the more interesting for little diversions of that sort.

The words were scarcely spoken when, from the distance, there came a curious, thin wailing of the wind, rising swiftly to a dull, ominous roar. Startled, both boys stopped abruptly, and stared up the slope. And as they did so, something like a vast, white, opaque curtain surged over the crest of the hill and swept swiftly toward them.

Almost before they could draw a breath it was upon them, a dense, blinding mass of snow, which whirled about them in choking masses and blotted out the landscape in a flash.

"Wough!" gasped Hedges. "Some speed to that! I guess we'd better hurry home, kid, while there is still time."

But even Hedges, with his easy, careless confidence, was swiftly forced to the realization that the going was very far from good even then. It was impossible to see more than a dozen yards ahead of them. As a matter of course, the older fellow took the lead, but he had not gone far before he ran off the track and only saved himself from a spill by grabbing a small tree.

"Have to take it easy," he commented, recovering his balance. "This storm will let up soon; it can't possibly last long this way."

Seabury made no answer. Shaking with nervousness, he could not trust himself to speak.

Regaining the trail, Hedges started off again, cautiously enough at first. But a little success seemed to restore his confidence, and he began to use his staff as a brake with less and less frequency. They had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when a sudden heavier gust of stinging flakes momentarily

blinded them both. Seabury instantly put on the brake and almost stopped. When he was able to clear his eyes, Hedges was out of sight. An instant later there came a sudden crash, a startled, muffled cry, and then—silence!

Horrified, Seabury instantly jerked his staff out of the snow and sped forward. At first, he could barely see the tracks of his companion's skis, but presently the storm lightened a trifle and of a sudden he realized what had happened. Hedges had misjudged a sharp curve in the trail and, instead of following it, had plunged off to one side and down a steep declivity thickly grown with trees. At the foot of this little slope Seabury found him lying motionless, a twisted heap, face downward in the snow.

Sick with horror, the boy bent over that silent figure. "Bill!" he cried, "what has—"

His voice died in a choking sob, but a moment later his heart leaped as Hedges stirred, tried to rise, and fell back with a stifled groan.

"It's—my ankle," he mumbled. "I—I've—turned it. See if you can't—"

With shaking fingers, Seabury jerked at the buckles of his skis and stepped out of them. Hedges' left foot was twisted under him, and the front part of his ski was broken off. As Paul freed the other's feet from their encumbering straps, Bill made a second effort to rise, but his face turned quite white and he sank back with a grunt of pain.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "I—I believe it's sprained."

For a moment or two he sat there, face screwed up, arms gripping his knees. Then, as his head cleared, he looked up at the frightened Seabury, a wry smile twisting the corners of his mouth.

"I'm an awful nut, kid," he said. "I forgot that curve and was going too fast to pull up. Reckon I deserve that crack on the head and all the rest of it for being so awfully cocky. Looks as if we were in rather a mess, doesn't it?"

Seabury nodded, still unable to trust himself to speak. But Hedges' coolness soothed his jangled nerves, and presently a thought struck him.

"That cabin back there!" he exclaimed. "If we could only manage to get that far—"

He paused and the other nodded. "Good idea," he agreed promptly. "I'm afraid I can't walk it, but I might be able to crawl."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. If we only had some way of fastening my skis together, you could lie down on them and I could pull you."

A gleam of admiration came into the older chap's dark eyes. "You have your nerve with you, old man," he said. "Do you know how much I weigh?"

"That doesn't matter," protested Seabury. "It's all down hill; it wouldn't be so hard. Besides, we can't stay here or—or we'll freeze."

"Now you've said something," agreed Hedges.

And it was true. Already Seabury's teeth were chattering, and even the warmer blooded Hedges could feel the cold penetrating his thick sweater. He tried to think of some other way out of their predicament, but finally agreed to try the plan. His heavy, high shoes were laced with rawhide thongs, which sufficed roughly to bind the two skis together. There was no possibility, however, of pulling them. The only way they could manage was for Hedges to seat himself on the improvised toboggan while Seabury trudged behind and pushed.

It was a toilsome and painful method of progress for them both and often jolted Hedges' ankle, which was already badly swollen, bringing on a constant succession of sharp, keen stabs. Seabury, wading knee-deep in the snow, was soon breathless, and by the time they reached the cabin, he felt utterly done up.

"Couldn't have kept that up much longer," grunted Hedges, when they were inside the shelter with the door closed against the storm.

His alert gaze traveled swiftly around the bare interior. There was a rough stone chimney at one end, a shuttered window at the back, and that was all. Snow lay piled up on the cold hearth, and here and there made little ridges on the logs where it had filtered through the many cracks and

crevices. Without the means of making fire, it was not much better than the out-of-doors, and Hedges' heart sank as he glanced at his companion, leaning exhausted against the wall.

"It's sure to stop pretty soon," he said presently, with a confidence he did not feel. "When it lets up a little, we might—"

"I don't believe it's going to let up." Seabury straightened with an odd, unwonted air of decision. "I was caught in a storm like this two years ago and it lasted over two days. We've got to do something, and do it immediately."

Hedges stared at him, amazed at the sudden transformation. He did not understand that a long-continued nervous strain will sometimes bring about strange reactions.

"You're not thinking of pushing me all the way down the road, are you?" he protested. "I don't believe you could do it."

"I don't believe I could, either," agreed the other, frankly. "But I could go down alone and bring back help."

"Gee-whiz! You—you mean ski down that road? Why, it's over three miles, and you'd miss the trail a dozen times."

"I shouldn't try the road," said Seabury, quietly. His face was pale, but there was a determined set to the delicate chin. "If I went straight down the hill back of this cabin, I'd land close to the school, and I don't believe the whole distance is over half a mile."

Hedges gasped. "You're crazy, man! Why, you'd kill yourself in the first hundred feet trying to ski through those trees."

"I don't think so. I've done it before—some. Besides, most of the slope is open fields. I noticed that when we started out."

"But they're steep as the dickens, with stone walls, and—"

Seabury cut short his protests by buttoning his collar tightly about his throat and testing the laces of his shoes. He was afraid to delay lest his resolution should break down.

"I'm going," he stated stubbornly; "and the sooner I get off, the better."

And go he did, with a curt farewell which astonished and

bewildered his companion who had no means of knowing that it was a manner assumed to hide a desperate fear and nervousness. As the door closed between them, Seabury's lips began to tremble; and his hands shook so that he could scarcely tighten up the straps of his skis.

Back of the cabin, poised at the top of the slope, with the snow whirling around him and the unknown in front, he had one horrible moment of indecision when his heart lay like lead within him and he was on the verge of turning back. But with a tremendous effort he crushed down that almost irresistible impulse. He could not bear the thought of facing Hedges an acknowledged coward and a quitter. An instant later a thrust of his staff sent him over the edge, to glide downward through the trees with swiftly increasing momentum.

Strangely enough, he felt somehow that the worst was over. To begin with, he was much too occupied to think of danger, and after he had successfully steered through the first hundred feet or so of woods, growing confidence in himself helped to bolster up his shrinking spirit. After all, save for the blinding snow, this was no worse than some of the descents he had made of wooded slopes back there at home. If the storm did not increase, he believed that he could make it.

At first he managed, by a skilful use of his staff, to hold himself back a little and keep his speed within a reasonable limit. But just before he left the woods, the necessity for a sudden side-turn to avoid a clump of trees through which he could not pass nearly flung him off his balance. In struggling to recover it, the end of his staff struck against another tree and was torn instantly from his grasp.

His heart leaped, then sank sickeningly, but there was no stopping now. A moment later he flashed out into the open, swerved through a gap in the rough, snow-covered wall, and shot down the steep incline with swiftly increasing speed.

His body tense and bent slightly forward, his straining gaze set unwaveringly ahead, striving to pierce the whirling, beating snow, Seabury felt as if he were flying through the

clouds. On a clear day, with the ability to see what lay before him, there would have been a rather delightful exhilaration in that descent. But the perilous uncertainty of it all kept the boy's heart in his throat and chained him in a rigid grip of cold fear.

Long before he expected it, the rounded, snow-covered bulk of a second wall seemed to leap out of the blinding snow-curtain and rush toward him. Almost too late, he jumped, and, soaring through the air, struck the declining slope again a good thirty feet beyond.

In the lightning passage of that second field, he tried to figure where he was coming out and what obstacles he might encounter, but the effort was fruitless. He knew that the high-road, bordered by a third stone wall, ran along the foot of the hill, with the school grounds on the other side. But the speed at which he was traveling made consecutive thought almost impossible.

Again, with that same appalling swiftness, the final barrier loomed ahead. He leaped, and, at the very take-off, a gasp of horror was jolted from his lips by the sight of a two-horse sledge moving along the road directly in his path!

It was all over in a flash. Helpless to avoid the collision, Seabury nevertheless twisted his body instinctively to the left. He was vaguely conscious of a monstrous, looming bulk; of a startled snort which sent a wave of hot breath against his face, and the equally startled yell of a human voice. The next instant he landed badly, his feet shot out from under him, and he fell backward with a stunning crash.

His first conscious observation was of two strange faces bending over him and of hands lifting him from where he lay half buried in the snow. For a moment he was too dazed to speak or even to remember. Then, with a surging rush of immense relief, he realized what had happened, and gaining speech, he poured out a hurried but fairly coherent account of the situation.

His rescuers proved to be woodsmen, perfectly familiar with the Hogan Hill trail and the old log-cabin. Seabury's skis were taken off and he was helped into the sledge and

driven to the near-by school. Stiff and sore, but otherwise unhurt, he wanted to go with them, but his request was firmly refused; and pausing only long enough to get some rugs and a heavy coat, the party set off. Little more than two hours later they returned with the injured Hedges, who was carried at once to the infirmary to be treated for exposure and a badly sprained ankle.

His rugged constitution responded readily to the former, but the ankle proved more stubborn, and he was ordered by the doctor not to attempt even to hobble around on it for at least a week. As a result, Christmas dinner had to be eaten in bed. But somehow Hedges did not mind that very much, for Paul Seabury shared it, sitting on the other side of a folding table drawn up beside the couch.

Having consumed everything in sight and reached that state of repletion without which no Christmas dinner may be considered really perfect, the two boys relapsed for a space into a comfortable, friendly sort of silence.

"Not *much* on skis, are you?" commented Hedges, presently, glancing quizzically at his companion.

Seabury flushed a little. "I wish you wouldn't," he protested. "If you had any idea how scared I was, and—and—Why, the whole thing was just pure luck."

Hedges snorted. "Bosh! You go tell that to your grandmother. There's one thing," he added; "as soon as I'm around again, you have to come out and give me some points. I thought I was fairly decent on skis, but I guess after all I'm pretty punk."

"I'll show you anything I can, of course," agreed Seabury, readily. He paused an instant and then went on hesitatingly: "I—I'm going to do a lot more of that sort of thing from now on. It—it was simply disgusting the way I got winded so soon and all tired out."

"Sure," nodded Hedges, promptly. "That's what I've always said. You ought to take more exercise and not mope around by yourself so much. But we'll fix that up all right from now on." He paused. "Aren't you going to read some more in 'Treasure Island'?" he asked expectantly. "That's

a good book, believe me! What with you and that and everything, I'm not going to mind being laid up at all."

Seabury made no comment, but as he reached for the book and found their place, the corners of his mouth curved with the beginnings of a contented, happy smile.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. How does this story illustrate the title? Who was the mouse?
What previous success caused Paul to think of Bill as his superior?
2. What standard did Bill Hedges use to form his opinion of Paul Seabury? Is this the ordinary standard of school boys?
3. How did Paul's modesty regarding his ability at skiing affect Bill Hedges,
 - a. Before the accident?
 - b. After the accident?
4. In what way did Paul's previous training enable him to take care of Hedges?
1. Big Bill Hedges was lonely for four reasons:
 - a. It was ———.
 - b. There were only ———.
 - c. Mr. Wilson ———.
 - d. Seabury was ———.
2. Violent physical exertion did not appeal to him now for two reasons:
 - a.
 - b.
3. Seabury did not want to go out for two reasons:
 - a.
 - b.
4. Seabury was willing to go with Hedges for two reasons:
 - a.
 - b.
5. Although Seabury was at ease on skis, he was soon "blown" for two reasons:
 - a.
 - b.

6. Seabury's experience made him hesitate to go on because he feared ———, but he continued because he feared ———.
7. Hedges' careless confidence was shown in two ways:
 - a.
 - b.
8. After the accident, on the way to the cabin, both boys showed nerve:
 - a. Bill showed his in ———.
 - b. Paul showed his in ———.
9. Hedges' objections to Paul's plan of going for help were:
 - a.
 - b.
 - c.
 - d.
10. The difficulty of the descent was increased by the loss of ——— and by three ——— which Paul had to jump.
11. The effect upon Bill's attitude:
 - a. Toward Paul was ———.
 - b. Toward reading was ———.
12. The effect of the incident upon Paul was ———.

JOHNNY'S BROTHER

By MERRITT PARMELEE ALLEN

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Give an example of some one you know who tried to imitate another person in his manner of action, his dress, or his speech.
2. What does the expression "self-reliance," mean to you? How is it different from self-confidence?
3. Have you ever known a boy or girl who, for a time, lost self-confidence? Tell what happened.
4. Give a discussion of the meaning of the advice, "To thine own self be true." How can sports help to develop this attitude?

Before reading the story you should have a clear idea of the meaning of the following words and phrases. Look up in the dictionary the words which are unfamiliar to you. After studying the expressions carefully, show that you know their meaning by using them in illustrations. For example:

hero-worship—When one person admires another extremely and wishes to be like him, we say that the person makes a hero of the one he admires and that such an attitude shows "hero-worship."

submerged
feel insignificant
transient glory
to ape a person
extravagant praise

hypocrite
resent
complimented
artificial
automatically

You are now ready to read the story. Keep in mind the class discussion and your own answers to the first four questions. When you come to the words you have studied, notice how the author uses them and try to get a clearer understanding of their meanings.

Dust hung over the diamond, where a man had just stolen second. He made a long slide and was safe, the catcher's throw being a breath too late. Nevertheless, the catcher, Dave Rawson, was rather pleased with the throw, for it was true and showed that his arm was in good shape this early in the season. He smiled and was settling into position again when from somewhere behind him a voice remarked, "That man would have been out if Johnny had made the throw."

"This one is a Rawson too?" another asked.

"Yes; Johnny's brother."

Dave frowned with annoyance then, and again after the game when he recalled the conversation. Plainly speaking, he was "fed up" on being called "Johnny's brother." Not that he was ashamed of the relationship—none of that, for he idolized John, who had all the requirements of a model big brother, even to being captain of his college baseball team. Dave was not jealous of John's fame, but he resented being forever in the shadow of it as "Johnny's brother." He understood that the distinction was natural, for John had been the fastest high-school catcher the town of Lockland ever saw, and was now as good a man as any college had behind the bat. He was a celebrity, especially in his home town, and it was not surprising that there his glory absorbed the individuality of the younger Rawson, causing him to become merely "Johnny's brother."

At first Dave had enjoyed it, for he was always proud of John; but when he himself became catcher on the high-school team, he discovered a less pleasant phase to the local hero-worship. In playing his brother's old position he came in for a ceaseless and merciless comparison with him at every turn. If he threw to a base, some one recalled how Johnny used to throw. If he struck out, another remarked that Johnny had gone through an entire season without fanning once. If he made a hit, there was always a person on hand to tell about one of Johnny's famous drives. It was the same in the adjoining towns where the team played; well-meaning, but tiresome, fans never missed a chance on the field or in the papers to air their knowledge by wisely pointing out what

Johnny Rawson's brother must do before he became worthy of his name. Dave wearied of it before the end of the first year; the second year it annoyed him; and now at the beginning of the third season, he found it was getting on his nerves. Whatever he did or did not do, the public made him answer to John for it, as it were. He resented it, for in his heart he believed his work on the high-school team compared favorably with John's when he was in the same place; but he dare not say so, for fear of appearing boastful. He believed it; and yet as time went on and John's sensational record shone brighter and brighter with each college game, as the name of Johnny Rawson rang out louder and louder, Johnny's brother began to feel insignificant and, slowly, he fell to doubting himself.

That was bad. It affected his game, as anything of the kind is bound to do. He recognized the danger and fought against it, but he could not get away from it. At home he could reason himself out of the silly idea, for there John wore no halo. His parents saw things clearly and were not at all dazzled by the transient glory their elder son was acquiring on the college diamond. Naturally, they were glad to have him make his mark there, but they were vastly more gratified when he landed a humble position with a mining company that would take him to South America soon after graduation. The fact that John had sought such a position showed what he was, proved, if proof were needed, that his ambition was not bounded by the outfield fence. All the extravagant praise that was showered upon him, with more enthusiasm than good taste, had not turned his head in the least. He was the same old John, brother par excellence, but no wonder-man. So at home, where Dave was allowed to see him in his true proportions, the boy was free from the foolish comparison.

But baseball games and baseball practice are not held at home; and on the street, in school, and on the field, Dave was a prey to his brother's shadow. Knowing that others were measuring him by John's standard, he fell to measuring himself that way. It was an unhealthy state of mind, but he seemed helpless against it. In calling for the pitcher's de-

livery, he found himself wondering what John would ask for. When a double steal was attempted he would hesitate for the fraction of a second while he asked himself which man John would try for. Nine times out of ten, that instant's delay would make both men safe. Beyond a doubt his playing was falling off. People commented on it and half jokingly and with the best of motives told him that was no way for Johnny Rawson's brother to act. Naturally, such talk made matters that much worse and the slump continued.

One afternoon in May, Dave stopped to get a pair of shoes on his way home from school. As the merchant wrapped up the box, he remarked, "I see Johnny made a put-out at second last Saturday. When a catcher goes up to second and makes a put-out he's going some?"

"Good work," Dave agreed.

"The paper says that makes him a put-out at each base this season. Something of a record!"

"Hard to beat."

"I've seen him make put-outs at first and third when he was in high school."

"I remember them," Dave said, taking the package.

Outside on the steps he paused a minute, and through the partly open door heard the merchant say to a traveling salesman who was sitting on the counter, "That was Johnny Rawson's brother."

"Rawson, the ball-player?" the salesman asked with interest.

"Yes. The kid's our high-school catcher. That's where Johnny started, you know."

"Is the youngster going to fill Johnny's shoes?"

The merchant lowered his voice to what he believed was a safe pitch and answered, "He'll have to change if he does. I reckon he wouldn't be on the team at all if he wasn't Johnny's brother."

Dave started as though he had been slapped in the face, swung about angrily, checked himself, and hurried away with burning cheeks. Avoiding as many acquaintances as possible, he went over to the park and found a bench that was partly

concealed by shrubbery, where he sat down, thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at the sky. A passer-by might have envied him the freedom of youth that allowed him to loaf in the glorious spring sunshine, but the boy's state of mind was nothing to be desired. He was in mental agony over the merchant's words. Was he allowed on the team merely because he was John's brother? He knew his playing was not what it had been, but he did not suppose it was as bad as that. If it was, then people were saying, like the merchant, that he was being babied along for his brother's sake. They must think that he had a "pull" and, more than that, that he was deliberately working that "pull" to keep himself in an undeserved position. It would appear to them that he cared more for his place on the team than for the team's success. He must seem to be a selfish hypocrite, who pretended to be working for the school, yet who had so little school spirit that he refused to resign and give a better player a chance. Was that what people thought of him? It made him miserable, more wretched than he had ever been before. His only consolation was that if he did look to be as low-lived as that, he was innocent of it, because he had been too blind to realize how poorly he played. His conscience was clear, but his heart was very heavy.

At this point Mr. Purdy, the high-school athletic director, passed by, and Dave hailed him.

"At your service," said the genial coach. "What now?"

Without preliminaries Dave asked, "I want to know if I am kept on the team merely because I am John's brother."

"You are not," Mr. Purdy answered promptly and with surprise.

"You are quite sure about it?"

"Quite. If you were Walter Johnson's brother, I would put you on the bench if I found a better pitcher."

Dave felt immensely better. "Thank you," he said. "I thought it was that way, but some one said I was riding on John's reputation. If that was the case, I was going to resign."

"That some one was misinformed," the coach said sharply.

"I am running this team my own way regardless of what people think."

Dave caught at a hidden meaning in the coach's words. "You mean there are some who think I should be on the bench?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Purdy answered with his usual frankness. "But don't worry about them."

"I don't blame them," Dave said, kicking at a dandelion blossom. "I'm playing a rotten game."

"What's the reason, Dave?"

"Oh, I don't know." He hated to admit that so much talk about John had got on his nerves.

The coach must have been a thousand miles from such an idea, or else he was the most tactless person alive, for he said cheerfully, "Buck up, boy; you'll grow to be more like your brother yet."

Dave clenched his hands in his pockets. "Do you want me to ape him?" he asked.

"The closer you ape him on the diamond, the better it will suit us all," Mr. Purdy answered with a laugh and passed on.

Dave was worked up to the point where the silly plan that popped into his head at that moment seemed reasonable. If they wanted him to ape John, he would do it. Their styles of playing were widely different, for John was on his toes every minute, jumping around like a jack-in-the-box and joshing the batter, while Dave was quiet; but, he said grimly, if people wanted dancing behind the plate, he would give it to them. Anything was worth trying in the hope of hearing less about "Johnny's brother."

The result of this absurd notion was felt before the next game had gone three innings. The Locklanders noticed a puzzling change in their catcher. Formerly he had been silent in action, never wasting a word or a motion, a fellow whose example had a steadying effect on the team, though they never fully realized it. That day and for many days to come they did not know what the trouble was, but they were constantly aware that Dave was not the same and that things were not going as they should.

Dane, the pitcher, was the first to feel the effect of it, as he faced not the usual tall, calm figure behind the bat, but a crouching, leaping acrobat that chattered like a red squirrel. A baseball team centers about its pitcher, but it is the catcher who puts the edge on his battery mate. Each player is a cog in the machine, but those two cogs must mesh closer than the others. The best pitcher in the world is handicapped, if not made actually helpless, by a catcher he cannot rely on, for it is the man behind the bat who sees all the field all the time, who knows how the fielders are placed and where the base runners are, who studies each batsman at close range and ferrets out his weak spots and relays all this information to the pitcher, who acts accordingly. Obviously, the pitcher must trust his catcher or he falls prey to constant doubt, which weakens his confidence and destroys his control. Dane and Dave Rawson had worked together from subfreshman days and understood each other perfectly, pulling through the tightest pinches or going down to defeat without a break in their harmonious coöperation. Even when Dave began to slump early in the season, Dane was not seriously affected; but this new Dave was another matter. When the steady, silent partner that Dane had faced for years suddenly became a shouting contortionist, the pitcher was upset. Dave gave his signals while dancing about on his toes, and Dane found himself in the predicament of a marksman who is trying to hit a moving target after learning to shoot at a stationary one. He became annoyed and began to lose control, but he could not, as in former crises, pull himself together by his partner's aid, for that partner had changed. What ailed the dancing idiot? Did he think he was a cheer-leader? Dane began to lose his temper, and the team, like every other team behind a nervous pitcher, played raggedly. They lost the game 7 to 1.

"What's the matter with you?" Dane snapped in the dressing-room. "Got St. Vitus dance?"

Dave smiled wearily. "Trying to put more pep into it," he answered. "They said I was getting slow."

And the crowd, that makes so much noise and sees so little

beneath the surface, thought that the catcher *was* putting pep into his game. Even the team and, strangely, the coach believed it at first. No one stopped to analyze the situation, so the general opinion was that Dave was coming back with a bang. He was complimented profusely, and those compliments were sweet after so many criticisms.

They dropped the next game 6 to 0. The playing was poor all around. The battery's harmony was gone.

"You didn't obey my signals," Dave said hotly after it was over.

"You didn't stand still long enough to give the signals," Dane retorted.

Things were in a bad way, and the big game with Denbury was only a week ahead. Dane might have gone to the coach about it, but he was not one to whine and try to pass the blame to some one else, though he knew well enough that Dave deserved a good share of it this time. He decided to keep still and do his best, no matter what happened.

Secretly, Dave Rawson was miserable. He knew the team was going to pieces and that his poor playing had something to do with it, but, blind as he was, he believed he had done better of late. His new, flashy style still dazzled him as it did the others. But for all that, it was not satisfactory; it was artificial, and deep within him, he was afraid of it. Yet he thought it was effective; people liked it; it would take him through the big game.

But as the Denbury game drew near his confidence waned alarmingly. Without realizing it, he felt as a man must feel who goes into battle with a weapon he knows is inferior.

The game was to be on Thursday and John came down from college for it, arriving the night before.

"Feeling O. K.?" he asked, when they were alone in Dave's room.

"Rotten," the boy answered.

"Tell me about it," John said, sitting on the bed.

Dave gave him the whole story. "You're to blame for it," he concluded, with a rueful grin. "It was being everlastingly compared to you that put the skids under me."

"Don't blame you," John nodded. "Inane chatter!"

"If I'd told any one, they'd have thought I was jealous of you," Dave said. "But you understand."

John understood a number of things. "So you kept still and went on getting muddled," he remarked.

"The whole team's muddled," Dave said dismally.

"And I'll tell you why, little brother. No team ever existed that could hold together when the catcher was on the blink. If the pitcher is the king of the diamond, believe me, the catcher is the power behind the throne. He can make or break a pitcher, and in that way he has a tremendous influence on the whole team."

"Then I'm to blame for the whole slump?" Dave said.

"Yes." John looked at him closely.

"I'll quit."

"You won't," John said firmly. "You will make that team play ball again."

"I've damaged them enough. I had better get out."

"You can't do that honorably so long as you have a chance of pulling them out of the hole."

"I don't see the chance."

"I'll show it to you, old mole. The trouble began when the 'Johnny's brother' talk got under your skin. Ridiculous, of course, all that twaddle, but where you made a fool of yourself was in trying to ape me."

"But people said—"

"Never mind what people said. You'll never get anywhere in baseball or anything else if you play to the crowd. You must be yourself and play the game. Stand on your own feet. My style of playing is natural to me, but it is artificial for you. Nothing is ever gained by posing, yet you tried a ridiculous pose. That's what upset your pitcher and knocked holes in the team."

"People wanted me to be more like you," Dave put in.

"You poor benighted Hindoo!" John cried. "The row started because these confounded people submerged your individuality in mine. Quite right to resent it, for every one wants his own individuality. But you can't create one for

yourself by aping some one else. You must be yourself, stick to your own style of playing, and make it so good that it will stand out by itself independent of any one. You want to be Dave Rawson and not 'Johnny's brother.' Well, the only way you can be Dave Rawson is to *be* Dave Rawson. Try it to-morrow, old man."

He did. Dane, who was prepared to meet certain defeat as best he could, suddenly took heart when Dave came out to warm up, for the catcher strolled on the field dangling his mitt and whistling, apparently as care-free as though going fishing. "Shoot 'em over," he said, and gathered them in without an effort.

He was the same when the game began, as unlike his two previous performances as black is from white. There was no crouching, no leaping, no yelling; but he was playing as he had never played before. He studied each batsman with a keenness worthy of *Sherlock Holmes*; nothing escaped him, and he formed his judgments and gave his signals with a shrewdness that kept the Denbury batting average at low-water mark for the game. So much of his work was beneath the surface that at first the onlookers were unaware of it. They missed his flashy style and gave him little credit. He knew it and did not care, for at last he was playing the game in his own way, without a thought for the crowd. He was through posing; he was standing on his own feet, as John had said. There was satisfaction in it and a strength he had never dreamed of. This strength spread to the pitcher and from him to the team. After two innings, when Dave was still calm and quiet, Dane ceased to worry. They might not win the game, but every man was in shape to do his best toward it.

"Great stuff, old chap!" Dave said at the beginning of the third. "You've got everything to-day."

"Including a catcher," Dane answered and turned on his heel. But it was enough to cement the harmony that had been disrupted.

Denbury High was also playing baseball that day, a very fine brand of it. They came into the eighth leading four to

three. The advantage had been hard earned and they had no intention of relinquishing it. Roberts, the top of the batting list, was first up. A big fellow with a big bat, he had the habit of exercising the opposing fielders, who now at sight of him backed up to the fence. "They're in position and stand a good chance of catching him out, so why not let him hit? He swings upward and will be sure to raise a drop," Dave thought to himself, and called for a drop. The next minute Roberts was out on a long fly to left field. Then came Mack, the Denbury center-fielder. Invariably he hugged the plate and had to be driven back by a close fast one, after which he would get the distance and usually hit safe. But since his last time up, Dave and Dane had worked out a scheme for his benefit, and now instead of an inshoot Dane put over a slow straight ball. It was too great a temptation to be resisted and Mack swung. But he had forgotten his nearness to the plate, and the bat met the ball not six inches from his hands. It was a hard swing, but, thus robbed of its leverage, could only result in a weak grounder to the pitcher, who got over to first in plenty of time. Grinning at each other, the battery went after the next man, Billings. He was small and so fast that he was almost certain to beat out a bunt, and Dave guessed that he would try it now, as he was the last chance of the inning and would naturally do his best to get on base. So he returned the ball by way of Crewe at third, a not unusual, but, at that particular time, a very significant act. It meant that Dane was going to pitch one that Billings could bunt and that Crewe was to take care of it. Billings fell into the trap and bunted; Crewe, who had gone down with the pitcher's arm, was already half-way to the plate and scooped up the ball for an easy put-out.

So the three Denbury men were disposed of. There was nothing spectacular about it, yet the dullest fan realized he had seen something fine.

"Big-league stuff, isn't it, Johnny?" some one asked John Rawson.

"Nothing less."

"Guess you've been coaching your kid brother some."

"Not at all," John said decisively. "He is playing his own game to-day."

Then, when every local supporter was expecting great things, there occurred one of those exasperating series of plays that seem so unnecessary and yet are unavoidable. Dane, first up, went out on a pop foul to the catcher. Kilson, who followed him, was hit by a pitched ball. It was a smart crack in the ribs, and as he worked off first he quite unconsciously slipped his hand between the buttons of his shirt to feel the spot with his fingers. That same instant the pitcher, who had been busy sizing up the batter, wheeled and sent the ball to first like a shot. There was no time for Kilson to pull his hand out of his shirt, he slid head first, and his bent arm checked him just enough to make him out by an inch. The crowd groaned. Far from being moved, Fate then played the meanest trick of all. Ames, who was a good hitter, especially in a pinch, came to bat with a calmness that was reassuring. He let three balls pass. Lockland took hope. The fourth pitch was worse than the other three and came straight at his head. He dodged and went down, but his bat flew up and hit the ball, which rolled a few feet in front of the plate. Though he had not struck at it, according to the rules of the game it was a fair hit, and before he realized what had happened, the quick-thinking Denbury catcher had snatched up the ball and touched him out. Three flukes in succession and at such a time! No Locklander could find words to describe the luck.

So they entered the ninth with Denbury still leading four to three. It was now a bitter fight to see if the visitors could hold their one-run advantage. Every play on both sides would count one way or the other. Infield and outfield, each Lockland player was taut as a bow-string. A silence fell on the crowd and on the field as York, the duck-legged, bullet-headed Denbury second baseman came to bat. Only a short silence, though, for Dane's first delivery was sent ringing to left field and York stopped on second. Dane, worn by the hard game, looked worried.

Thorne was next up. He always had a swagger, and now as he stood at the plate shuffling his feet and holding his bat

loosely he seemed especially confident, as though he knew exactly what he was going to do. Dave guessed he would try to bunt, sacrificing York to third, which would go a long way toward getting another run. That would probably settle the game. So he signaled Dane to keep the ball around Thorne's shoulders, where a bunt would be impossible. It worked and Thorne finally struck out. York was still on second. Dane breathed more easily, but Hendee, a notoriously heavy batter, was up. A hit would mean a run. Again Dave used his head, and, remembering that Hendee was weak on close ones, ordered Dane to keep them well in. His judgment was correct, for after two strikes Hendee was thrown out at first, while York went to third. Two gone, and little Bartell, who had never been known to hit anything but a pop fly, was at the plate. Things looked better until Bartell sent a hot grounder to third, where Crewe juggled it for seeming hours, while Bartell, almost overcome with surprise at what he had done, went leisurely to first.

Dave crouched behind Jones's bat, unable to think what to call for, though now, if ever, he must think. Suddenly he saw the Denbury coach assume an unusual position over toward third base. Probably, Dave guessed, it was a signal to the man on first to go down on the next pitched ball. Dave saw in a flash that the coach wanted both men in position to score if Jones made only a single, and was ordering this play in the belief that it would succeed simply because it was so daring that the other side would be unprepared for it. So the catcher signaled for a ball wide of the plate, one he could catch easily and shoot to second. Dane's arms went up and forward. Bartell sprang for second. Dave, one foot back, stood waiting for the throw. The ball smacked into his mitt and seemed to rebound straight to second. Bartell slid, raising a cloud of dust; but Dave's throw was true and the runner was out. Strategy had overcome strategy. Denbury's last chance of scoring was gone.

The Locklanders came to bat in the last half of that ninth inning raging like tigers. Hardy, the big center-fielder, tore two great holes in the air, then on the third swing sent a

terrific drive to Thorne at short. Thorne, always a gamy player, leaped for it with his bare hand and knocked it down. It took grit to do that, and no one blamed the plucky short-stop for not getting it over in time for the put-out. Pine was at the plate, swinging his bat like a war-club, and by the bench Dave was on one knee waiting to follow him. Two balls, then Pine hit a hard twisting grounder to third. As Hendee scooped it up he saw out of the tail of his eye that the fleet Hardy was nearing second, so he snapped it to first and got Pine, who only smiled, for it was a good sacrifice.

As Dave stepped to the plate the crowd gave him a rousing cheer, and he knew it was for the work he had done that day, not because he was John's brother. It was sweet and he grinned at John, who was yelling with the rest. Then he struck, missed by a foot, called himself a fool, let the next one pass for the second strike, pulled himself together, and walloped the third one to short left field. The fielder came in fast, got it on the first bound, and snapped it to third a split-second too late to get Hardy.

The Lockland crowd did not sit down after that. A single would tie the score, two were on bases, and only one was out. Gilman, next up, came to bat, stooping as though the great responsibility weighed him down. A strike and two balls; then, still stooping, he swung savagely. There was a crack. Hardy, who had been leading off third, dove back headlong for the bag and encountered Hendee's legs. Hendee threw up his hands, the ball crashed into them, and he went down—a brilliant play on his part, for he held the ball and Gilman was out, though Hardy was safe and Dave was on second.

Two out. A man on third. A man on second. A single was all that was needed. It was up to little Crewe, who leaped to the plate like a knight into a breach, swinging his bat in place of a two-handed sword. The runners were quivering on their bases, inching off, ready for one last mighty dash. The pitcher's arms went up, bent backward and out. Crack! A white pill was soaring toward right field. Two fielders were racing toward each other. Three base runners were tearing around the rim of the diamond.

As Dave neared third a roar told him it was a safe hit. He saw Hardy cross the plate with the tying score. He touched third, and there something, perhaps a spike catching on the bag, threw him headlong. He struck all his weight on one shoulder and, in spite of the tremendous excitement of the moment, was conscious of a sickening pain and a dull snap. A broken bone! It flashed into his mind that he must call time and asked for a substitute. He was thinking like lightning, a thousand times quicker than the words can be written. Call time and ask for help? Quit with victory so near? And with John looking on? Never! He got to his feet with a cold, sick feeling, but with set teeth. The next five seconds would count. His legs worked automatically, carrying him on. He knew that the ball had been relayed from deep center to second. He knew that if he beat it home, the game would be won. He knew that he must slide if he beat it. He knew that to slide would be like tearing his body in two. He slid. But he did not know that he was safe until several minutes later when John told him so as he held his head and sprinkled water on his face.

"Kid," John whispered, "let 'em call you Johnny's brother as much as they want to now. I'm proud to have every one know I'm related to you."

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. In what ways may the attempt to imitate another person be harmful to the one who is trying to imitate? Can you think of any times and circumstances when we are justified in imitating some one else?
2. Explain how Dave's situation at the beginning of the story was testing his self-reliance. Show how, up to the time he had the talk with his brother, Johnny, Dave was often self-confident though not self-reliant.
3. After studying "Johnny's Brother" what is your feeling about the value of self-reliance? How may it be developed?
4. What is your opinion of the value of Johnny's advice to Dave, "Be true to yourself?" Give reasons for your answer.

Complete the following sentences by placing in each blank one of the ten words or phrases here listed:

submerged

hypocrite

insignificant

resent

transient glory

complimented

ape

artificial

extravagant praise

automatically

1. Dave was not jealous of John's fame, but he — being forever in the shadow of it as "Johnny's Brother."
2. When Dave imitated his brother's way of pitching, he played poorly because this style was only —.
3. John's brother began to feel —, and slowly fell to doubting himself.
4. John's parents were not dazzled by the ——— their elder son was acquiring on the diamond.
5. All the ——— showered on John had not turned his head in the least.
6. Dave was afraid, from the remarks of the merchant, that people were saying that he was a ——— who only pretended to be working for the school.
7. The coach's suggestion that Dave should — his brother led Dave to change entirely his style of play.
8. Dave, who formerly had — his own personality in his position, suddenly became a shouting contortionist.
9. The spectators thought he was playing better and — him on his good work.
10. As Dave neared the base he was so tired that he ran —.

FREDDY LOW TAKES THE WHEEL

By CORNELIUS BRETT BOOCKOCK

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

Theodore Roosevelt in a letter to his son, Ted, while he was at Groton Academy, wrote the following: "I always believe in going hard at everything, whether it is Latin or mathematics, boxing or football; but at the same time, I want to keep a sense of proportion. It is never worth while to absolutely exhaust one's self or to take big chances unless for an adequate object. I want you to keep in training the faculties which would make you, if the need arose, able to put your last ounce of pluck and strength into a contest. But I do not want you to squander these qualities."

Read this over carefully and note all the main points of his attitude toward athletics.

1. Do you gain the idea that one should use *all* his strength to succeed in athletics?
2. Do you think he believes in taking chances? Why?
3. What qualities does he think are developed in athletics. The list in the appendix will help you to name the characteristics you have in mind.
4. Should adults have the same attitude toward sports as high-school students? Give your reasons.

Sometimes we gain the idea or meaning of a word by reading it in a sentence or story. We understand what is meant by the sentence as a whole, even though we do not know the exact meaning of some of the words. We say then that we understand the meaning of the word from its *context*. Did you find it necessary to consult the dictionary for the meaning of Roosevelt's words, or could you understand them from the context? One who reads a great deal is apt to learn many words in this way. While it is a fine thing to do

build up a large reading vocabulary, one should also develop his vocabulary by using, in one's speech, the words learned in reading.

1. Make a list of ten words that you have learned since you started reading this book.
2. Use these words in sentences.

In the story which follows you may find many expressions which you do not understand because you may not be familiar with the meaning of the words. Try to get the idea which they express from the context, and thus get the full value of the story, without consulting a dictionary for every unknown word.

Freddy Low was bow man. That is, he lay on the deck beside the mast and whenever his father called "hard-a-lee," he would cross over to the other side.

On this day the *Vigilant*, his father's boat, was sailing only a fair race and would probably finish four or fifth, and there was a good breeze too.

There was a time when Freddy was thrilled at the idea of sailing with his father. But that time had passed. He used to think that the *Vigilant* was the fastest cat-boat on the bay and that his father was the best racing skipper. He knew better now, because he had sailed his own fifteen-foot sneak-box in too many midweek races not to realize that his father missed many an opportunity to advance the *Vigilant*. But the *Vigilant* was a good racer still, although some of the newer boats won most of the races.

He glanced at the luff of the sail and was disgusted, but not surprised, to see a flutter of canvas as the wind hit the lee side.

"I don't know what has got into Dad," he said half aloud. "Here we are slopping along in the middle of the fleet when we ought to be up in front fighting it out for first place with the *Wampus* and *Scatt*. Just look how he's luffing! He doesn't half sail the boat."

A loud laugh came from the cockpit where a group of men, friends of Mr. Low's, were sitting.

"Listen to that!" continued Freddy, to himself. "They

don't know they are racing. How can a boat sail a race when she is weighted down by a lot of old men who crack jokes and talk business?"

The *Vigilant* was making the outer buoy nicely on the starboard tack. Underneath the sail, Freddy noticed the *Hummer* coming up on the port tack.

Now every one, who has ever been on the water, knows that a boat sailing on the starboard tack, that is, with the wind hitting the starboard side of the sail, has the right of way over a boat on the other tack.

Freddy called his father's attention to the approach of the *Hummer*, and then realized that he had been foolish to do this, as Mr. Low put the *Vigilant* about and gave the *Hummer* an advantage that was, by rights, his.

"Dad," called back Freddy, to his father, "you had the right of way. Why did you go about?"

"Remember the story of Irving Day, who died maintaining his right of way," replied Mr. Low, and went on talking with his friends.

Freddy was given little chance to forget the sad story of Mr. Day. On many occasions he had heard of him and wondered just why he should prevent the *Vigilant* from winning races.

"Steve Brodie may have been foolhardy when he jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge," thought Freddy, a minute later; "but he had nerve and took a chance."

That evening, when father and son were putting the boat away for the night, Freddy was not in a happy frame of mind.

"Dad," he said, "I don't think I'll race with you any more."

"Why not, my boy?" asked his father, a bit surprised; "you used to be keen about it."

"Because I get so mad," the boy answered frankly. "You don't half sail the boat. You don't insist on your right of way and are the laughing-stock of all the captains because of it. The *Vigilant* finishes fifth or sixth. She ought to be among the first three."

Freddy glanced up as he tied a stop and, seeing that he was making an impression, went on with less strain in his voice.

"You know, you always tell me to do with all my heart whatever I am doing—to study as hard as I can when I'm studying and to play as hard as I can when I'm playing. But you sail a race as if you didn't give a rip whether you finish first or last. I love the *Vigilant* and I hate to see tubs like the *Hummer* and *Daisy* beat her as they did to-day. So I'd rather not race with you any more."

Freddy didn't realize how disrespectful he had been, but his father, seeing the earnest and really pained expression on his son's face, understood and was silent. He recognized the truth in his remarks, too.

When he had been younger he had raced with all his heart, but as he grew older he found that it was too fatiguing to come down from the city for a few days and work hard on his boat when he actually came for a rest. But he continued to race the *Vigilant*, more for the pleasure of the sail than for the excitement of the race. He selected his crews not for their seamanship, but for their good-fellowship and joviality.

It is not hard to see Mr. Low's point of view, but Freddy, who loved yachting, thought of a race as a race and was not satisfied with half-hearted attempts.

For several days Mr. Low thought over what Freddy had said. He didn't want to lose the respect of his son, yet he hardly felt like returning to his old racing habits.

So one day, in the middle of the week, after Freddy had sailed a beautiful race in his sneak-box, he called his son to him.

"Fred, my boy," he began, "I have decided that it is your turn to take over racing the *Vigilant*. I have done it for years, and, as you said after the last race, I don't really sail her. So from now on, you are to be her captain in the races. You get the boat in shape, select the crew, and sail her, and, if you want me to go along as advisory committee, I'd be delighted to form part of the crew."

"That's great!" the boy replied; "and of course I want you to come along, and perhaps together we can make the old ship step along with the best."

The race the next Saturday was perhaps the most important of the season, as it was for the celebrated Morgan Cup. This cup had been up for competition twenty years, and inscribed upon it were the names of eleven different boats. On two occasions the *Vigilant* had won it, but that was years before. Of late, the *Wampus* had wone it twice, and her skipper was out to make it three in a row. In fact, the *Wampus* had an exceptional chance, as Mr. Waldron, her captain, was an excellent sailor and a good racer, while the boat itself was in fine shape. The *Scatt* was counted on to give it a good race, as she had won the two races that season which the *Wampus* had lost.

"Beat the *Scatt* and the cup is ours," Mr. Waldron had said to his crew after the last race.

Fred worked hard to put the *Vigilant* in condition. He pulled her up on a flat, with the help of some friends, and scraped her thoroughly. He stretched her sail and shifted ballast so that on the day of the race she was in fine trim. He selected his crew from his many friends and had several practice runs so that each one knew his job. Mr. Low was to 'tend sheet.

Shortly before the preliminary gun, the *Vigilant* swung away from the dock and sailed across the bay. The crew were at their stations and all waited eagerly for the starting gun. There was a fresh breeze from the southeast, which bellied out the big sail. The course required a beat into the wind for three legs, and a run free on the return.

At the start the boats grouped near the pier head and fought for the windward position. But Freddy kept out of the mess of boats, and, although in a leeward position, was free to sail without hindrance. This piece of strategy was well thought out, as he would cross the line on the starboard tack, and would thus have the right of way.

"Bang!" went the little brass cannon, and eleven boats got under way. Near the pier, there was much confusion and

crowding, some minor collisions, with loud talking and yelling as ten boats tried to occupy the space of one. Alone across the bay, the *Vigilant* started unmolested and headed for the first buoy. The crew was stretched out on the deck, Mr. Low was seated on the leeward seat with the sheet rope in his hand, while his son Freddy stood at the wheel.

"Trim her a little, Dad," he directed, as he let up on the pressure of the wheel to allow the *Vigilant* to take advantage of a puff and work up to windward.

The *Vigilant* approached the other boats that were strung out in a long line with scarcely any space between them. Leading them was the *Wampus*, and the *Scatt* second. It was seen that the *Vigilant* would pass under the stern of the *Scatt*, forcing the *Hummer* about.

But the captain of the *Hummer* had no idea of going about. Of course, the *Vigilant* had the right of way, but she had had it in many previous races and had sacrificed it by going about. So Mr. Abbot, the *Hummer's* captain, only chuckled when some of the boys on the *Vigilant* called to him.

"You'd better go about, Fred," said Mr. Low, in a rather anxious voice. "We'll hit the *Hummer* if we don't."

"Who's on the starboard tack, I'd like to know?" asked Freddy, a little impatiently. "If anybody's going about, it will be Abbot on the *Hummer*. We've got the right of way and we are going to insist on it."

"I know, my boy," said Mr. Low, warning "but remember Irving Day who—"

"Irving Day isn't racing to-day," broke in the young skipper; "we've got Steve Brodie aboard and we're going to take a chance."

By this time the two boats were scarcely a length apart. Both captains were anxiously peering under their sails.

"Go about, Mr. Abbot," called Freddy, "or we'll hit you."

But Mr. Abbot only smiled and looked toward the luff in his sail. Slowly, it seemed the bow of the *Hummer* crossed in front of the *Vigilant*. A collision was inevitable unless one of the skippers changed his course. But Freddy had no intention of changing his.

"I'll teach this crowd a lesson!" he said between clenched teeth.

There was a crash and a jolt as the stay of the *Vigilant* hit the boom of the *Hummer*. The force of the blow swung the *Hummer* broadside to the wind, and she was in no position for the gust of wind that at that moment struck her sail. She keeled away over as the water washed her deck. The sheet rope could not be released, as the end of the boom was held by the *Vigilant*, and she could not head into the wind, as her stern was being pushed around. Now the water was pouring into the cockpit and her crew was climbing up on her sides. Suddenly the *Vigilant* shook herself free, and, as she did so, the end of the *Hummer's* boom dropped into the water. For a second she hesitated, then slowly the sail settled on the water, her hull was flooded, and she was over!

Fred never turned around, but you may be sure his father did, and the others of the crew, and all were relieved to see several motor-boats rushing to the rescue.

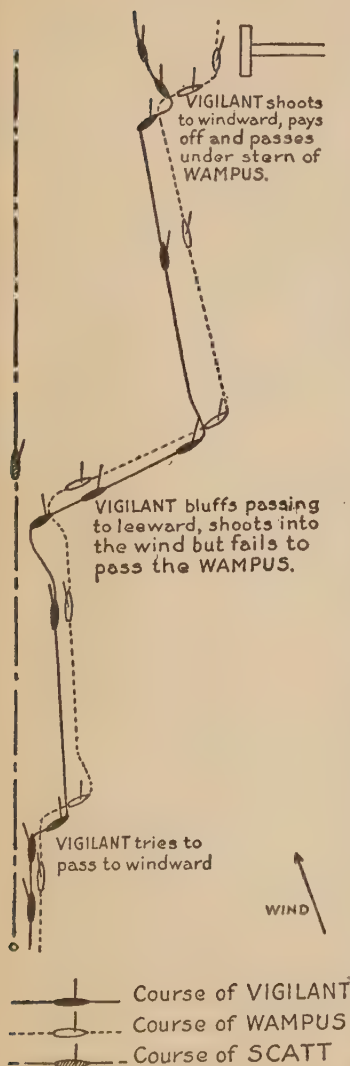
Mr. Low glanced at the immovable features of his son. He started to speak, checked himself, and took a new grip on the sheet rope.

At the first buoy the *Vigilant* passed the *Scatt*, and kept on down the bay after the leading *Wampus*. Freddy never took his eye off the luff of the sail, and time and again sent the *Vigilant* shooting forward as a puff of wind struck them. It was great sailing!

But do what he could, Freddy was unable to overtake the *Wampus*, as windward work was her strongest point.

When she reached the outer buoy, she rounded it, her sheet was allowed to run, and she started for home. A minute later the *Vigilant* did the same thing. As the centerboard came up and the sheet rope burned through the blocks, the crew breathed more easily, because the *Vigilant* would now be on her best run. A fair windward boat, the *Vigilant* was famous for her speed in running before the wind, so the crew had reason to be confident.

Gradually the distance that separated the two boats became less. The men on the *Wampus* kept looking around with



anxiety written on their faces as the prow of the *Vigilant* came closer and closer.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Low, "take a look at her stern and read those letters, W-A-M-P-U-S, because from now on, our friends on the other boat will be spelling out V-I-G-I-L-A-N-T."

"Don't be so sure of that, Dad," said Freddy, "because Mr. Waldron knows how to sail a race and he's going to give us a fight."

A minute later, Freddy's prediction was fulfilled when he shot the *Vigilant* into the wind so that he could pass the *Wampus* to windward and blanket her. But Mr. Waldron was not to be beaten so easily. As the *Vigilant* crept up, his practised hand guided his yacht to windward also, so that, although the courses of the boats had changed, their positions had not, because, sailing into the wind, the *Wampus* was the equal, if not the superior, of the *Vigilant*.

Freddy soon saw that he could not pass them that way, so he put his helm hard over and tried to pass to leeward. But the *Wampus* changed also, and, when the *Vigilant* came even

with the other boat, her sail was blanketed and the *Wampus* forged ahead again.

"I said we'd have a fight," remarked Freddy.

For a while the two boats sailed along together. The crew on the *Wampus* watched the *Vigilant* like hawks, for a sudden shift of course might mean defeat. Suddenly, Freddy put his helm over as if to pass far to leeward, and, when the *Wampus* started to follow, he shot his boat into the wind.

"Down board—trim her in, Dad," he ordered.

The bow of the *Vigilant* slid past the stern of the *Wampus* and was abreast of her. Had the moment of victory come? For several minutes the two boats, cutting through the water, hung in the same relative position. A puff struck them and they both jumped forward, but the *Wampus* began to gain. Little by little at first, and then, as her sail got the wind unobstructed, she took the lead again. Freddy kept his position, hoping against hope that a favoring gust would send them ahead.

During this luffing match, the two leaders had sailed way out of their course and would probably have gone on indefinitely had not Freddy glanced across the bay and seen the *Scatt* tearing in a straight line for home.

"Look at that *Scatt*, will you!" he ejaculated. "If we keep on this way, she'll beat us both."

For this reason the *Vigilant* gave up her fight for first and headed for home, with the *Wampus*, as always, just ahead.

A feeling of hopelessness came over Freddy. Here he was, sailing the *Vigilant* in second place, and his ship could have passed and sailed away from the *Wampus* if he could only get the wind first and not be cut off by the other sail. He could not indulge in luffing matches now and try to pass to windward, because, if he did so, it would give the race to the *Scatt*. So he sat watchful on the wheel-box, with his head busy thinking out some plan.

The race was nearly over. Already the crowd on the pier could be seen, as the many spectators came out to see the finish.

"Dad," said Freddy, "get the rope ready on the bow, will you?"

The crew of the *Wampus* were taking matters less strenuously, as they believed the race as good as over. When Mr. Low went to the bow they were assured that all fight was good as over from the young skipper of the *Vigilant*.

"Say, Low," called Mr. Waldron, from the *Wampus*, "your boy has sailed a pretty race."

"I think he has," replied Mr. Low, good-naturedly; "but you are too old a hand to let a boy beat you."

"Now listen!" whispered Freddy, suddenly, as the two men were exchanging remarks. "Bill, you take the sheet rope, and when I give the word, trim like mad. At the same time, you, Tom, jam down the board. Then, when I give the word, pull her up, and you, Bill, let the sheet go."

The finish-line was in sight. The steward of the club had the little brass cannon ready to fire when the first boat crossed the line. There was no time to lose, for the race would be over in a minute.

"Now," gasped Fred, as he put the wheel hard over and shot his boat into the wind. Down went the board with a "plunk" and the sheet came in as fast as Bill's arms could pull it. Mr. Waldron gave a start. He had been caught asleep.

"Put down the board!" he yelled, excitedly; "trim in the sheet. Get some life!"

And he sent the *Wampus* to windward to block off the *Vigilant*. As his crew were working feverishly on their jobs, Fred gave another order: "Up board, out sheet."

And, as the centerboard came up, and the sheet rope sped through Bill's toughened hands, Fred whirled the wheel in the other direction, and the *Vigilant* was heading again for the finish-line as the *Wampus* still sailed out to windward. It was over in a minute. A puff of wind struck them and they dashed across the line!

"Bang!" The gun! The *Vigilant* had won!

The *Wampus* finished three seconds later.

"Well," said Fred, "I feel better. I knew this old boat could sail."

“She always could,” replied Mr. Low, “but I took warning from Irving Day and you rather favored Mr. Brodie.”

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. What kind of strength is needed in sailing a boat? Does sailing require great strength or is it skill which is the more important?
2. Is the trophy given for a sailing race worth the taking of chances? If not, why should Freddy feel justified in taking chances to win?
3. Show how Freddy's pluck helped him to win the race. What other character qualities did he show?
4. Why was it right for Freddy's father to sail as he did in a race, but not for Freddy? In what ways did sailing not mean the same thing to both of them?

Not all the following statements are true. Be prepared to state which are true and which are false:

1. Freddy Low no longer thought his father the best skipper on the bay.
2. His father never missed an opportunity to advance the *Vigilant*.
3. The boat sailing on the starboard tack has the right of way.
4. Freddy's father gave the *Hummer* the advantage because he was over-cautious.
5. Freddy asked to sail the *Vigilant* in his father's place.
6. Mr. Low sailed for recreation, not for exercise.
7. The *Vigilant* had never won an important race.
8. Freddy wanted to win the cup.
9. The course was a four-sided one.
10. Freddy used strategem to obtain the windward position.
11. He was forced to give the *Hummer* the advantage just as his father had usually done.
12. Freddy's boat accidentally upset the *Hummer*.
13. Freddy had to fight with the *Wampus* to win.
14. Freddy won by following the example of Dave Brodie.

BUNKIE'S FINISH

By ROBERT MANNING McCULLOCH

PRELIMINARY DISCUSSION

1. Most of us are appreciative of causes of success, but are not so wise and understanding in judging of causes of failure. Here are a few that are often noticed in connection with high-school students in athletics:
 - a. Physical inability: bodies not sufficiently developed to meet a physical emergency or to endure a strain; underweight, overweight, age, weak nerves.
 - b. Mental attitude: lack of sense of team work, lack of stability (good to-day, poor to-morrow), lack of self-control, overconfidence, lack of confidence, self-consciousness, lack of perseverance, lack of purpose or will power.
 - c. Moral attitude: lack of sense of fair play, desire to win by any means, desire to win praise or reward without working for it, contentment in getting by, cowardice.Discuss these causes of failure. Which have been the most common in the case of players you have known?
2. Why are athletes often given positions as salesmen both during their school years and after? How do such men carry prestige? Of what value is this to the firm employing them?
3. Select from the list of characteristics in the appendix, five that a boy must have to be a successful long-distance runner.
4. Be ready to explain the meaning of each of the following maxims. Commit the maxims to memory.
 - a. Confidence is the companion of success. (Franklin)
 - b. Nothing succeeds so well as success. (Talleyrand)
 - c. Success is the fruit of slow growth. (Fielding)
 - d. The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed. (Sheridan)

e. Nothing is impossible to the man than can will. (Mirabeau)

Be ready to explain the meaning of the characteristics named in (a), (b), (c) in the first question. You should be able to give an example to illustrate each.

The high tones of a "barber-pole" chord mingled noisily with the splash of a dozen bathers in the white-tiled shower-room of the track house.

"On my Chinese hone-e-e-moon," the big voice of Red Grahn boomed, as he leaned over deftly to let the water play on a streak of mud from the pole-vault pit.

"In the mer-e-e-e month of June," chimed in six impromptu tenors as they lathered up.

Little Bunkie Hartman ducked out of the cold shower near the door, grinned at Red's musically distorted countenance, and rubbed his soap thoughtfully between both palms.

"Together we-e-e will wander—." The rising tones ended in a gurgle and a splutter as a stream of cold suds squirted from Bunkie's hand into Red's mouth with the skill of long practice. Bunkie jumped around the corner of the door as a wet towel swished past his back, caught up a dry one from the pile, and walked down the hall, pausing at a door marked, "Varsity Room." He hesitated, his hand on the knob, then timidly opened the door a crack and looked in.

Five or six blanket-draped figures were in the room waiting their turns under the deft hands of trainer Dan. The indescribable, but never forgotten, odor of oil of wintergreen reached his nose pleasantly. He paused apologetically on the threshold.

"Come in and join the club, but slam the door on that draft," said a voice from a blanket.

Dan looked up from the kneading of a sprinter's leg muscles and smiled.

"Welcome and mah congratulations, Mistah Hartman," he said in his soft Georgia drawl. "Ah see Cap Stickney posted yo' name fo' rubbin' and the trainin'-table this mawnin'."

Bunkie nodded, picked out a blanket, and sat down in the least conspicuous corner.

"Just until the relays," he added, without looking up.

His heart bumped a little to think about it. Bunkie was one of those enigmas often the despair of a coach—a race-shy runner. Of course, Bunkie would have been the first to admit that his temperamental performances on the track had brought no white hair to the Princeton coaches. He was simply a decidedly second-rate miler, barely good enough to be carried on the squad for three years. Never especially fast in practice, he had always run seconds slower in the few races in which he had been entered.

And now, for the next two days, and only by force of circumstances, he would rise to the heights of the "varsity room" and the training-table. Bunkie knew why. Coach Fitzpatrick had decided, for strategic reasons, to enter a four-mile relay team in the championships at Franklin Field. Princeton had no chance to win, but the championships would give an opportunity of comparing the speed of Gordon, Princeton's first-string miler, with that of Murphy, who would run anchor for the crack Yale team, a comparison which might prove extremely useful at the Yale-Princeton meet the following Saturday. A half-miler was to be shifted to the mile for the day, and Fitzpatrick would use Jones, the second-string miler. The open place, as a New York paper put it, "would go to Hartman, a junior, in view of Princeton's dearth of distance-runners."

After half an hour in the rubbing-room, Bunkie, dressed and slightly redolent of his rub-down, hurried across the campus toward his room in South Edwards Hall. April leaves and blossoms and greening ivy on the old walls had brought out dozens of undergraduates to enjoy the late afternoon sunshine. On the turf behind Seventy-nine Hall, Bunkie passed white-flanneled and knickerbockered upper-classmen catching long, lazily-batted flies, or indulging in quiet games of mumblypeg, which, by ancient custom, may be played on the college lawns only by seniors and juniors. Here and there, a man sunned himself on a window-ledge over a novel or struggled against the lure of spring and the next day's assignment.

Tony Trask, his room-mate, was sitting in a dilapidated

Morris chair under a cloud of pipe-smoke when Bunkie presently opened his own door. He laid down the pipe and sniffed suspiciously as Bunkie entered.

"Get out," he remarked genially, as he caught the new odor that accompanied Bunkie into the room. "Where've you been? You can't kick about my pipe any more."

Bunkie grinned and sat down before his desk, snapped out a dingy order-book, and waved it in Tony's direction.

"Nope," he said, "but I sold two sets of Richard Harding Davis this morning. And that fragrance you admire so much, won't wear off. It's wintergreen, the mark of a great athlete."

Tony hesitated. He had already congratulated Bunkie on his rise to the training-table. Indeed, he had been the first to notice it in the new table-list appearing in that morning's "Princetonian," the college daily.

"Speaking of that order-book," he began, "there was somebody here to see you this afternoon. Said he was the new salesmanager of the Groton Company. Acted a bid oddly, I thought. Just driving through town and said to tell you he'd be in next week."

Bunkie dropped the order-book back into the drawer abruptly. The meager profits he had made from the agency had been paying his college expenses for the past three years, and any hint of dissatisfaction would be a major catastrophe indeed.

"Wonder what was on his mind," he asked himself, uneasily.

A few minutes later Bunkie wandered slowly down McCosh Walk toward the training-table. Lights were beginning to spring up here and there in the gathering dusk. How lucky he was, thought Bunkie, to be enjoying this delightful old university! Three years before, just after he had finished school, his father had died. Seemingly, his plans for college were at an end. Then had come a summer job with the Groton Publishing Company, and, with their promise of the agency at the university, his decision to go and try to work his way. It had not been all plain sailing. Often, during the first two

years, Bunkie had been in despair at the state of his finances. But summer work had helped out, and now he was making just enough to let him worry along. Bunkie was in a serious mood. He was thinking over those three years, and they did not seem quite satisfactory; they did not inspire him with as much self-respect as he wished.

For an instant he let himself, in his imagination, swing into the home-stretch of the stadium at the Yale meet. He let himself pass the last blue jersey—let the house-party-week crowd in the stadium cheer him as he passed—

The spell broke, and a little wave of despondency swept over him. He would probably be a quarter-lap behind the winners. The crowd would be mildly, even humorously, interested in his belated finish. Perhaps he would not even have the luck to be entered.

Down into Prospect Street, with its beautiful upper-class club-houses, Bunkie turned idly. The club lawns and verandas were deserted, and from within he could hear the clink of dishes and the buzz of conversation. He quickened his steps, for the squad would be at supper by now.

Inside the varsity field-house, at the far end of Prospect Street and closed off from the adjoining clubs by a high red-brick wall, the squad was testing its vegetable soup. There were three tables. Baseball in the west wing, track in the center room, and the crews in the east wing were exchanging shouted remarks and scraps of talk through the wide doors.

With the same feeling of intrusion he had experienced at the door of the varsity room, Bunkie sank into an empty seat, nodded silently to Coach Fitzpatrick and Captain Stickney at the head of the table, and attacked his soup.

"Bunkie," said a weight man across the table, bestowing a suspiciously kind smile on the little miler with his words, "we have to keep the table lively; Red Grahn here gets despondent about his appetite all the time. So every new member has to tell the funniest story he knows at his first meal on the table. Let's have it."

"Nothing that will disturb the digestion," murmured Red, reaching for his seventh piece of toast.

Thirty men stopped eating and looked at Bunkie with anticipation. He knew he must make the best attempt he could.

"The coach was talking to a new candidate before a meet," Bunkie began. "'What do you want to run,' he asked, 'mile or two miles?' 'I don't know,' the candidate said. 'I'll tell you at the end of the mile.'"

Bunkie stopped and waited for the laugh. Sixty eyes gazed at him with expressions of polite anticipation, then sixty eyebrows were raised and lowered, a gentle sigh ran over the table, and the squad turned its attention to the steak and potatoes which had been brought on. Bunkie flushed with embarrassment. Then he realized that this was but the regular initiation to the table.

"Squad leaves on the twelve-fifteen from the junction tomorrow," announced the manager, during dessert. "Lunch at eleven-thirty sharp." The men rose and sauntered out of the dining-room. Some sat before the log fire in the hallway, others read the various college dailies which the afternoon mail had brought, and a large group gathered and started off for the "first show" at the moving-picture house patronized exclusively by undergraduates.

Bunkie walked back to Edwards Hall to study. He could scarcely keep his mind on the book. His thoughts would wander off to the coming race. As the hour grew later and the race nearer, he grew more and more nervous; and after he had put his books away, he lay unable to sleep until long after midnight. Firmly he told himself not to worry. And as had happened so often before, his little store of nerve oozed and oozed away before he slept.

In spite of his fears, Bunkie ran a fair race at the relays. He was given fourth place by Jones, who weakened badly in the last quarter, and passed the baton on in the same position. Once, at the three-quarter mark, Bunkie felt the runner creeping up, and a momentary panic seized him. By a strong effort of will, he overcame it, for the first time in his experience, and pulled away, closing on the man ahead. But

as the steps behind died out, Bunkie was unable to gain further on the man ahead. The last leg of the relay saw Cornell and Yale far in the lead, fighting for the title. The Cornell captain defeated Murphy in a last desperate drive on the home-stretch but when it was over, Murphy had run yards faster than Gordon, the Princeton first-string. Princeton finished as it had started, fourth, more for lack of competition than for any other reason.

To his surprise, Bunkie was kept on the training-table.

"Hartman," said Fitzpatrick, when he reported at the track on Monday afternoon, "you're your own worst enemy. You ought to be a great runner. Your weight is almost nothing to carry, you have long legs and a good stride and you train hard. But you haven't any nerve or fight. Get out there and think you can beat everybody on the track, and I believe you might do it."

Bunkie nodded with compressed lips. But he knew in his heart it was hopeless.

Fitzpatrick watched him swing round the track behind Gordon and Jones. Every ounce of him was as hard as sinew, and his long, slim legs cut fore and back with nearly perfect action. Gordon let out a burst of speed, and Bunkie faded gradually to the rear.

"Hartman!" shouted the coach, as the three runners jogged toward the dressing-room, "come down for a time trial by yourself on Wednesday morning."

That day found the track wet and heavy from a night rain, but Bunkie was sent out, nevertheless, for his trial. He ran hard, judged his pace well, he thought, and swung back after the finish to get his time.

Fitzpatrick was staring at the watch. He held it for a moment, then slipped it into his pocket, looked up at Bunkie, and whistled.

"Run like that on Saturday and it'll help," he said. "A mile in an even four-twenty-six is running. You're either a natural-born mud-runner, or you need the track to yourself. Never set the pace before, did you?"

"No." Bunkie was more surprised than Fitzpatrick had seemed to be. "Why, four-twenty-six is about ten seconds better than I've ever done before."

Suddenly Bunkie's face fell.

"I'm afraid it was the empty track," he said in a burst of honesty. "I'll never do it in a race."

The coach's brow gathered in anger. Then his kindly eyes, which had watched so many champions develop, lighted with a sad smile. He shook his head.

"That's no thing for an athlete to say. I'm sorry for you; but I can't knock fight into you. You and Jones will be the only milers Saturday. I'm shifting Gordon to the two-mile, where he will have a chance for first. First or second place wins a letter. Think it over and keep it to yourself."

As Bunkie went up the stadium chute, half pleased and half chagrined, the coach pulled the watch from his pocket and looked at it again. It registered just under four minutes and forty seconds, Bunkie's usual time. He shook his head sadly.

"It didn't work," he murmured to himself. "The kid simply hasn't that part of his backbone."

The week wore on, an interminable and growing stretch of agony for Bunkie. The atmosphere of the training-table became more and more tense with each meal. The noisy and wholly humorous banter of the squad became less boisterous, and an air of determination, quiet and unvoiced, but no less evident for that reason, asserted itself at the training-house. The relay races had been but a way-station on the road to the big dual meet, and the squad, sensing the closeness of scores, was mentally preparing to outdo itself on Saturday. Little was said as to the outcome, but now and then a word of masked encouragement was meted out by one of the veterans of the squad. On Friday evening, Red looked up from a dessert of bread pudding.

"Hear you may surprise Murphy to-morrow," he said to Bunkie.

Bunkie gulped a mouthful of hot tea and tried to reply.

But no words came. He looked down at his plate, afraid to trust his voice, and nervously fingered his knife. Then he slowly shook his head. He did not look up to see Red's lips tighten and the rest of the watchers turn away.

"Crew's off," shouted a voice from the hall, and the table rose with one accord and hurried through the doorway to cheer the oarsmen, who were clambering into the station bus to entrain for a race at Cornell.

"Everybody in bed by ten!" cried the coach, as his charges left the table.

Bunkie went out through the side door and walked hurriedly down Prospect Street and across the campus to Edwards Hall. His nerves were completely on edge, and he hoped that Tony would be dressed and gone to the house-party, leaving him the room to himself. He scarcely noticed the gala decorations and the lanterns that decked the club lawns in honor of the fair week-end guests, nor the couples that strolled along the walks, laughing and chattering as they went.

A light shone from his room through a cracked panel, and Tony met him at the door, hat in hand.

"Visitor for you, Bunkie," he said, as he stepped into the hall.

"Mr. Hartman?" inquired a tall, keen-eyed, middle-aged man, rising from a chair as Bunkie entered. "I'm Warren, the sales-manager for the Groton Company."

Bunkie shook hands and they sat down. The stranger eyed him pleasantly.

"I have to tell you, Hartman, that there will be a change in our concern which will very probably affect you next year." He smiled again, deprecatingly, as at an unpleasant task, and paused.

Bunkie heard the battered alarm-clock under Tony's bed *tick, tick, ticking* in the momentary silence. Warren shifted his gaze to the orange-and-black banner on the wall.

"We intend to expand our college text-book department very greatly during the summer. The success of the venture will depend in a large measure on our agents in the various

universities throughout the East. In fact, we feel that our representatives must be men who carry considerable prestige — 'big men at the college,' is the usual phrase, I suppose."

He paused again and looked at Bunkie. The silence grew oppressive. He seemed to be waiting for Bunkie to speak.

"You mean," said Bunkie, with a firmness which he did not feel, "that you want some one else for your representative?"

"Well," answered Warren, rising to go, "we have in mind a certain type of chap. I'm sorry. Of course, you will keep on for the remainder of the term. And I shall be in town for a few days. I'll drop in again. Good night."

Bunkie sank back in his chair as the door closed. A lump rose in his throat as he looked around the room which had been his home for three years. In the tower of Nassau Hall the nine-o'clock bell rang out, sending the freshmen scurrying to their rooms. Bunkie rose limply from his chair and went out down the dark hall, deserted by its dwellers to-night for the dances. Out through the weather-worn stone entry, across the campus, down Washington Road he wandered, dully, without thought of direction, until he saw the lights and heard the music of the house-party dances at the clubs. It all seemed far away, part of another world in which he had no being.

Bunkie climbed a club wall and sat under a big pine that hid him with its low branches. Chinese lanterns lighted the curved driveway, and he could see figures strolling on the lawns between the dances. The music started again, and a blur of dancers showed through the low windows, the light dresses of the girls making a changing contrast with the dark clothes of their partners. Snatches of popular airs from Campus, from Tower, from other club-houses along the street, came to him, now and then mingled with the distant sound of clapping as the music stopped. Sometimes a car rolled up the drive-way and unloaded its dancers, trying out one party after another along the street.

The feeling came over Bunkie that this would be his last glimpse of the lighter moments of his old college. It would

be the last house-party, his last spring at Princeton. He had failed as an athlete for lack of confidence; he had failed as the Groton Company's agent, he did not know why. Some one else would peddle the Groton books next year; perhaps would earn enough from it to join one of these clubs and dance at the next house-party.

Over the campus rang the ten-o'clock chimes. Obediently and wearily, Bunkie rose and left the music and the lights. Ten o'clock, Fitzpatrick had said. He must hurry. Bunkie's mind and body were too tired for worry, and he soon sank into a troubled sleep.

The meet was on. Bunkie lay shrouded in his blanket on the floor of the rubbing-room. Outside, a heavy, cold drizzle was coming down. The odor of wintergreen and Baume Analgésique saturated the air. Dan was "touching up" the last of the sprinters on the rubbing-table. Instead of the usual busy hum of laughter and conversation, only the slap, slap of Dan's strong brown hands broke the silence. The sprinter buried his head in his arms as Dan gave him a final finish of warm oil to keep out the chill.

A telephone at the head of Dan's table, connecting with the stadium, rang viciously, and a busy assistant track-manager jumped to hook off the receiver and listen.

"Last call for the hundred. First call for the mile," he said.

The sprinter moved restlessly on the table.

"Take yo' time," said Dan, easily. "Ah 've been rubbin' heah fo'teen yeahs and nevah had a man late yet." The sprinter relaxed again, under the soothing influence of assurance. Dan's scientific knowledge of muscles and tendons was not the only thing which made him valuable in a dressing-room. He slapped the sprinter on the back, and the man clambered off the table and put on his running togs.

Three Yale men clattered down the stairs and looked in.

"Ready," nodded the assistant manager, as two other Princeton runners slipped from their blankets and went out into the rain.

"Good luck!" shouted the room.

The bell rang again. "Yale wins the hurdles, Princeton second and third, time fifteen-three," announced the manager.

Dan completed his work on Jones, and Bunkie swung up on the table.

"Nervous, Mistah Hartman?" inquired Dan.

Suddenly a great weight seemed to lift from the pit of Bunkie's stomach. He felt strangely free.

"Not very, Dan," he said. "My last year, Dan. Last race too. I'm going out there and bust myself."

"That's the talk!" encouraged Dan. "The moah nervous; the bettah they run, some of 'em, though. Like to see you place to-day, suh."

Bunkie pulled on his woolen tights and sweater. The bell tinkled last call for the mile, and Jones and Bunkie went out into the hall, where they shook hands with Murphy and the second- and third-string Yale milers, with a round of "Good lucks!" Then they all trotted across the red shale road and down the runway.

"What place?" shouted Jones to the sprinter, as they met him coming back. He held up a forefinger, and Jones slapped him on the back as he went past.

Bunkie felt perfectly calm for the first time in his running experience, with a peculiar feeling that he must do his best his last time on the track. The crowd made a black blot of raincoats and umbrellas on the finish side of the stadium. Puddles lay here and there about the track. A damp band in one of the ramps was playing college tunes. The crowd broke into a cheer as the runners shot out from the runway onto the turf.

"Get off your wraps and line up," said the starter. "Make it fast. Too wet to stand around. Gordon not starting? All right. Yale on the pole."

Coach Fitzpatrick was standing by the track.

"Day's made for you, Hartman," he said. "Plenty of mud. Don't be afraid of the pace."

As they lined up, Bunkie looked at the crowd. He saw Tony waving and heard him shout something. His last race!

He'd do his best. It was strange to feel that way; but he was sure of himself now. He must beat the Yale second-string. Perhaps not Murphy, but get after the second-string.

"On your marks! Get set!" The pistol cracked.

Jones was off to the lead on the first turn; the three Yale runners were next; and then, Bunkie. The track felt heavy. The runners in the blue jerseys ahead were lifting mud from their spikes into his face and down his chest in a shower.

"Sixty-two!" shouted a timer, as they swung past the post. Faintly, very faintly, Bunkie heard the band and a murmur from the crowd. Murphy dropped out from the pole, and, with a deftly placed burst of speed, jumped Jones and went into the lead just before the turn. The second-string passed Jones on the back-stretch, and they began to open a little gap, running closely together. Ten yards ahead at the half—"Two-nine!" shouted the timer. Bunkie passed the Yale third-string and felt the shower from Jones's heels strike him on the turn. Bunkie felt tired, very tired.

Again he remembered it was his last race. Down the back-stretch he somehow increased his speed. It was the mud of the second Yale runner which spattered him now. He was just behind.

At the top of the home-stretch he saw the stadium and the crowd. Faintly, again, he heard a cheer. They were cheering him, cheering Bunkie Hartman for the first time—and in his last race! Something seemed to go through his lungs like a breath of oxygen. Perhaps it would be foolish to take the lead. Perhaps it was too soon.

He swung wide off the turn and fought his way up. He was abreast of the second-string—past him. He heard Murphy breathing hard. Another ten yards, and he was running shoulder to shoulder with the leader. With a jump, he passed and was out in front. A feeling of exhilaration possessed him for a moment.

"You've got it!" he heard Fitzpatrick shout.

"Three-sixteen!" sang the timer.

Round the turn he ran like a frightened little jack-rabbit, his long, light strides carrying him easily over the heavy

track. But on the back-stretch he began to tire. He must keep going.

"All the way; all the way!" surged through his mind over and over again as he fought along. He was half-way round the last turn—off the last turn. Leaden weights were on his knees. A hundred yards to go. He *must* do it! His arms ached as he drove them back and forth with his stride. The stadium was a blur; the crowd, at the finish ahead, just a jumble of black spots that seemed an interminable distance away!

He could not hear the roar of the crowd nor the blare of the band—only the splash of Murphy's spikes on the soggy track behind. Ten yards to go, with Murphy at his shoulder. With a last desperate lunge, he felt the tape across his chest and arms about him as he sagged to his knees on the muddy cinders of the track.

He was being lifted over to a dry blanket on the grass. Murphy, wet and splashed with mud and gasping, was bending over, trying to shake his hand.

After a moment his head cleared. The crowd was still cheering. Coach Fitzpatrick was patting him on the shoulder.

"Get up off the wet ground," he said. "You're all right now. You'll be a star from this time on, sure enough!"

People were thumping him on the back, making it hard to breathe. Two candidate managers in dripping yellow oilskins brought up Bunkie's wraps. He heard the last of the announcer's voice die out:

"—four-twenty-three and a fifth, two seconds slower than the record." The crowd cheered again.

Two hours later, Bunkie, in the shower-room, heard the snake-dance over a two-point victory die away in the distance.

"Together we will wan—" sang Red, lustily off key, then spluttered over Bunkie's suds and slung his towel. It caught Bunkie squarely on his wet back, for Bunkie had a collision as he rounded the corner.

Mr. Warren was the first to recover from the shock.

"Oh, here you are!" he said. "They told me I'd find you

in the house somewhere. My congratulations! A wonderful race! I'd like to talk with you about our program for next year before I go. Can you arrange dinner with me this evening? But of course, you want to dress."

Bunkie grinned. "Rather a brief costume for dining out," he admitted, waving the towel. "Just a minute or two and I'll be dressed."

And Bunkie hustled down the hall, confidently opening the door of the varsity room.

FINAL DISCUSSION

1. Which of the reasons given in the preliminary discussion do you feel was the cause of Bunkie's failures in the past? Was there more than one? Give reasons. What happened to cause him to change?
2. What kind of men did Mr. Warren mean when he spoke of, "big men at college," "men who carry prestige?"
3. What personal qualities does a successful salesman need to have that Bunkie proved he had by his finish of the race?
4. Show how any one of the maxims given in the preliminary discussion may be applied to this story.

Below are listed eight personal qualities illustrated in this story and eight quotations from the story which show personal traits. Choose the quality which best fits each quotation. For example;

"He hesitated, his hand on the knob, then timidly opened the door."

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Lack of self-confidence. | 5. Honesty. |
| 2. Will power. | 6. Courage. |
| 3. Modesty. | 7. Obedience. |
| 4. Sensitiveness. | 8. Determination. |

1. "He paused apologetically on the threshold."
2. "Bunkie sat down in the least conspicuous corner."
3. "Then had come a summer job with the Groton Publishing Company, and with their promise of the agency at the university, his decision to go and to try to work his way."

4. "Bunkie flushed with embarrassment."
5. "By a strong effort of will he overcame it, for the first time in his experience, and pulled away, closing on the man ahead."
6. "'Ten o'clock,' Fitzpatrick had said. He must hurry."
7. "'All the way; all the way!' surged through his mind over and over again as he fought along."
8. "Why, four-twenty-six is about ten seconds better than I've ever done before,' . . . 'I'm afraid it was the empty track,' he said . . . I'll never do it in a race.'"

CHARACTER QUALITIES

- | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. adaptable | 37. disloyal | 73. mercenary |
| 2. aggressive | 38. disobedient | 74. mischievous |
| 3. aimless | 39. eccentric | 75. modest |
| 4. alert | 40. energetic | 76. observant |
| 5. ambitious | 41. enthusiastic | 77. original |
| 6. antagonistic | 42. envious | 78. patient |
| 7. appreciative | 43. extravagant | 79. patriotic |
| 8. bashful | 44. fair | 80. persistent |
| 9. bragging | 45. fault-finding | 81. petty |
| 10. brave | 46. fearless | 82. practical |
| 11. calm | 47. forgiving | 83. presumptuous |
| 12. capable | 48. frank | 84. prompt |
| 13. careful | 49. friendly | 85. proud |
| 14. careless | 50. generous | 86. punctual |
| 15. changeable | 51. greedy | 87. purposeful |
| 16. cheerful | 52. headstrong | 88. reckless |
| 17. clever | 53. helpful | 89. reliable |
| 18. commanding | 54. heroic | 90. reticent |
| 19. conceited | 55. honest | 91. romantic |
| 20. confident | 56. honorable | 92. rude |
| 21. conscientious | 57. hopeful | 93. selfish |
| 22. considerate | 58. imaginative | 94. sensible |
| 23. consistent | 59. impatient | 95. sensitive |
| 24. coöperative | 60. impulsive | 96. serious |
| 25. courageous | 61. independent | 97. shallow |
| 26. courteous | 62. indifferent | 98. shrewd |
| 27. cowardly | 63. indomitable | 99. sincere |
| 28. credulous | 64. industrial | 100. sly |
| 29. cruel | 65. intelligent | 101. spiritual |
| 30. curious | 66. intolerant | 102. sportsmanlike |
| 31. daring | 67. jealous | 103. stubborn |
| 32. deceitful | 68. jolly | 104. studious |
| 33. deliberate | 69. kind | 105. stupid |
| 34. dependent | 70. lazy | 106. submissive |
| 35. determined | 71. loyal | 107. sullen |
| 36. dishonest | 72. mean | 108. sympathetic |

109. tactful	115. tolerant	121. unjust
110. tardy	116. trustworthy	122. unreasonable
111. temperate	117. truthful	123. unselfish
112. thorough	118. unfriendly	124. unstable
113. thoughtless	119. ungracious	125. vain
114. thrifty	120. ungrateful	

This list will be useful in discussions of the characters in the stories. All the words are *describing* words and will help give a clearer picture of a particular boy or girl. When you wish to consider any of these character qualities, e. g., "loyal," say over to yourself, "a *loyal* boy" or "a *loyal* girl." In this way you will gain the idea of the meaning of the character quality.

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